

CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE DAY OF RECKONING COMES AT LAST TO GERMANY

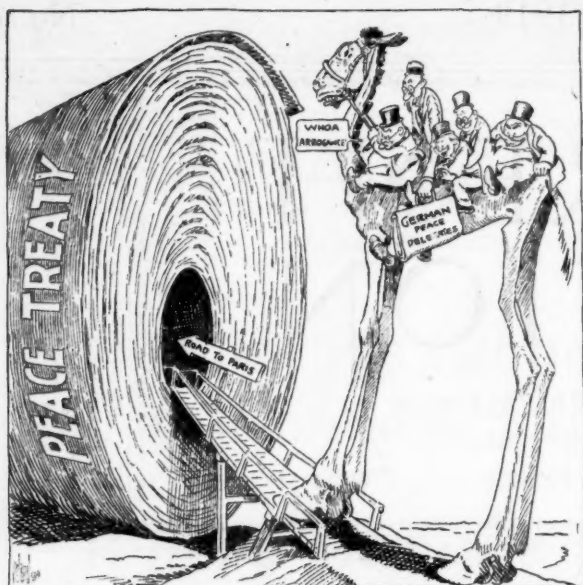
"THE time has come when we must settle our account," said Clemenceau as the peace terms were handed to the German delegates. Every day has a to-morrow, and *der Tag*, toasted by the Germans for years, had its to-morrow at Versailles, on May 7th, the anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It came 1,740 days after *der Tag*; but it came. Between the signing of the armistice and the handing of the peace terms to the Germans 177 days elapsed. They were the result of 109 days of deliberation on the part of the Allies, a remarkably short time in comparison with that consumed by the Vienna Conference. In the formation of these terms twenty-seven nations took part. According to Lloyd George, this expedition was due in large part to the League of Nations covenant, by means of which many problems were solved or left to the League for future solution which otherwise might have delayed the peace terms indefinitely. All through these terms runs the League of Nations. The Saar district is to be governed for fifteen years by a commission to be appointed by the League, and after that a plebiscite will determine whether it will continue to be governed by the League, by France or by Germany. Danzig is to be made a "free city" under the guarantee and administration of the League. The rights of ships of the Allies in German ports for five years are to be decided by the League. In determining the treatment of citizens of the Allied countries in Germany the League also has authority. It has duties to perform in internationalizing the Danube, the Elbe and other rivers. To the League appeal may be made in disputes arising over the administration of the Kiel Canal as a waterway free to all nations. Adjustment of labor conditions throughout the world is to be promoted by an annual International Labor Conference and a permanent International Labor Office to be established by the League.

The Peace Treaty Destroys Her Military and Naval Power and Leaves Her a Third-Rate Nation

The United States Senators who propose to separate the League from the treaty will have a difficult surgical operation to perform.

How the Military Power of Germany Is to Be Ended.

THE terms of the treaty range over three continents—Europe, Asia and Africa—covering lands and seas, the heavens above and the depths below. It takes 80,000 words to define them. Those terms which have most interest for Americans are the ones applying to the League of Nations, those aimed at the military power of Germany, those ensuring the restoration of Belgium and France, and those concerning Japan's occupation of the Shantung Peninsula in China. Germany's army is to be cut down to 100,000 men and her navy to six small battleships (10,000 tons is the limit), six light cruisers, 12 destroyers, 12 torpedo boats and no submarines. Her air service is limited to 100 unarmed seaplanes (to search for submarine mines) and these only until October 1st. She is to have no dirigibles. The general army staff must be abolished. All plants for manufacturing arms and munitions of war, except those to be specifically named, must be closed within three months and all importation of munitions is forbidden, as also are the manufacture and importation of poisonous gases and "all analogous liquids." Conscription must be abolished. All fortresses and field works within fifty kilometers east of the Rhine must be dismantled, as also those on the islands of Heligoland and Düne and all German fortifications in the Baltic. Germany must give up 14 cable lines and parts of lines. So much for her fighting strength. In addition, she loses Alsace and Lorraine (5,600 square miles), the coal mines in the Saar basin (728 square miles) to replace those destroyed in France, two small districts



THEY'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

(382 square miles) to Belgium, the southeastern tip of Silesia, most of Posen and West Prussia (27,686 square miles) to Poland, the northeastern tip of East Prussia (40 square miles) to Poland, Danzig and the adjoining region (729 square miles) to be internationalized, and all German overseas possessions to be renounced. In addition further, the possession of parts of Schleswig (2,787 square miles) and the southeastern third of East Prussia (5,785 square miles) is to be determined by popular vote. The total area thus given up (not counting German colonies) aggregates 35,165 square miles, with a possible loss of 8,572 more. The total area of Germany before the war was 208,748 square miles.

What Germany Must Pay to the Fiddler.

ASIDE from these surrenders of territory, Germany is to make "reparation and restitution" approximately as follows: Within two years, five billion dollars in gold, goods, ships or other forms of payment; by May 1, 1921, bonds to the amount of five billion dollars, ten billions more by 1926, and an additional ten billions on terms to be fixed later; compensation for all damages caused to civilians (by forced labor, levies, acts of cruelty, bombardments, etc.); ships destroyed to be replaced ton for ton; animals, machinery, etc., destroyed or carried away to be replaced, and material required for reconstruction to be furnished; deliveries of coal, coal tar, ammonia and benzol in quantities specified; restoration of the Koran of the Caliph Othmann, the skull of the Sultan Okwawa, French flags and certain papers taken from France in 1870, certain altar-pieces taken from Belgium, and manuscripts, prints, early books, etc., equivalent in value to those destroyed at Louvain. The treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk are to be renounced. Also there are to be concessions in regard to railways, canals, tariffs, and copyrights. An inter-Allied Reparation Commission is to be constituted, which is to make a schedule of payments running over a period of thirty years, with power to postpone payments under certain conditions. Some illuminating figures as to Germany's ability to pay these

vast sums are taken by a writer in the *N. Y. Times* from a volume published in 1913 by Herr Helfferich, former secretary of the treasury and director of the Deutsche Bank. His estimate of Germany's capital wealth at that time was 410 billion francs (about 82 billion dollars). Her annual revenue was set at 50 billion francs (10 billion dollars), and her savings placed



CAMOUFLAGE

—Stimson in Dallas News

each year in reserve amounted to 12½ billion francs. How much of this wealth has survived the war there is at this time no way of telling.

Germany Appeals to the World to Avert Her Punishment.

WHETHER Germany will subscribe to these terms of peace is at this writing undecided. That they are far more stringent than the Germans expected seems certain. The cries of rage and consternation indicate that for the first time they realize what has happened to them. "We are under no illusion," said Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, "as to the extent of our defeat and the degree of our want of power. We know that the power of the German army is broken." But he and all the rest of Germany seem to have interpreted the "Fourteen Points" of President Wilson in a way to give them hope of much softer terms. Yet those "Fourteen Points" clearly foreshadowed the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France and of territorial cessions to Poland, including a corridor to the sea and a seaport. They clearly indicated restoration and reparation and the destruction of Germany's military power. Scheidemann, the German Chancellor, calls the terms a "brutal, dictated peace," and appeals to the public sentiment of the world to avert the punishment that impends. Prince Lichnowsky is already talking of another war.

"This peace," he says, "means *finis Germania*, if we do not, when we sign it, hold to the thought of an early war of liberation." The editor of *Vorwärts* declares that the terms mean not peace but a war of extermination on Germany, and calls on "the oppressed peoples and classes of the world"—in Ireland, Egypt, India and the United States—to arise and prevent it. One man, Maximilian Harden, editor of *Die Zukunft*, seems to have foreseen what was coming. "The peace conditions," he writes, "are not harder than I expected," and he asks how any one could have expected anything different. The change of government in Germany, he adds, has not resulted in any change of system. "The present government and the press have used the same methods of incitement, the same tricks of bluff, as under the old rule of the petty nobility." The German peace delegates are represented in the press dispatches as coming to the conference with an air of "intolerable

Conference. The General Assembly of Socialists in Paris adopted resolutions declaring that "justice is violated in nearly every phrase" of the treaty. In this country, the Non-Partisan League, in the Northwest, under the leadership of A. C. Townley, denounces the treaty as a "ghastly mockery of democracy," and its organ, the *Fargo Courier-News*, says Wilson will return to America "broken and discredited." In neutral countries adjoining Germany, according to a special cable to the *N. Y. Times* from Berne, the terms have caused "profound consternation" among certain classes, a result attributed to the fact that much capital is invested in German enterprizes which will be lost if Germany declares herself bankrupt. "The only German-Swiss paper which does not raise its hands to heaven in holy horror is the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*," which advises Germany to sign the treaty and remarks that the terms are "amazingly lenient" in comparison with those advocated in 1915 by German commercial associations and German intellectuals, which included annexation of Belgium, the French channel coast, the French coal mines, about a quarter of the Russian Empire, and the hugest possible indemnity from England!

Germany Finds Little Sympathy in America.

PRESS comment in this country in the more influential dailies shows little dissatisfaction, tho there is considerable doubt about the Shantung con-



THE SUMMONS

—Kirby in *New York World*

arrogance," and they brought to Versailles an itemized demand for counter-damages amounting to \$13,650,500,000. The terms handed to them preclude them from making any counter-claims.

Response to the German Appeal for Help.

GERMANY'S appeal to "oppressed classes of the world" to rise and save her has up to date met with slight response. The committee appointed by the Berne Socialist Labor Conference (including Branting, Huysmans, Arthur Henderson, J. Ramsay Macdonald, Renaudel and Longuet) criticizes the terms as those of "imperialism satisfying itself with the spoils of war," referring especially to the forced surrender of the German colonies, the award of Shantung to Japan and the boundaries fixed for Poland. The *Herald*, a Labor organ in England, says "there is no honor left for any of us," and calls the League of Nations "a body without a soul." The National Executive Committee of the British Labor Party issued a manifesto taking about the same view as the committee appointed by the Berne



"HAVE YOU YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN, FRITZ?"

—Kirby in *New York World*

cession. Mr. Hearst furnishes an exception to this statement. He is very much dissatisfied, as he has been ever since we began sending soldiers to Europe. "The treaty of peace," he declares, "makes England mistress of the world." He continues: "The United States has the spiritual satisfaction of having won the greatest war in history after it had been lost by the Allies; but England has the material advantage of immense in-

creases in territory, of the complete control of the seas, and of a very much enlarged relative position of power and importance among the nations of the world." The *Philadelphia Press* asks why any American Senator should wish to amend the treaty, which it regards as "a lesson not alone to Germany but to all nations contemplating a war of conquest or oppression on its neighbor." The *Baltimore American* sees the League of Nations as "without doubt the most important feature of the peace treaty" and "an absolutely necessary piece of machinery" for carrying out the terms of peace. The *Springfield Republican* says the spirit of justice appears conspicuously in the treaty in many respects and "few documents have paid such regard to the rights of nationalities." Little purely German territory is alienated and there is no provision for putting the entire cost of the war upon Germany. The treaty will be judged, however, it thinks, by the spirit in which it is enforced rather than by its text. The *Newark Evening News* regards it as terribly severe, but "no one can deny that it is just, not merciless," and "its severity is not a tithe of that which Germany would have imposed upon her foes if she had won the war." The *N. Y. Evening World* finds that the treaty "does enough to make Germany the most thoroly beaten, humiliated, strictly watched and guarded nation that ever found

itself condemned for its crimes to years of reparation." The *N. Y. Tribune* thinks "no military nation ever before was so elaborately put into chains as Germany now has been"; but her population still numbers over 60,000,000 and is still warlike. "How long," it asks, "will the chains hold?" The *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks no man can read the treaty and be in any doubt as to who lost the war. It adds:

"Yet there is no brutal and purely punitive spoliation. Germany is not dismembered. It is really amazing how little territory she will lose at the hands of her completely victorious enemies when we recall how wantonly she challenged them, how savagely she devastated their towns and countrysides, how atrociously she maltreated their people and what enormous sacrifices in men and money she imposed upon them. She is left with no rankling wound, no just cause to resume the war."

The *N. Y. World* sees in the treaty a great gain even for the German people in the destruction of imperialism. It says: "Taking the treaty in connection with the League of Nations, the great outstanding fact is that the imperialistic system which has cost the world so much blood and treasure is ended for all time. It has gone the way of the feudal system. The Germans can share with the rest of mankind in this emancipation, which is the supreme victory of the war."

Peace hath her blunders no less renowned than war.—Boston *Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

The President must be glad now he took that trip to Italy when he did.—*Indianapolis Star*.

IS WILSONPHOBIA TO DEFEAT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

IT is within the bounds of possibility that the hostility to one individual on the face of the globe may defeat the plan to end war adopted unanimously by the official representatives of thirty-two nations. By general consent, the League of Nations stands little chance of success without the participation of the United States, and that participation must be given, if at all, by the approval of two-thirds of the United States Senate. By a slight majority, the Senate is now Republican. If the Republican Senators, in order to discredit the President on the eve of another Presidential campaign, play partisan politics with the peace treaty and its covenant for a league, the future of the whole world and the destinies of hundreds of millions of people may be given a tragic turn for a generation to come—perhaps for many generations. The hostility to President Wilson has evidently become in many quarters a blinding passion that renders sane judgment difficult in regard to anything that has his stamp upon it. The League of Nations has his stamp upon it to a marked degree and the peril in which it is thereby placed is obvious. Thirty-three Senators can defeat it. According to a canvass of the Senate made by the American League to Enforce Peace several weeks ago, 12 Senators have declared against the League covenant, 20 are doubtful and 64 have declared in favor of it. If the sixty-four stand steadfast, the treaty of peace, with the League covenant, will be ratified with just one vote to spare. The chief danger lies in the interminable delay that a recalcitrant minority may be able to impose. Such a delay involves a technical continuation of the war between the United States

Thirty-three Senators May Prevent Ratification and Plunge Europe Into Chaos

and Germany and prevents the reestablishment of normal trade relations.

Efforts to Make the League a Partisan Issue Discouraged.

FORTUNATELY the efforts of Senator Lodge and others to turn the League of Nations into a partisan issue seem to have been seriously discouraged. The poise maintained by such leaders as Taft, Root, Hughes, Butler and Smoot has thrown cold water on those efforts. Chairman Hay, who seemed at first to join in the attempt, has either seen a new light or has been overruled by the Republican National Committee. It issued last month a statement repudiating such designs and saying: "Efforts to make it appear that Republican Senators are considering the covenant for the League of Nations from a partisan standpoint will fail. The questions involved transcend partisanship. Senate Republicans expect to confer and take counsel of one another's views, but they say that any notion that there will be any attempt to caucus and bind members to do this or that is without foundation." This, coming so soon after the signing of the Round Robin protest by 40 Republican Senators (no Democrat being allowed to sign), is significant. The joint message sent out by Senators Lodge and Curtis calling upon "Republican Senators" to reserve final expressions on the revised covenant until a conference could be held was interpreted by some to whom the message was sent as a preliminary to a party caucus. Their protests elicited from Senator Lodge a denial that any party caucus was

designed and a lame explanation was issued by Senator Curtis to the effect that all that was meant was that Senators should reserve judgment until they knew just what the covenant contained and "they won't know until it has been presented to the Senate for action." "Such being the case," the N. Y. *World* pertinently asks, "what is it they have been talking about for the last two months?" In any event, the danger of the Republican party's being swung into opposition, as a party, to the League covenant seems to have passed. As the Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

"No one can bind this country to such an international pact without the consent of the Republicans. Indeed, the irreconcilable opposition of any very large section of the Republican party would put the newly-born instrument for the preservation of peace in an exceedingly perilous position. For it is not enough to get the pact through the Senate; it must afterward be loyally and heartily worked by whatever party happens at any time to be in command of our machinery of government, be it executive, consultative or legislative."

Changes in the Covenant to Meet American Objections.

THE changes made in the covenant since the first draft was published were nearly all made to meet the criticisms coming from the United States. The principal changes are four in number. There is inserted in Article I a provision whereby any member of the League "may, after two years' notice to do so, withdraw from the League," provided all its obligations under the covenant up to that time have been met. In Article XV is inserted a paragraph to the effect that if any dispute brought before the League is claimed by one of the parties to the dispute to be "a matter which, by international law, is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party," and the Council so finds, then no action is to be taken by the Council. This is evidently inserted to meet the objection that our immigration laws might be placed at the mercy of the League. A new article is added (Article XXI) to meet apprehensions in regard to the Monroe Doctrine. It reads as follows:

"Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace."

The fourth of the principal changes occurs in Article XIX, now become Article XXII. This is the article constituting mandataries for new or backward nations, and these mandataries, under the new reading, are to be assigned to nations that "are willing to accept" the obligation thus imposed. One other major change is made in Article V which states that, "except where otherwise expressly provided in this covenant, decisions at any meeting of the Assembly or of the Council shall require the agreement of all the members of the League represented at the meeting." There are six cases where a vote other than unanimous is expressly provided for, namely: (1) any self-governing state, dominion or colony, may be admitted to the League by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly (Art. I); (2) the Council may, with the approval of a majority of the Assembly, name additional members of the League who shall have representatives on the Council (Art. IV); (3) all matters of

procedure may be decided by a majority vote (Art. V); (4) the Secretary-General shall be appointed by the Council with the approval of the majority of the Assembly (Art. VI); (5) in cases of disputes between nations which the Council is unable to settle, a statement of facts and recommendations may be made public by a majority of the Council (Art. XV); (6) amendments to the covenant are to be made by unanimous vote of the nations represented in the Council and by a majority vote of those represented in the Assembly (Art. XXV). All other matters must be settled by unanimous vote of the Council or the Assembly or both.

Two Classes of "Deadly Enemies" to the League.

BUT these concessions have not silenced objectors in the United States. Senator Borah still declares that it "would be treason" to adopt the covenant. Senator Sherman still insists that to adopt the covenant would be to sacrifice our sovereignty and to scrap the federal Constitution. Senator Moses still asserts that the covenant would "bind the United States to perpetual war." Senator Reed, instead of being placated by the changes, finds that they increase his opposition to the League. These are among the implacables. They number half a dozen and while their voting strength is not formidable their power to prolong discussion and delay final action in the Senate is considerable. The Springfield *Republican* sees another class of "deadly enemies" to the League—those who are not candid and outspoken in opposition but who still want to "perfect" and "clarify" the covenant, their real object being to weaken it to the point where the world "will drop it like so much useless diplomatic baggage." If, says the *Republican*, the League is to be still further amended by the Senate, "we may as well anticipate the final destruction of the entire project." The N. Y. *Tribune* is one of the journals that fosters opposition to the League. It has already, in fact, pronounced a funeral oration over the whole project. "The League of Nations," it says, is dead. It lies "a pricked balloon on the doorstep of the Quai d'Orsay," and he is a shortsighted statesman who would "waste time to kick it." It has itself, however, continued to waste time in kicking it. It finds the covenant, even after the revision, "a spineless and inconsistent agreement whose affirmative parts are consumed and nullified by negative ones." The first draft had no teeth, but the revised draft "scarcely has an alveolar process in which teeth are embedded." It adds: "Its authors appear more interested in seeming to do something than in doing anything. They have given birth to a great hoax, and apparently think that people can be made to believe that a pasting of the label 'League of Peace' on their concoction makes it as labeled. To attempt to capitalize in this deceptive manner the great hope of the world is a climacteric of humbuggery to which history furnishes no parallel."

Still Trembling Over the Fate of the Monroe Doctrine.

AS to particulars, the *Tribune* finds that the League covenant involves us (in Article X) in "exactly fourteen possible wars." It names these "possible" wars and it could probably name ten times that number, for almost any war is "possible." It finds the reservation in regard to the Monroe Doctrine clumsy and



WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF IT?

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

dubious—"a package covered with gold foil." It renders the same verdict about the reservation on domestic questions, since "international law notoriously traces no clear line between domestic and international questions." The new flames of internationalism, it goes on to say, which were lit and fanned by the theorists of the world, have been blown out by the gusty winds of Paris, and nothing is left but "the old fires of nationalism," by whose "sure and steady lights we must chart our new course." To which the *Philadelphia Ledger* rejoins that these "sure and steady lights" of nationalism have been with us ever since the days of Thebes and Nineveh. "They kindled the holocaust which has left Europe a burnt ruin, which dragged the whole world into its scorching flames and which may prove even yet to have fatally undermined the solidity of our modern civilization. Thousands of American homes to-day hardly know where their dead lie because the world has been 'charting its course' by 'the sure and steady lights' of nationalism." The *N. Y. Sun* has joined the *Tribune* as one of the implacables, and every change in the covenant but makes it all the worse to the *Sun*. The reference to the Monroe Doctrine as a regional understanding for securing the maintenance of peace arouses its ire. This, it says, is "something it never was, is not now and never will be." It is not very clear on this point, but it somehow finds in this reference evidence that the Monroe Doctrine, in President Wilson's hands, has "shrunk marvelously," and its inclusion in the covenant, instead of being a recognition of the Doctrine, "amounts to a formal, specific surrender of the principles underlying the Doctrine to the judgment and wisdom of the League of Nations." Its idea seems to be that the United States should insist on remaining the sole guardian of the Doctrine and even a recognition of it in an international way involves interference.

Grinding the Sovereignty of the United States Into Bits.

EVEN this is not the limit of the disaster which the *Sun* sees in the new article that excludes the Monroe Doctrine by name from the operation of the League. There is not only a surrender of the Doctrine—a "formal and specific" surrender at that—but a "surrender of national sovereignty by the United States." In fact, "there could be no more complete surrender" of that sovereignty. It bases this important discovery not upon the terms of the covenant but upon an explanation made by the British peace delegates to the people in England. This explanation runs as follows:

"They [the Monroe Doctrine and similar understandings] have shown themselves in history to be not instruments of national ambition but guarantees of peace.

"The origin of the Monroe Doctrine is well known.

"It was proclaimed in 1823 to prevent America from becoming a theater for intrigues of European absolutism.

"At first a principle of American policy, it has become an international understanding, and it is not illegitimate for the people of the United States to say that the covenant should recognize that fact.

"In its essence it is consistent with the spirit of the covenant, and, indeed, the principles of the League as expressed in Article X represent the extension to the whole world of the principles of this doctrine, while should any dispute as to the meaning of the latter ever arise between the American and European powers the League is there to settle it."

The *Sun* takes the last few words in the above very seriously, overlooking the fact that even if the British explanation were an authoritative one (it is no more so than any other explanation), the Council can "settle" a dispute about the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine only as it can settle other disputes, by a unanimous vote. While the *N. Y. Tribune* finds, therefore, that the League covenant has no teeth and not even an alveolar process in which to grow teeth, the *Sun* finds that it is about to crush the life out of the Monroe Doctrine and grind into pieces the national sovereignty of the United



"SH—H! DON'T COMMIT YOURSELF!"

—Cassel in *New York Evening World*

States! On the other hand, still another critic, the *Washington Post*, finds that the covenant will "petrify and perpetuate all territorial boundaries and existing governments." It bases this upon Article X, which promises to "respect and preserve" the "territorial integrity and existing political independence" of each member of the League, not as against insurrections or revolutions on the part of its own citizens or subjects, but "as against external aggression." Many of the critics of this section ignore entirely these four important words.

Problems the League Has Already Helped to Solve.

WHAT the implacables lack in numbers they thus make up in vehemence of expression. But this vehemence is matched by an enthusiasm on the part of the advocates of the covenant. Thus the *Omaha World-Herald* says of the League:

"This represents the supreme achievement of world statesmanship, not alone of our time but of all time. It is an achievement that not alone makes war improbable but that will dishonor and outlaw its instigators in the event it should come. It gives force and meaning to international law. It enthrones justice and right in international relationships throughout the world. It is planted on the foundations and conceived in the spirit of liberty and democracy. It makes of autocracy and despotism anachronisms for which there can be no further place among civilized peoples."

The *Des Moines Register* thinks that the time will soon come when the predominating part played by America in the League's formation "will be considered the nation's richest glory." The *Atlanta Journal* sees in this covenant the beginning of "the world's most earnest, most far-reaching and most auspicious effort to beat its swords into plowshares and to make pruning hooks of its spears." What, asks the *Philadelphia*



PREPARING FOR THE DELUGE

—Ding in *New York Tribune*

Ledger, has the League already done? It answers as follows:

"It has settled a whole array of vexed questions which might otherwise have proved as troublesome as Fiume and the Saar valley. There are, for example, the Pacific islands. The mandatory system, only possible under the 'League,' lifted them right out of the zone of controversy before they could be inflamed. . . . To-day we can allot the Bosphorus and its beautiful guardian to one power, Armenia to another or to the same, Syria to a third, a slice of Asia Minor to a fourth, Palestine and Mesopotamia to a fifth and Arabia with Damascus to a sixth, without the firing of a shot or the flashing of an edged phrase."

Either the League of Nations or No Hope of Real Peace.

THE *Indianapolis News* concedes that the function of the League is advisory rather than coercive as regards its own members; but "it affords a way of centering world opinion in support of international law and in favor of peace," and it is a mistake to suppose that it has no teeth. "What many take for flabbiness may be simply flexibility." It is this League or none, the *Detroit News* thinks, for it is not probable that if this covenant is rejected any abler assemblage of statesmen will make a covenant less objectionable. "Whatever wisdom," it adds in Macaulay-like periods, "is brought to bear upon the subject and however perfect the product, there will be objectors. The magnitude of the enterprise will appall the timid; the magnanimity of the conception will incense the selfish; the breadth of the proposal will challenge the opposition of the narrow-minded. And in every land there will be politicians who will make capital out of criticism and obstruction." The *N. Y. Times* is amazed at what it regards not only the bitterness but the shortsightedness of hostile Re-



CENSORED

—Page in *Louisville Journal*

publican Senators, which it attributes in large part to partisan and personal hostility to President Wilson. It says: "Mr. Wilson has won the confidence of the peoples of the nations whose interests are involved in the peace settlement, he has the high respect of the statesmen who have labored with him at Paris. It is strange, it is extraordinary, it calls for explanation, that in his own country alone he encounters organized and bitter oppo-

sition." Every reasonable observer who has been on the other side, says Henry Van Dyke in the *N. Y. Globe*—General Maurice, André Tardieu, Philip Gibbs, Frederick Palmer, Henry Morgenthau, ex-Attorney-General Wickersham—all agree that there is no chance of getting real peace without the League. It is therefore not only this League or none but it is this League or no lasting peace in the world.

Bulgaria and Turkey are clamoring for more recognition, but after what they've gone through with they are lucky to be in such shape as to be recognized at all.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

The man who has tried to crawl between two of the strands of a barbed-wire fence can understand Italy's feeling toward the fourteen points.—Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette*.

HAS PRESIDENT WILSON FAILED IN EUROPE?

THE League of Nations is the red herring dragged across the trail of the new triple alliance—the United States, Great Britain and France. President Wilson was forced despite himself to abandon his "apostolate" and to submit to the very check he went to Europe to avoid. These are the impressions of the *Giornale d'Italia*, in touch with the foreign office at Rome. The same impressions are reflected in the comment of so many Italian dailies, even those Socialist organs which have been friendly to the President, that he might be said to appear to them in the light of a defeated altho not discredited man. Summing up Italian press comment in general, the "defeat" of the President would seem ascribable to the fact that he was after all no match for the combined wisdom of Downing street and the Quai d'Orsay. Mr. Wilson got a league of nations that is theoretical, as the *Popolo d'Italia* (Milan) says, whereas Clemenceau and Lloyd George get a triple alliance that is practical. The Socialist *Avanti* (Milan) and its more or less revolutionary contemporaries prescribe one test for the new triple alliance. Will it abolish conscription? The trend of European press opinion seems to be that it will not. On the contrary, the alliance of Washington and Paris and London will make, among its other consequences, a considerable addition to the armed forces of the United States, because this country will be required to maintain an army that can be sent to Europe speedily, besides a fleet to give it command of the waters over which the transports convey the troops.

Why Mr. Wilson Went into the Triple Alliance.

EVER since the clash over Fiume, the alliance of the three great powers, Great Britain, France and the United States, has been a sore subject with the Italian press. It announced the formation of such an alliance, in fact, before the existence of any plan was communicated to American dailies. The *Popolo Romano*, the *Tribuna*, the *Giornale d'Italia* and other Roman dailies declare that Mr. Wilson could not have his league unless he committed his country to a military pact. Nevertheless, if we are to credit the *Avanti* and the other Socialist papers of the peninsula, Mr. Wilson sees many objections to the idea. He urged them. Mr. Lloyd George replied, according to these reports, that if the triple alliance were not formed he could not keep

Foreign Impressions that the League of Nations Plays Second Fiddle to the Franco-Anglo-American Alliance

his famous pledge regarding conscription. In the fierce political battle that won him his present majority in the Commons, Mr. Lloyd George promised not only that there would be no conscription in England, but that he would see that conscription was abolished on the continent of Europe. Clemenceau and his ministry declined to accept the policy of no-conscription unless they were able to tell the deputies at Paris that Great Britain and America would come to the aid of the French republic in the event of an unjustifiable attack by Germany in the future. Thus is the story retailed bit by bit, here a little and there a little, in the press of Italy, itself smarting under the blow dealt by Mr. Wilson to Italian pride. The *Giornale d'Italia* went to unprecedented lengths in spreading the umbrella of its sarcastic sympathy over the form of Mr. Wilson, then drenched in the rain of Italian denunciation. It was bad enough for the President in Paris, but what would they do to him when he got home? The English, it added, were comparing Mr. Lloyd George to Moses Primrose, going to the fair with the family horse and returning with a sack of green spectacles; but Mr. Wilson seemed to play the part even better.

When the American People Find Out.

ITALIAN newspapers are disposed to agree that the American people have no idea of the true nature of Mr. Wilson's achievements in Europe. They are all talking about a League of Nations, observes the *Tribuna*, for once in agreement with the *Sonnino* organ, but it would be better if they devoted some scrutiny in Washington to the alliance that has so unexpectedly emerged out of the deliberations at Paris. To the Socialist press of Italy, the triple alliance entered into by Mr. Wilson is the death-knell of any league of nations. The *Avanti* says the Franco-Anglo-American combination is "Bismarckian," and compares it with the reinsurance treaties with which the Iron Chancellor was so prone to delude his countrymen and the rest of the world. In short, the Italian press has declined, ever since the Fiume affair, to believe that Mr. Wilson represents his country at all. The Socialist papers are more and more disposed to lay stress upon the effects which the triple alliance will have upon the domestic situation in the United States. It will have a tendency, suspects the *Popolo d'Italia*, to emphasize the race feuds within the American republic, feuds which are made

much of in Italian dailies just now. This is a point made by Mr. Wilson himself, the gossip goes, when the alliance within the League was first broached to him. In any event, the Italian dailies of the Socialist school in Italy believe the combination between the Irish and the Germans, so marked a feature of our political situation, will be cemented. Mr. Wilson's error, from an American point of view, the *Corriere* thinks, is a belief that he can set one race against another without having to pay the price which the Hapsburgs found so high.

Conscription and the Franco-Anglo-American Alliance.

OPEN proclamation of an alliance of the world's greatest three powers for a purely military purpose has caused the press of Italy to pay attention to the progress of the controversy over conscription in the British Parliament. A shock was given to English liberal sentiment by the introduction into Parlia-

ment recently of a compulsory military service bill. It was denounced in some newspapers as a violation of the solemn pledges given by Mr. Lloyd George. His explanation, made for him by the under-secretary for war, Lord Peel, is that circumstances have changed since the armistice was signed. It is not intended by the bill to establish conscription permanently in Great Britain. Unfortunately, it is impossible to obtain all the men needed by voluntary means. The reply of the anti-ministerialists is that Mr. Lloyd George is violating his pledge. The retort is that engagements made with America and France necessitate an abandonment for a time of the voluntary principle. This causes the Italian press to ask whether the United States will follow the British example and raise men by compulsion if they can not be obtained by the voluntary method. In that event, says the *Avanti*, there will be conscription on the European continent. The censor deletes its further reflections.

Carranza has officially spurned the Monroe Doctrine, but the Monroe Doctrine appears to be bearing up remarkably well under the strain.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

It seems odd that the only people deserving self-determination were those subjugated by the Central Powers.—Greenville (S. C.) *Piedmont*.

THE IMPENDING CRASH IN GERMANY

The Government that Makes Peace Faces the Prospect of Extinction

NOSKE, that minister of defense at Berlin who has put down so many Spartacist risings, told a Hungarian journalist, reports the *Fremdenblatt*, that the government of Germany is now an empty shell. The *Journal de Genève* thinks the Herr might have employed the word "mask." There is nothing at Berlin, it says, that deserves the name of government, and no one is so well aware of that as "President" Ebert and "Chancellor" Scheidemann. As for the emotional Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, who was so overcome at Versailles, he is said by the Paris *Figaro* to be a foreign minister in name only. The Swiss newspapers, watching the progress of events at Munich and Berlin, report that if a pact is made with the men holding official titles at Berlin, it will have no meaning. It is true that Rantzau and Scheidemann have a theoretical right to enter into pacts with foreign powers in the name of whatever German government may be said to exist at Berlin. Unfortunately, that national assembly upon which they base their official titles can not be said to exist in any authoritative sense. It no longer represents the nation. The changes in public opinion have swept past it. The Swiss papers think the excesses of Noske in putting down insurrections have alienated German feeling. The assassination of Liebknecht is bearing fruit and, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, a respectable daily which shows a tendency to go over to the enemies of the Scheidemann groups, is universally regarded at Berlin as a wanton and superfluous brutality. The Soviet idea progresses through the despair in the capital over the failures of the Ebert system.

The Underworld of German Politics.

IT seems to the best-informed European dailies that the Scheidemann combination at Berlin is threatened with disaster, perhaps with extinction. Whatever peace it may sign at Versailles will not be recognized by the

German people. Such is the Swiss impression and it tends to spread in western Europe. The problem with the chancelleries is to decide what is likeliest to succeed the Scheidemann collapse. This difficulty is even more pressing, according to the *Débats* (Paris), than any prospect of a refusal to sign or to ratify in which the Scheidemann ministry may involve itself. Who is there to succeed Scheidemann? The Geneva daily thinks the "independents" under Haase might have a chance. Brockdorff-Rantzau himself is not out of the running, for he tends to gravitate more and more towards the extremists, despite his great estates and his aristocratic title. Even so, a "hybrid government," as our contemporary calls it, would itself soon quit the stage. Every surface indication is impelling Germany into the Soviet system, not, be it understood, into Bolshevism, for there is a certain distinction to be noted between the two. There will, in all probability, if present predictions be verified, speedily ensue a control of everything by "councils" of "workers"—a dictation of the proletariat, to employ the current phrase.

Trying to Emerge from the German Deadlock.

ONLY within the past month did it dawn upon the diplomatists at Versailles that there exists no Germany that can be dealt with. Much is made by the *Temps* of the fact that a treaty signed by the envoys who turned up at Versailles from Berlin would be merely another scrap of paper. This is the real problem. The terms of the treaty with Germany are secondary to it. Negotiation with the Ebert government would be a farce. Recognition of the "councils" would be imprudent. The dilemma is great, and the *Journal de Genève* warns the peace conference not to let itself be overtaken by accomplished facts. The one consolation is the refusal of the Ebert government to recognize the soviet system set up in Bavaria. Dissensions have al-

ready broken out among the leaders of the Soviet rule in Bavaria, reports the *Acht Uhr* (Munich), the communists refusing to have anything more to do with the orthodox Socialists, and demanding their removal from the new government, which they declare should consist



THE WOMAN HATER—"DON'T YOU EVEN LOOK AT ME"
—Page in Louisville Journal

only of Independents and themselves. The Bavarian crisis affords a true view of the dilemma of the Ebert government in Germany generally. The Munich Soviets are telegraphing to Lenin that they will tolerate no interference with their republic from Berlin. The Ebert people usually retort with assertions that the Soviet dictatorship at Munich extends no further than the outskirts of the city and is anything but well estab-

lished there. The European press has become somewhat skeptical by this time of reports emanating from Berlin, which controls the wires, altho at times with difficulty. In fact there is evidence that convinces the *London Telegraph* of an ambitious revival of the Spartacist movement in Berlin itself.

Suspicious of a New German Peace Plot.

A POWERFUL group in the Commons at London has become alarmed at an alleged German design to paint the Berlin situation in too gloomy colors. The *London Post* has become the voice of this suspicion. It heartily approves the action of the two hundred members of Parliament who signed and sent to Mr. Lloyd George a protest against letting Germany off until she has paid the full bill against her. *The Westminster Gazette* affirms that the Germans are driven to despair by the hard terms imposed upon them, that their country is in the throes of civil war, that everything must be done to render their lot bearable. It affirms that President Wilson looks at the situation from this point of view and that he takes the Spartacist peril at Berlin seriously. It says the Germans are hungry. To demand huge sums from such miserable people would be inhuman. The *London Post* is angry at such sentiments:

"At present—despite the wails of *The Westminster Gazette*—the Germans are in a better position than the British. Those who advise this country, in the name of 'common sense' and 'moderation,' to feed our deadliest enemy are giving very dangerous advice. Do they realize that there is already a million unemployed in this country, and that the United States and other countries have during the war taken away a very large part of the trade by which this nation lives? All this pity for Germany is misplaced. The pity—and the fear also—of British statesmen should be for the future and the fate of their country. Talk of Bolshevism in Germany! We shall have Bolshevism here if our statesmen allow Germany an advantage which will react on our industries and our security."

THE THREE CRISES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE—INDIA, EGYPT, IRELAND

THE three problems known as Ireland, India and Egypt have not grown less complex to Mr. Lloyd George in consequence of anything that issues from the Paris conference. Such is the observation of the *Giornale d'Italia*, the Sonnino organ which is believed to be better posted upon what happens in official London than any other Roman newspaper may claim to be. Ireland, as it sees the situation, is in a ferment over the arrival of the American envoys and a furious controversy agitates the London press. Egypt has for the moment entered a period of pacification that depends upon the size of an army of occupation rather than upon the feelings of the fellaheen. India is held down by the bayonet, despite the optimistic observations of Mr. Montagu, secretary for India, in the Commons. There is a tendency in the Tory section of the English press to ascribe all these crises to "Wilsonism," but the Italian organ avers that long before the Wilson idealism began to make headway among the subject races there was

The Outside World Does Not Yet Realize the Gravity of England's Peril

an Indian crisis, to say nothing of the Irish crisis. The Egyptian crisis is conceded to be due to the lack of a competent hand ever since the departure of Lord Cromer from Cairo. The great proconsul understood the fellaah, something which, the Italian daily fears, can not be said for his successors. Indeed, the crisis in Egypt is ascribed by the *Journal de Genève* to the lack of insight displayed by military magnates in Egypt and not at all to any dissatisfaction among the masses with British rule as such. The grievances of the fellaheen are local and temporary, arising out of war measures that are no longer in force. Ireland and India are in a different category.

Growing Difficulties of the Irish Problem.

THE British Prime Minister has quite recovered from his hallucination that the new Irish problem arising out of the Sinn Fein agitation may be dismissed as

histrionic emotionalism, a thing having no reality. He is now impressed by the great ability of De Valera and the young men who act with that Spanish American. The *Manchester Guardian*, noting as much, adds that the present complexity of the situation in Ireland is due to the superior political capacity of the Sinn Feiners. The most recent display of this trait is seen in the success of the Sinn Feiners in dragging President Wilson into the crisis. He made desperate efforts to keep out of the Irish question, or so the Liberal dailies in England say. He found it impossible. The lesson of the present upheaval, as the *London News* reads it, is that the Irish question will profoundly influence the immediate future of British relations with the United States and that this truth, which ought to have been obvious to Mr. Lloyd George, has only begun to dawn upon him. Officially, President Wilson has nothing to do with the case; but in actual fact, the *London paper* fears, he has everything to do with it. The problem is now as much an American as an English one, a fact brought out by the bill to compensate the relatives of soldiers and sailors who may be murdered as a result of a state of affairs indistinguishable from civil war. Englishmen, the *Liberal daily* thinks, will ask questions about this bill:

"They will want to know whether the murder of our soldiers and sailors by Irish Nationalists is to be regarded henceforth as inevitable and whether the Government has taken any step to initiate a policy such as will make Ireland as free from political murders as England is. That such a bill should be introduced in the House of Lords by Lord Birkenhead just now as England's legislative contribution toward an Irish settlement, can only increase the volume of hostile opinion which is gathering against this country in America and the Colonies. We can have a friendly Ireland and a friendly America for the asking. All we have to do is to apply the elementary principle of liberty. Our rulers, however, are apparently of the mind of the fatuous gentleman in 'Punch' who thinks that what Ireland needs is a tonic with iron in it. It is this policy which is enraging against us scores of thousands of men who fought for us in the war. A mass meeting was held in Sydney recently to demand 'the immediate application of self-determination to Ireland.' Corporal Kenny proposed the reso-

lution, Private Leary seconded it—both of them wearing the Victoria Cross. The Hull election makes it clear that the British people also are rising in anger against this outrage upon liberty which is being committed at our doors. They are beginning to realize that what the Germans could



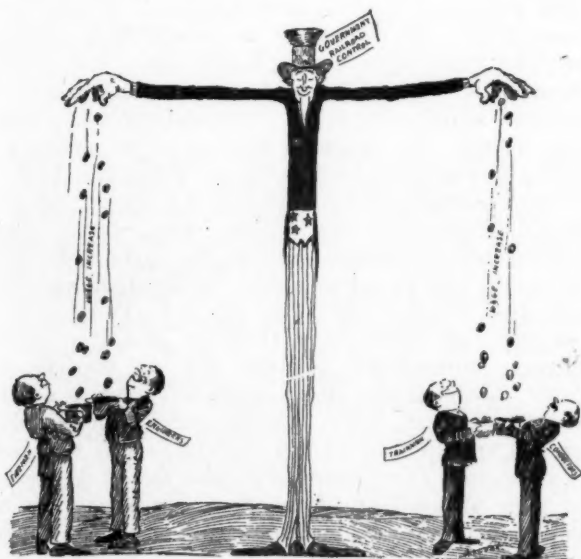
BOUND TO GET IN WRONG

—Thomas in *Detroit News*

not do in the way of wrecking the British Empire is being rapidly achieved by our own unprincipled and faithless ministers."

Origin of the Uprising in Egypt.

WHAT causes anxiety at London with reference to Egypt is the evidence of long preparation prior to the uprising there. Despite the censorship, it leaks out that the populace at Cairo and the Nile cities acted concertedly in an ambitious scheme to cut railroad communications, pillage stores and slay officers in high command. These things took place all at once. The masses seemed well under the control of leaders whose identity is not clearly established. Such is the information supplied in the continental press of Europe. General Allenby is doing what he can to restore order, with what results is not known yet. Sir Reginald Wingate had to be recalled from his post as high commissioner because "he had lost touch with the traditional liberalism of British policy" and acted in too high-handed a fashion in his dealings with the leaders of native Egyptian opinion. This is the judgment upon him in some English papers. Last November the native leaders organized for the sake of securing Egyptian autonomy. They were willing to allow Great Britain some supervision over the public debt and the Suez Canal. Said Zaghlul Pasha, once at the head of the administration of justice, put himself at the head of the agitation. He wanted to send a delegation of "patriots" to confer with the government at London. Two native leaders in high favor with the London government joined in the request, which seems to have been refused



THE PLUMTREE

—Spencer in *Omaha World-Herald*

by Sir Reginald Wingate in a fashion quite irreconcilable with any theory that an Egyptian has a right to protest against anything. The Britons were proclaim-

ing their democracy at the peace conference and Sir Reginald, says the *Paris Gaulois*, was found to have put the British government in an untenable position.

Mr. Burleson shows a disposition to be just a little mite less burly.—*Boston Transcript*.

Petrograd falls almost as often as the old Shah of Persia used to die.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

EUROPE GETS A SHOCK OVER JAPAN

IF it is true that President Wilson gave his consent last month to the settlement under which all rights to Kiao-chow formerly claimed by Germany are transferred to Japan, some critical steps must have been taken privately by the Marquis Saion-ji. This ablest of the Elder Statesmen has kept in the background since he reached Paris, letting Baron Makino do the talking in public. The *Figaro* understands that the Marquis, fresh from Tokyo, revealed the intentions of Japan to the big three in a manner calculated to disconcert them. This is the only key to the affair in the possession of the liberal European press. Japan, the *London Express* hears, is in a position which from the military and naval standpoint renders her unassailable by the great Powers, which face domestic crises and want to deal with them in peace and quiet. Japan must have taken some advantages. The *London News* has that impression very strongly. It wonders if the peace conference really knows anything about the well-known Shantung case and what is involved in the famous twenty-one demands. Eminent Chinese diplomatists are hurrying to the Paris conference to insist that the Shantung be handed back to China and that the twenty-one demands, with all their secret conditions, be declared of no effect. There has been no such uproar over the Far East since Germany seized Kiao-chow and the port of Tsing-tau. The Japanese at Paris are saying that they receive less than is called for by their ultimatum to Berlin when the war began, demanding Kiao-chow with a view to eventual restoration to China. The restoration will be "eventual."

Disagreement Between the British and the Japs.

SOME discord involving the British foreign office with Tokyo over Shantung was mentioned in a censored comment by the Socialist *Humanité*, but it seems that the Americans were drawn into it. The settlement represents a compromise, as the *Temps* says, altho the Socialist daily bluntly remarks that the Japanese blackmailed the western powers. That is the feeling of liberal English dailies, which first noted the interested attitude of Japan when her troops, aided by the Britons, took Kiao-chow. The British troops, following international law, landed inside the German leased territory, says the *London News*, but the Japanese troops, disregarding international law, landed outside the German sphere. The Japanese actually seized all of the peninsula of Shantung, with the railroad running between Chinan-fu and Kiao-chow, occupying everything in sight and paying no attention to the protests of the Pekingese. Next came the twenty-one demands. They were sent to the Chinese president by the foreign office at Tokyo when China asked Japan to get out. The demands amounted to Japanese control of Chinese police,

The Controversy with China Determined in a Fashion to Create a Far Eastern War

finance, mines, army and raw materials. It will be remembered that the foreign office authorized a denial in the Tokyo press of certain press reports of these twenty-one demands, which Japan communicated to Washington, London and Paris in terms that could not be reconciled with the newspaper versions. Subsequently an issue of accuracy arose on this point whereupon it appeared that the newspaper versions were accurate while the Japanese versions were inaccurate. The twenty-one demands proved fully as sweeping as the Manchester *Guardian* pronounced them at the time, and this is a point of which a great deal is now made by those European dailies which say that something is still being concealed from the world about the far eastern settlement. The Chinese themselves have been trying to explain in Paris why they were sacrificed to the Japanese and what the real facts behind the sensation of the month amount to, but the French censorship seems to have been applied with severity to the episode. The circumstances have to do with the pressure brought to bear by Tokyo upon the Chinese premier Tuan, who went down discredited when it was learned that he had given in to these twenty-one demands.

Japanese Intimidation of the Chinese.

FRIENDS of China at Paris fill the liberal dailies with complaints of the strong methods of the Japanese in the effort of the latter to keep the truth from the peace conference. When Terauchi was Prime Minister at Tokyo, if we may credit the Socialist press of Paris, he sent word to Peking that no envoy from China must go to the conference at Paris. This intimidation had its effect, observes the French daily. When the great gathering opened at Paris, China had a "lay figure" or two there. It was explained that Baron Makino had settled everything. This did not suit President Wilson. He caused a mission to be sent from Peking by way of the United States. When the Chinese came they behaved in a fashion which to Baron Makino seemed defiant, or so the *London News* reports. The decision that has been arrived at, this paper adds, will turn China into an appendage of the Japanese imperial structure. Peking will be an annex to Tokyo. The first step will be to place Japanese officials or pro-Japanese bureaucrats in every post of importance. Every Chinaman who shows spirit will have to disappear from official life. Peking's policy will be telegraphed from Tokyo as that of Vienna was sent out from Berlin. The Chinese will infer that it is useless for them to resist Japan and that their safety lies in coming to terms with the strong men at Tokyo. The worst remains to be said:

"It will mean the closing of the vast resources and the

inexhaustible markets of the Far East to the European and American worlds. No one needs to be reminded of the amiable policy of Japan in matters of this sort. There have been too many examples of it for that. But it will mean much more than economic exclusion. It will mean the emergence of a new military system of incalculable dimensions which will overshadow Asia and may ultimately wreck the world. The moment to deal with this menace is now. If it is allowed to develop, it will never be overtaken. The silence which has been maintained in regard to the proceedings of Japan must cease, and the issue which she has raised while her allies have been pouring out their blood and treasure must be faced. It must be faced on one clear and immovable principle. China belongs to the Chinese. Japan has no more right in Shantung than we have."

Trying to Get at the
Truth about China.

WHAT China worked for at Paris was her inclusion in a real league of nations, to give the gist of British liberal newspaper opinion, but she feels that she has been handed over to Japan. Japan, this section of the British press, somewhat anti-Tokyo, adds, will have to get out of Shantung, regardless of the decision reached at Paris. The London *Times* says that Japan is to-day master of northern China. To this the London *Herald*, a labor paper, adds that Japan is lending herself to the imperialist policy of the western powers in the Far East by extending her own autocratic system to whatever portion of the Asiatic mainland she gains access. This is the significance of the explosion in Korea. There is already in Manchuria and in Shantung, to say nothing of Korea, a patriotic movement for reunion with China which is leading to unpleasant local incidents which the Japanese misrepresent. This might be taken as an extreme labor view, but it finds some echo in the columns of that well-known organ of British liberalism, the Manchester *Guardian*. The latter is not at all in sympathy with expressions of Japanese discontent over the failure of the race equality clause in the "covenant." It thinks the Japanese government has brought this discomfiture upon itself, adding:

"Japan does not extend equality of treatment to the European in Japan, or to the Chinese, or to the Koreans; and, even if the legal discrimination were abolished, administrative manipulations of a too familiar type might empty the reform of practical value. Most of the nations are after the war even less disposed than before the war to treat the stranger as the native. But tho one must admit that fact, it would be quite erroneous to draw the conclusion that a covenant expressing this defect has no value. The Japanese delegation expresses apprehension as to the effect of the rejection upon opinion in Japan, where the tide of 'Radicalism' is alleged to be flowing high. But we remember that Count Terauchi, when Prime Minister, was at pains to say that Japan was not in the war to fight the battle of democracy, which might be good for western countries but had no place in Japan. The present rulers of Japan show at home equally little respect for democracy. The working-man still has no vote in Japan, and may not form a trade-union, while any advanced propaganda is suppressed as 'dangerous thoughts.'"

The State of Japanese
Press Opinion.

EXPLOSIONS of Japanese resentment in certain Japanese newspapers of the type of the *Yorodzu Choho* are discounted in Europe. Indeed, the London *Times* not long ago warned its readers against telegraphed summaries of Japanese press opinion, which summaries are occasionally censored by the foreign office for the sake of the effect upon international affairs. More than one outburst against the United States has turned out to be a synthetic arrangement of sentences out of their context. As a rule, newspapers like the Tokyo *Hochi* and the Osaka *Asahi* are very careful before committing themselves to views that might render difficult the task of cementing friendly relations with the United States. Nevertheless, the tone of press comment in Japan has been growing less friendly to this country since the opening of the great world parliament at Paris. There is a universal feeling that President Wilson has been too much influenced by an anti-Japanese propaganda which the *Kokumin Shimbum* and other organs of Japanese opinion deem persistent and even malicious.

CONFUSION OF THE ALLIES IN DEALING WITH RUSSIA

WHAT happened in northern Russia after the reinforcement of the Allied troops there by a strong British detachment remains a subject of dispute. At Odessa the developments seem definite, for the French and Greek regiments suffered losses and went away in ships. General d'Esperey, the French commander, had orders to hold the city, and there is a report that he will return at the head of strong forces. The Bolsheviks marched in amid scenes of wild disorder, according to the Paris *Figaro*. The Soviet government deserves the credit for whatever success it achieved against the Allies in the south, according to the Paris *Humanité*, because it displayed capacity and the Allies showed none. Lenin spent the month, as usual, amid alarms and reports of his impending fall, which were credited at first in western Europe because of the failure of Radek's conspiracies in capitals like Vienna and Prague. Radek has lost credit with the Soviet government, altho, as

Altho the Great Need
Is For a Policy, None
Is Forthcoming Yet

the *Temps* learns, he is officially a member of it. He has been recalled despite his complaints that after he gets a revolution going it is not properly backed up. He has been a most costly investment for the Bolsheviks and the more conservative members of the government of the Soviet republic, like Tchicherin, threatened to retire if he were tolerated any longer. The fact that Lenin must heed the Menshevik protest at a time when Trotsky is for a belligerent attitude confirms the European press in its suspicion that the Bolsheviks are slowly but surely losing their grip on the Soviets.

Clemenceau, Lloyd George and
Wilson on Russia.

AT a time when the councils of the Soviet government are notoriously torn by factional feuds, neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Lloyd George, laments the



SPOILING HIS EASTER BREAKFAST

—Ding in New York Tribune

Journal de Genève, emerges with a Russian policy. There is the same indecision at Paris that characterized the great quartet before the name of Prinkipo was mentioned. Until a concerted Russian policy is announced with the sanction of Paris, London and Washington, the Swiss organ says, it is a waste of time to denounce the Soviets and their works. What with Lloyd George, who wanted to treat with Lenin, and Clemenceau, who wanted to make war on him; between Sazonoff, who wanted the restoration of the empire, and Savinkoff, who urged the recognition of the revolution; with the financiers of all lands on one side who covet Russian wealth, and the Socialists who threaten it, argues the Swiss organ, the governments of the Allied powers hesitate and events at Petrograd and Moscow take their mysterious course. The Prinkipo plan went wrong because the big four could not agree regarding what should be done when the envoys met there. The abandonment of the Prinkipo idea should have resulted in the immediate substitution of some other plan. The weeks wore into months and the sanguinary nature of the European crisis was confirmed.

General Failure of the Allies in Russia.

DISCORD has arisen at Paris because the Allies did nothing effectual in the Ukraine, and the Poles and Estonians were not helped adequately, either. In fact, insists the *Débats*, there has been a series of fiascos every time the Allies come into conflict with the Soviet diplomacy, which turns out unexpectedly subtle and efficient. In Russia proper the Allies have resorted to the expedient of sending envoys whose status was not definite. Men of no standing at home

or in Moscow roamed about Russia with credentials from one of the big four or from one of the chancelleries. These persons got up small conspiracies or investigated mares' nests, returning to Paris in the end with ridiculous reports and fantastic ideas of the situation. Some piquant revelations could be made on this subject, avers the *Journal de Genève*, which hints that such methods have made the grand trio at Paris the laughing-stock of Soviet statesmen like Zinovieff and Sverdloff. Not so long ago these men were at the end of their tether and were asking neutral diplomatists for passports so that they could escape into Sweden. What saved Lenin and his associates in their darkest hour was the arrest of the military offensive in the Murman region. They had another uncomfortable period when the blockade or sanitary cordon grew tight. It looked as if Bolshevism would be suffocated in a sort of vacuum; but once more at the crisis the old divisions among the Allies gave Lenin and the Bolsheviks a fresh breathing-spell. This is the explanation of all the Bolshevik collapses so confidently announced, adds the *Paris Matin*. The big four get into a deadlock, or the ultimate three, as they are beginning to be called, refuse to unite on an imperative order and Lenin is saved again. Just now another delicate dilemma has arisen for the Bolsheviks, who can buy no magnesium and who are very short of properly tempered steel. They are making the most of the Ukraine, from which they draw much that they require.

What is the Proper Policy in Russia?

FRENCH newspapers inspired by the Quai d'Orsay are affirming that a sound policy for Russia is easy to frame. One party urges intervention by armed force



"LET FRANCE CARRY THE BURDEN—I'M SUBJECT TO FITS!"

—Rogers in New York Herald

on the ground that it is really easy. Mr. Wilson stood in the way of that from the first, according to the Socialist organs. Armed intervention being out of the question in view of the American attitude, there was the device of the blockade, the plan that drew a ring around Russia and made it tighter. This is still the favorite scheme of the statesmen who do not trust the Russian refugees in Paris and who at the same time want to prevent the spread of revolution throughout Europe. Clemenceau favored the blockade until he found it impracticable. There were ways of evading it and Lenin took advantage of them. Finally there was the policy of coming to terms with the Bolsheviks. This offered, or at any rate promised, results until the Bolsheviks consolidated their power and were forced in turn to let in the more moderate elements so that the Soviet system could be saved. Having reached the conclusion that the power of the Soviets was unassailable by the Allies, the revolutionary Russian republic was not amenable to arguments that might have impressed it last August. The only thing for the Allies to do, says the *Matin*, is to wait for the Bolsheviks to go down. A veritable impotence, it fears, has come over the policy of the Allies in Russia.

Working for the Good
of the Bolsheviks.

FAILURE of the grand trio at Paris to handle the Russian crisis is responsible, the Swiss papers say, for the discomfiture in central Europe. Hungary was thrown into the arms of the Bolsheviks because the Allied governments had at Budapest not a diplomatist of capacity but a soldier who was too much the martinet. The *Journal de Genève* accepts this theory of



THE BOLSHEVIK

—Spencer in Omaha World-Herald

the course of events. It laments the tendency of at least one western European government to entrust the settlement of crises on the continent to reactionary commanders trained in camps and not in parliaments. The liberal elements succeed in having the worst features of this policy mitigated when the situation has grown dangerous at Budapest or Vienna or Prague. This only gives an impression of indecision in those capitals. First a man like General Mangin is sent to Hungary to crush all discontent, and when it is seen that he is too despotic for the mission, General Smuts is hurriedly substituted because he is a statesman as well as a soldier. Smuts is recalled in a hurry after much mysterious consultation of the great trio at Paris. Hence there is the same indecision in central Europe that is so conspicuous in Russia. The *Figaro* and the *Débats* can not agree regarding the fixing of responsibility for "this variable, mutable, interminable capriciousness in dealing with the greatest crisis in the history of the world," as the latter calls it, but the Tory organs in London are beginning to declare positively that it is all President Wilson's fault. Indeed, the *London Post* is becoming so very severe in its strictures that it accuses him of a sympathetic feeling for the Bolsheviks and it alludes to his professions of idealism with skepticism. "Did they mean anything?" it asks of his "great and soulful" words at Boston, answering: "We think not." The words of Wilson, it avers, "look in the light of later events very much like the cant of an insincere politician." The *Journal des Débats* retorts somewhat warmly to this style of attack upon the President, declaring that in Russia, in Hungary, in central Europe generally, he has stood with courage for the rights of the small peoples and that he has been practical in seeking a settlement of the world crisis that will prove stable. It concedes, however, that Mr. Wilson might be a trifle better informed regarding conditions in Russia. He does not yet know, it fears, how bad the Bolsheviks have been.



"SHOOT!"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

JAPAN AND HER IMPERIALISTIC AMBITIONS

By JEREMIAH W. JENKS, LL.D., Director of the Far Eastern Bureau

Serious trouble in China is feared at this writing as a result of the outbursts of Chinese indignation over the action of the Peace Conference in surrendering Shantung province to Japan. Wire communications with Peking and the Pacific cable to China have been severed. Meanwhile much of the world is in darkness as regards the concessions made to Japan in the Orient and her attitude before the Peace Conference. Dr. Jenks, as director of the Far Eastern Bureau and former United States Commissioner on International Exchange in special charge of currency reform in China, speaks in this article with the authority of personal knowledge and observation of Japanese activities in the Orient. CURRENT OPINION presents his views as simply those of a close student of the situation.

IN a conversation with a Japanese friend of many years' standing, in Tokyo, in February, 1916, he said that the future of Japan hung upon her course of action during the period of the war and the decisions made at its close by the Peace Conference. It was evident at the time that the Cabinet of Marquis Okuma would soon fall and that Marshal Terauchi would become Prime Minister. This friend told me that he had lately brought these facts to the attention of Marquis Terauchi and had urged that he appoint as members of his new cabinet the very ablest, most far-seeing statesmen in the country regardless of political parties in order that Japan's future might be made secure. Events since that day have shown the marked ability with which the international policies of Japan have been planned and carried out. Many of us who agree with the non-military party in Japan feel that serious mistakes have been made, if one looks well into the future, because those policies seem to be of the old militaristic type which we had all hoped the war would discredit.

In this connection it is very important that American readers distinguish clearly between the statements made by the friends and government of Japan when explaining its purposes, and the acts of Japan as they affect international questions. Many of the friends of Japan, as in my own case, have very pleasant connections, chiefly with members of the Liberal party in Japan, persons who have been trained abroad, who are largely sympathetic with democratic ideas and whose policies, if they were put into effect, would harmonize closely with those of the United States. But the acts of Japan have been directed by the military party. These military leaders have been trained largely in Germany. The Prussian constitution served as the model for the Japanese constitution, and altho the government in power has doubtless kept in mind the welfare of the Japanese people as they saw it, their methods have been, and still are, militaristic, not democratic. Even in the case of the present Cabinet, which has been looked upon as the most democratic of any, the Ministers of War and Marine are of the military type, and under the Japanese form of government they have been able, without consulting the legislature, to deal directly with the situation in China and Korea, as the facts show. And there has been no change of policy.

THE Japanese policy has been one of natural growth. Without entering into any discussion of the relative merits of the Chinese and Japanese claims in Korea at the time of the China-Japan war, suffice it to say that in that war victorious Japan captured Port Arthur and the surrounding territory. But European nations intervened, and it is of interest to note, *en passant*, that Germany was one of the three nations that forced Japan to surrender Port Arthur. Germany was the first of the three definitely to seize Chinese territory later under a forced lease. Her method of seizing that territory and her terms of occupation were even more ruthless and severe than those of Russia. Japan has never forgotten the German wrong

to herself, and altho she has adopted German methods she has had no objection to applying them to Germany. Accordingly, when the great war began in August, 1914, Japan was ready to seize the opportunity. With her usual far-sightedness, before she entered upon the great undertaking of the Russo-Japanese war, she had made a treaty with Great Britain, Russia's chief rival in the Far East, by which she was assured, indirectly but certainly, that no other nation would be permitted by Great Britain to come to the assistance of Russia. Of course France was chiefly in mind, but later, to avoid danger of misunderstanding, Great Britain secured a modification of the treaty by which it was made clear that Great Britain did not intend to be brought into any possible embroilment between the United States and Japan.

THE significance of the province of Shantung and of Japan's action therein must not be overlooked. Shantung is a province containing some 55,984 square miles of territory, almost equal in extent to England and Wales, with an area of 58,340 square miles; and Shantung has a population of 38,000,000 (Maritime Customs estimate) as compared with the population of England and Wales of only 36,070,492. The disposition, therefore, of a territory and of a population of this extent is one not to be considered lightly. It is next to the most populous province of all China, and the population per square mile is the densest, 679 per square mile as compared with Belgium's 589 per square mile; and Belgium is the most densely populated country of Europe. This fact should be borne in mind by those people who defend the desires of Japan to extend her territory on the ground that her present territory is so overcrowded, altho as a whole the entire population (37,413,141) on the Japanese main island is somewhat less than that of Shantung, and the density of the population per square mile is only 428. The grand total gives Japan proper, excluding the natives of Formosa and Pescadores, only 147,655 square miles, with a population of 49,588,798, population per square mile, 336.

Still further, for a country that controls Port Arthur and the railways of South Manchuria, the control of Kiaochow and the railroads of Shantung means the military control of the Gulf of Chihli and the port of entry of Peking, as well as the railroads that normally bring supplies from all foreign countries into the great province of Chihli, in which Peking is situated. It amounts to almost absolute domination from the sea of the capital province of China. In addition thereto, the railroad in Shantung connects with the main lines of the railroads to the interior of China, so that it may well eventually become the chief normal shipping port for all of North China. Japan, in playing for its control, had no small prize in mind. It was the domination of North China.

No time was lost in taking advantage of the situation. Germany declared war on Russia the afternoon of August 1st. On the 5th Japan announced that if the war extended to Asiatic waters Japan would assist England in accordance

with their treaty. On the 16th she sent a dispatch to Germany demanding the evacuation of Kiaochow, with an ultimatum to be answered by August 23d. Let us note that on the 22d the United States stated formally to Japan its understanding that Japan's purpose in acting against Germany in the Far East "is not to seek territorial aggrandizement in China," and that the "United States should be consulted before further steps are taken outside the territory of Kiaochow." Our government kept itself free for independent, positive action at the Peace Conference, if it so desired. The next day Japan formally declared war on Germany.

Her purpose in the war, in spite of the notice of the United States government, became evident soon after the capture of Kiaochow on November 7th, 1914. The maintenance of peace throughout the Far East, in Japan's judgment, apparently depended upon her domination of China. On January 18th, 1915, the Japanese minister in Peking, contrary to all diplomatic usage, ignoring the minister of foreign affairs, went directly to the President, Yuan Shih-kai, and presented a series of demands which, if granted, would not only extend very materially the control which Japan was already exercising in Manchuria and inner Mongolia, but which would enable her in the near future to dominate the policy of all China from the military, financial and political view-points. Japan's own view of the nature of the demands may be gathered from the fact that the Chinese were enjoined under no circumstances to let these demands become known. They were to be forced upon her without the knowledge of the world. Japan feared foreign opposition. On their unofficial publication, however, the Japanese government at first deliberately falsely denied that such demands had been made. When it seemed evident that they could not be suppressed longer, due to the fact that certain foreigners had secured definite information regarding them, the Japanese foreign office gave out a statement of the "requests" which she had made upon China, deliberately and falsely suppressing those that entrenched most upon the sovereignty of China. When at length, through other sources, the entire list of demands was published, Japan again, with evident intention to mislead the world, distinguished between the "demands" that she had made and the "requests," calling the ones most detrimental to China and to foreign nations only "requests."

THE Chinese government protested and resisted until finally, in May, 1915, Japan presented an ultimatum giving the Chinese government fifty-one hours to accede to the demands, stating that if they were not accepted at that time the Japanese government would "take steps they may deem necessary," the same words in effect that were employed in her ultimatum to Germany demanding the surrender of Kiaochow. China, unable to resist under this threat of war, acceded to all the demands except Group V, which so evidently, if acceded to, would make her a subject nation, that she refused under any conditions to sign. Japan announced the acceptance of the other demands, withdrew her threat of immediate war, but stated that as regards Group V the demands were reserved for further consideration. From that time on the Japanese treated Shantung as practically a conquered province. They occupied the splendid German buildings provided for military and administrative purposes, and added to them wherever it seemed to them advantageous. They placed their own guards all along the railway line to the capital of the province. They assumed the military control of all such properties and instituted civil government over the sections of the province which they occupy.

Meantime, in China proper there were political divisions. It is certain that throughout the various stages of these internal contests Japanese fomented these disturbances, inciting both sides to action. Official investigations by the United States Minister confirm the statement that Japanese

incited and led hostile movements in different places. Japanese writers state openly that it was to Japan's interest to keep China weak in order that Japan's hold on China might be strengthened.

Almost from the beginning of the European war it was the opinion of many leading Chinese and of their American and English friends that China should enter the war on the side of the Allies. Germany, until the outbreak of the war, had been perhaps the boldest and most brutal nation in her aggressions in China. By declaring war China would stand a better chance of again controlling Shantung. Moreover, the sympathy of the Chinese leaders was against despotism and in favor of a republican government, as shown by the overthrow of the Manchu empire. Plans were practically completed late in 1915 for her entrance into the war when the Japanese government blocked it. On that occasion, Baron Ishii, then Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, said to the European Ambassadors at Tokyo: "Japan could not view without apprehension the moral awakening of 400,000,000 Chinese which would result from their entering the war." Later, in 1918, under the leadership of the United States, China did declare war. In order to show her good faith her government at one time offered to send 100,000 troops; but Japan, unwilling to have China take so active a part, vetoed the plan.

Throughout all of these months the Japanese, not following usual diplomatic methods, but working directly with the Minister of Communications and other officials, was advancing money in large quantities on the security of valuable mines, railroads and other important concessions in China in order to strengthen her hold on the country. This has been directly against the will of the President and of the great mass of thinking Chinese, as well as against the advice and suggestion of the leading business men of the Allies, and even of the leading diplomatic representatives of the Allies.

The purpose of China and her friends has been, of course, to secure a representation at the Peace Conference and a fair hearing, believing that the Peace Conference would not tolerate such high-handed, corrupt methods as Japan has continually followed to further her own ends. The fact is highly significant that at every stage in the proceedings, from her first demands upon Yuan Shih-kai till practically the close of the Peace Conference in Paris, Japan has attempted to keep secret her acts, while the Chinese have been eager for publicity, believing that the just sympathy of the world would be on their side.

MEANTIME, in order to remove diplomatic difficulties and strengthen her hand, in 1917 Viscount Ishii visited Washington to secure if possible a recognition by this government of the primacy of Japan in the Far East. It is certain that Japan hoped for fuller recognition than she secured. The Lansing-Ishii Agreement (unjustly, and as it seems now, unwisely concluded without consultation with China) recognized as a general fact that "territorial propinquity" gives "special interests" and that is all that it does textually recognize. Everyone would concede that the United States has special interests on that account in Canada or Mexico, and that France has special interests in Italy, Switzerland and Germany; but such special interests give no measure of control. Japan, however, has assumed that we had recognized in that expression, even tho strictly limited by "territorial propinquity," certain rights of domination and of leadership.

It should be remembered that at the time that agreement was signed the situation as regards the war was very critical. It also is a well-known, undeniable fact that large numbers of the best-informed citizens, if not indeed the governments, of all of the Allies, basing their feelings upon Japan's record, so distrusted the Japanese government that they feared it was likely to join hands with Germany if it believed that its ambitions could be

more safely secured in that way. It was at a period of the war when, had Japan joined with Germany, the outcome would have been very doubtful indeed, with possibly the chances in favor of Germany. But, whatever the reasons, this agreement was signed, tho, as noted, in terms that give Japan no real hold at all. Likewise, as we know now, secret agreements were signed with Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia which gave Japan reason to believe that she would be permitted to work her will upon the Chinese in Shantung; and now we see that the Peace Conference has apparently given Japan all that she asks for. Her promise to return the political control of Kiaochow to China while she retains all the economic advantages cannot be properly judged until the conditions are fully known. Nevertheless, the attitude of the Chinese delegates, as well as of American and English business men and residents of China, with very rare exceptions, is that the conditions laid down by Japan practically assure her dominance in that territory unless new measures can be taken by the League of Nations to upset what seem to be Japanese plans.

IT is frequently urged that it is the duty of the more highly civilized nations to promote the welfare of backward nations by introducing the arts of civilization and that such promotion frequently involves a considerable measure of control. Moreover, the results in many cases seem to justify such an assumption where the work is carried on really for the benefit of the backward peoples, and where efforts are made to fit them as rapidly as possible for a large measure of autonomy and self-government. I have had leading native citizens of India, even men prominent in the so-called National movement, who were finding fault with Great Britain's methods in India, state nevertheless to me that they would not wish Great Britain to withdraw and leave them independent, because they knew that without her control there would soon be internal warfare and great weakening of the country; that as yet they were not ready for independence and self-government. It is well known that the great mass of the common people in Egypt have not only a far larger measure of material prosperity, but also a far greater degree of personal independence under the English supervision than they had had before. So in the other provinces of Great Britain, and so likewise in the Philippines. Do any such principles apply to any measure of Japanese control in China? Aside from the question as to whether China needs to be controlled, let us consider whether the record of the Japanese for the last few years shows that she is to be classed with Great Britain and the United States in her methods of control and her ability to benefit any backward people. The diplomatic policy of Japan in her dealings in the Far East from the close of the Russo-Japanese war to the present time has been one of secrecy, deceit, bribery and force. That charge cannot be made against either of the nations mentioned. Is America ready to put the fate of almost forty millions of Chinese in Shantung, to say nothing of Japan's influence over the rest of China, into the hands of a government that deliberately and continuously to the present date is following that policy? Japanese representatives in this country and Baron Makino in Paris have claimed that Japan has always kept and always will keep her word. The only reply to make to such a statement is that the facts are unqualifiedly against the statement. But there are other considerations when the welfare of a people is concerned.

PERHAPS history shows no other so heroic effort to free a people from a ruinous moral curse as that of China during the last ten years in her efforts to free her people from the evils of opium and its compounds. The government seemed to have succeeded to a most remarkable degree, as verified by British officials as well as by the almost universal testimony of foreigners resident in China; but within the last two or three years the Japanese, apparently with

the full knowledge and connivance of the Japanese government, have practically forced the Chinese to a backward step. The testimony seems absolute that during the year 1918, contrary to Japan's formal agreement at the Opium Conference, tons of opium and morphia were sent into China by the Japanese and with the connivance of the Japanese government. The Outport and Overseas Supplement of the *China Illustrated Weekly* for February 15, 1919, mentions some three hundred specific cases which it proved by actual purchase of morphia and opium from Japanese shops. The Japanese government, in its denial of these charges, has simply cited its orders to the Japanese postal officials in China to the effect that no package in the Japanese post office in China be opened. The charges stated that the opium was sent through the post office under false labels.

Again, it has been through the ports where the Japanese government insisted upon placing the control of the Chinese customs service in the hands of Japanese that these imports have taken place. Do the American people feel that a people and a government guilty of such base and immoral traffic contrary to their own pledged word should be permitted to extend their power against the interests of America as well as of the Chinese?

WHAT may be the Japanese course in China can be seen from their conduct in Korea. Since Japan has annexed Korea the spirit of her rule, at any rate since the death of Prince Ito, has not been one to develop and benefit the Korean people, but to make them a subject people and to stamp out any Korean individuality. In the Philippine Islands, in Egypt, in India, in spite of complaints that are often made, natives still concede that they are given a large part in the government of the country. Not so in Korea. The Koreans are given no positions of influence, not even as village headmen. They are treated as an inferior race, are forbidden to teach their own language, are not allowed to go abroad for study, but can be trained in the higher learning only in Korea or in Japan. Now that the revolt of the oppressed people has come, it is known on unimpeachable testimony that the revolutionists, tho offering no resistance, are treated with barbarity so severe and uncalled for that it has brought forth the protests of foreign residents, English and American business men and officials, as well as missionaries. Japan's idea of democracy is benevolent despotism, as Marquis Okuma has lately stated. His words are: "The government in Japan has been conducted with a single eye to the general welfare of the people, and the imperial family has become the symbol of democracy. I therefore have no hesitation in declaring those who talk of democracy as tho it were a new thing in Japan as being ignorant of the history of the Japanese nation. To those who know what the imperial family stands for democracy is a commonplace."

The representatives of the Japanese government have apparently deliberately employed the expression "Monroe Doctrine" to explain what they mean by their desired dominant position in the Far East. They have used the dominant position in the Far East. The expression is misleading. The United States in its Monroe Doctrine has protected the American continent from the military and political aggressions of European powers. It has not itself followed a policy of military or political aggression for its own selfish purposes. Therein it differs from Japan. The Japanese government, on the practically universal testimony of American and British business men attempting to do business in the Far East, has deliberately, repeatedly and continuously violated the principles of the Open Door in Manchuria and everywhere in China where she can exert an influence. The United States has made no efforts to follow anything but a really truthful open-door policy anywhere on the western continent outside of its own territories. The use of the

expression, "Monroe Doctrine," by the Japanese as descriptive of its policies in the Far East is distinctly untruthful, and all American citizens ought to keep that fact in mind. Likewise it should not be forgotten that it is reported that, under an agreement by which the various nations interested were to send a joint expedition into Siberia with a maximum number of 7,000 troops for each nation, the Japanese sent, contrary to the agreement, some 70,000 troops and only withdrew part of them after vigorous protest by the American government, leaving, however, far more troops than the number agreed upon. Moreover, the testimony of American observers in Siberia is that Japan's handling of her troops has been most aggressive and really hostile to the unselfish purposes of the expedition.

It seems to be assumed by many Americans that China needs Japanese supervision. Some strongly pro-Japanese Americans have proclaimed China financially and morally bankrupt, and have recommended that China be placed under Japanese supervision. The fact that China has always met her foreign obligations honorably proves that she is not bankrupt financially. It is a common belief that in recent years certain high Chinese officials have shown themselves morally bankrupt by accepting bribes from the Japanese and bartering the interests of their country to the Japanese. It is, I believe, a legal principle that a briber is equally guilty with the bribed, and the moral guilt of the briber is usually considered the greater. Again, however, it should be stated that the great mass of the Chinese people, both north and south, government officials as well as leading business men, have bitterly opposed these corrupt practices. For decades it has been a common testimony that Chinese business men follow a moral business standard not only far higher than that of the Japanese, who are doubtless improving and now have many honorable business houses, but also even higher than those of most other nations. Even since the armistice has been declared and business conditions in the Far East have become unfavorable, I have the direct word of American business men that the Japanese in numerous instances are repudiating their business contracts to save money, whereas the Chinese practically without exception are taking their losses honorably and manfully. Shall we place the morally superior nation under the control of the inferior? The Japanese have berated the Chinese for their alleged lack of severity against the Germans; and yet it is proved that the Chinese government, after all, was prepared to go much further in acts hostile to the Germans than the Japanese would permit; while it is known that the Japanese have frequently continued their profitable business dealings with the Germans throughout the period of the war.

A LEADING professor of economics in the United States, who has had many Chinese and Japanese students in his classes for a number of years, said to me only a few days ago that the Chinese averaged much higher and were much abler men intellectually than were the Japanese who came into his classes. I have had similar testimony from numerous American professors, and American teachers who have taught in both countries confirm this statement. The Japanese have doubtless points of superiority, but I have yet to find one person who has lived for any length of time in both countries, and knows the two peoples equally well, who does not give the preference to the Chinese, both as regards intellectual ability and moral character. The reason why the Japanese apparently lead is found in two facts: That their domination is primarily military, because the Chinese have preferred peaceful methods, and because the Japanese came under the direct influence of the western world and made their beginnings in education and western civilization some decades earlier. At the present time it is safe to say that the Chinese are showing as great marks of progress in such a city as Peking as Japan

has ever shown at any period of her history. The Chinese have lacked in national sentiment, owing largely to the fact that fundamentally their government was democratic, inasmuch as the local authorities were given practically full power to direct their local affairs even under the imperial rule. They have far more of the democratic spirit than has ever been shown in Japan. The present attacks on the Chinese government by Japan are rapidly unifying North and South and all the thoughtful people of China. When they are once united China is ready for a real democracy. There is every reason to believe that she can attain that position sooner than Japan with her militaristic views can acquire the democratic spirit.

MEANWHILE the time has come for the United States to act. The Japanese, with a most extensive, carefully planned propaganda in this country, have grossly misled the American people. The Chinese government during this critical period has spent in propaganda not one dollar of money to protect its interests beyond what little has been done by the Chinese Legation and an occasional statement by Chinese traveling through the country.

Our government should protect the Open Door policy. It should take pains to follow up definite cases, and should call the Japanese government promptly to account for every violation of that policy that can be proved. It is time that our government take a definite stand now that Japan fully realizes that the United States has the power, if necessary to enforce her demands.

The United States government is not going outside of its proper sphere of action in directly protecting the principle of democracy and self-determination in China against Japanese aggressions, because only by so doing can the proper business interests and the real safety of Americans and American interests in China be secured. It is to be hoped that after the League of Nations is properly established it can act as the direct agent in carrying out this policy.

CHINA does need financial assistance. But it can be best provided in the interests of all parties concerned, first by unifying and commercializing the present railroad concessions and in other ways strengthening international cooperation in China. The Chinese government is ready to undertake this. America, with Great Britain and France, should help China do that, giving Japan her full, honorable share if she wishes it, but helping China whether Japan wishes it or not.

China will need much new financial assistance for the development of her national resources in building more railroads, in opening mines and in the promotion of industries of all kinds. This aid again should be given so far as possible by international cooperation of business men, with the sympathy and support of their governments. Here, too, China's interest should be kept first in mind; Japan should have her proper share, but, for the reasons given, Japan should in no case be allowed to control. She has shown herself morally unfit for political dominance in China. In the economic field Japan has decided advantages. If she will follow a just and fair economic policy she can easily become the leading power in the Far East, but she must do this without attempts at political domination. It is within her power by a real stroke of honesty and honor and a liberal spirit to make the Chinese her friends. This cannot be done by political threats. The liberal, moderate party in Japan wishes to adopt the liberal economic policy. The sympathy of the world is with them. So far the other party is in control, and there seems no sign of any immediate change. The rest of the world, and America in particular, must keep that fact in mind and must act accordingly. Japan must be checked in her aggressions, if peace is to prevail in the Far East.

Persons in the Foreground

FRAU EBERT: FIRST LADY IN THE NEW GERMAN LAND

THE philosophy of that frugal Frau Ebert, now the wife of the chief magistrate of the republic at Berlin, is slightly tinged with pessimism. This world, she sadly avowed to a correspondent of the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, is a dreadful place to live in, and the pugnacious disposition of men is solely responsible for this spiritual catastrophe. The explanation of the lady is that men, in distinction from women, are not natural pacifists. The exclusion of women from all power in politics hitherto has rendered Europe an armed camp and caused its history to be violent. Women, as a sex, this lady thinks, stand for peace. The emancipation of woman all over Europe is the one hope of peace. Man is the incarnation of war. Woman must strive for supremacy in the councils of the world.

These views are not, the journalists report, delivered dogmatically. Frau Ebert sews or knits while she delivers herself of her ideas on sociology, pausing now and then to pick up a stitch and then excusing herself while she talks to one of the servants. She confessed to a Hungarian journalist that she could not accustom herself to the regiment of servants now at her disposal and would rejoice when the restoration of peace enabled them to seek new fields of activity. She deplores the tendency of civilization to evolve a servant class. In her opinion all women should know how to make dresses, while all the men learn to grow something that is good to eat.

Frau Ebert is credited with a feeling that her husband will be assassinated unless she takes great care of him. She fears likewise that his food will disagree with him if she does not cook it herself. He has also a tendency to eat in too much of a hurry, and rush away from his meals to attend to matters of greater moment. She confided to a representative of the *Fremdenblatt* that the woes of Germany are due in part if not entirely to the failure to discover in time what a great mind her husband has. He is, however, a man and therefore a being with limitations, for all men, she fears, are a little mad, like Hamlet. One of her theories is that the great war was really brought

on by the insanity lurking always in the masculine mind. The only safety for men in great affairs is to heed the advice of good and virtuous women—especially their mothers and their wives, who alone know them. Unfortunately the tendency of men is to listen to the wrong women—another source of the great historical tragedies.

Because of the extreme shortness and fatness of her remarkable husband, reports the *Tribuna*, a Roman daily, Frau Luise Ebert looks taller and slimmer than she is. It regards her personality as sufficiently summed up in the German word "temperamentvoll." Frau Ebert has likewise a foundation of common sense for her character. She does not look her forty-six years. She is essentially a north German, and hence quite unlike the type of German woman who comes from Bavaria. Frau Ebert is not at all inclined to roundness, as are the southerners, and she pronounces the syllable "ach" with the rising inflection that conveys a lingual instead of a guttural effect. Hers is the figure known as effective among dressmakers, and she has the quick, easy, flitting walk of the woman who has done her own household work. She has likewise the flushed cheeks of the Bremen girls and their exceptionally good education. She reads French poetry in the original. She can paint flowers and burn them on china. She played the piano well at one time.

Her father brought up a large family upon the wages of a worker at plastering and upholstering, and he had a small shop later on. He did well as a little merchant. His daughter Luise was a good keeper of accounts and practiced from girlhood the national thrift. She has picked up some of the technical details of the crafts she saw going on in her father's workrooms. She can make a picture-frame and she can turn out a basket. Her dress-making, if an inference from the look of her clothes drawn by an Italian journalist be sound, is of the artistic kind. She has the distinctly German taste in dress. Her skirts do not flow and they are usually rather short but never higher than her boot tops. Her one luxury is a wide-brimmed hat,

A Working-Girl Who Married a Harness-Maker Is Now a Great Personage

which clings closely to her dark hair and shades her large black eyes becomingly. The complexion is very clear and fair for one whose features suggest the Italian type of beauty in girlhood. Her prim manners may be due to the school-teaching she did as a young lady. She boasts good and even teeth and well-kept hands and finger-nails, and the touch of gray in her hair is becoming. Her temperament is distinctly nervous. Occasionally she wears glasses, but she seems sufficiently vain to leave them at home.

Frau Ebert, as her story is told in the European press, thought her husband the most absurd person when she saw him for the first time. He was a ridiculous little fellow, who writhed his features and waved his hands like a mountebank. He was in his early twenties when these things happened. He had settled down in Bremen as a harness-maker after failing financially, it seems, in his father's calling of tailor. He had come early into the Socialist movement and his harangues speedily collected the disconnected, who were much amused by his gestures and his contortions. This was the foundation of his success as an orator. People assembled to look at him rather than to hear him.

A youth in one of Ebert's audiences told his sister when he got home about the funny little man who looked like a windmill. This sister told her girl friend in the next house. That girl friend was the future Frau Ebert. She entreated her father to take her to see the funny little man. For a whole week after her first sight of Fritz the blithe Luise laughed heartily when she thought of him. Ebert kept up his propaganda work among the toilers of Bremen and was soon a distinguished character of a sort. He gave up his place in the harness-shop and attached himself to the fortunes of the Socialist group of Bremen, at that time in a bad way. The act required courage and firm faith. Fritz in due time took the lead in a strike which affected the personal fortunes of the father of Luise. He became a hero in the house. Her first objection when he asked her to marry him—that he was so very short—drew from him the observation that

all great men have been short, Napoleon particularly. The other objections were financial, but Fritz overcame the poverty somehow. In reality Fritz won his bride by the process of falling in love with her and he has not wavered once in his devotion.

Not long after her marriage it became obvious to Frau Ebert, according to the Italian daily, that her husband had not the systematic German mind. He was mercurial, verbose, physically strong, courageous and possessed of great initiative, as his rising fame in the Socialist ranks made clear, but he could not write letters, keep accounts or attend to details. It became necessary for Frau Ebert herself to act as amanuensis, bookkeeper, even editor, for his speeches were too often incoherent denunciations of everybody and everything. In fact, Ebert is not naturally a speech-maker at all, altho he has a sound business and administrative instinct and a gift for leadership. He took charge of the affairs of a Socialist daily, among other ventures for the party. The enterprise seemed involved in hopeless confusion. There was no fund out of which a manager could be paid.

This was the crisis which first revealed to Fritz Ebert that his wife was a woman of genius in the sphere of counsel. She illustrates the truth that a happy marriage is based upon an attraction of opposites. She is without his enthusiasm but she can solve a problem of practical detail. She has not his imagination but she can correct the tendency of his romantic nature to blink obstacles and to go around them

rather than face them. She is cool where he is hot-headed, and reserved where he is expansive. Her chief function in his Socialist activities has been in the judgment and management of men and women. She has not only the feminine intuition but seemingly a gift for the sound appraisal of situations. Her husband is said to be guided in his dealings with Haase, with Scheidemann, with David and with Kautsky by her views of the right mode of handling such diverse types. She has won her boundless influence not only by her ability but as a result of hard work. She did not leave her home in order to help her husband in his career, but she studied rhetoric and elocution in order to impart their mysteries to him, she read political economy, she kept well informed regarding the things he had to know and did not know.

In due time she was able to correct him, to keep him from making some characteristic blunders, even to file away the indispensable papers that would get lost. Above all, she set herself to modify his natural exuberance of speech and of gesture and to tame the violence of his temper. Fritz Ebert is thus a man made over. He has been tamed and subdued by association with a wife who saw his great qualities and who brought them out from a mass of eccentricities beneath which they were well-nigh extinguished. There would never have been the Fritz Ebert that the world knows if there had not been a Frau Ebert.

She did not, adds the Italian journal, neglect her children for the sake of

her husband's career. There were six children, of whom only three survive. Frau Ebert assured a journalist from France recently that altho she is herself a convinced Socialist and an enemy of former Emperor William, his admonition respecting "children, kitchen, church," was not lost upon her. Frau Ebert does not accept the material conception of history upon which so many Socialists rest their gospel. She is a firm believer in God. She brought up her children in piety. Her oldest boy is quite a talented writer and his work appears regularly in a Berlin newspaper. The only girl is quite a young lady, with experience in keeping accounts, and she was in the employ of a Berlin business house not long since. She has inherited her father's stature but not his plumpness. The other surviving child was in the last Hindenburg drive. The Eberts have given up the little house just outside Berlin in which they lived for several years. It may be noted that according to all the sketches of the family in the press of Latin Europe, Herr Ebert has the reputation of being somewhat afraid of his wife—the sort of husband colloquially termed henpecked. She makes all his shirts or she did so when they were living in that little house in the suburbs. She makes an omelet with peas that is said to be his favorite dish. Some years ago she would lift her finger menacingly and exclaim: "Fritz, you must not eat so much sausage late at night!" The only rebellion against her authority of which he was ever guilty happened in the course of a dieting process.

AN AMERICAN GENERAL WHO "EARNED" A MILLION A YEAR

TAKING it for granted that potentially as able soldiers as any whom we sent abroad were kept at home to drill and organize the armies in preparation is not detracting from the achievements of those who won promotion in the field of France. Harbord, Liggett, Bullard and Summerall are shadowy figures to Americans in the mass. They are less known, observes Colonel Frederick Palmer, in *Collier's*, than our leaders of the Spanish War who had not a tithe of their responsibility. Bureau heads in Washington are better known from the Atlantic to the Pacific than generals who were to Pershing what Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and Hancock were to Grant, or Jackson, Lingstreet and Stuart to Lee. Colonel Palmer, who was official observer with the American army in France, singles out General James G. Harbord as a conspicuous illustration

in point. It was Harbord, then a major, whom General Pershing took to France as his first chief of staff—the same Major Harbord whom Theodore Roosevelt had chosen as chief of staff for his proposed volunteer division. Incidentally, we gather that Harbord in his rise from major to major-general displayed qualities which challenge comparison with von Ludendorff. He was not a West Pointer, notes Palmer reminiscently, but had entered the army as a private, and his rank on going to France was not high for his years. "It was evident to anyone who talked with him for half an hour that the high, broad forehead held more than he had learned in the barracks and drill grounds; and evident, too, that he made no fuss over his work, which probably accounted for the fact that he had time, or made the time, for gaining an education of the kind that schools do not supply. He had read much. He

But J. G. Harbord, "Pershing's Right-Hand Man," Wasn't Paid That Much, of Course, for His Work in France

had a capacious memory. It was noticeable that anything that he wrote officially was not only brief, but it was in good English." Which, among other things, made the writer, as official observer with the A. E. F., wonder why a man of the Harbord type had gone into the army as a private. Then "I saw him in command of troops and understood that he went into the army [instead of going to college and entering a profession] because he was first of all by nature a soldier." Through all the harassing first eight months of the A. E. F., we read, Harbord was General Pershing's right-hand man:

"When he went into Pershing's room with a bundle of papers and came out with them signed, it was the final expression of authority. It was not long before everybody realized that Harbord, who had been an excellent chief of staff at an army post, was capable of expanding to be the chief of staff of a great

and growing army. You could depend upon him for 'Yes' or 'No,' without any additional verbiage. He did not shift the responsibility to another fellow. Once a matter reached Harbord you had action. He could be tart as well as brief. 'That has as much tact as a sledge hammer,' he said on one occasion when a draft of a communication which had an international aspect was submitted to him. Again: 'Eight pages of this; I suppose that if I go through it all I will find something in it, otherwise why should a man have taken the trouble to write so much?' He knew the army, its methods, the cliques that always form in any autocratic organization in order to gain the ear of the commander-in-chief and serve the mutual purposes of their members; he was a shrewd watchdog, protecting his general, as his general knew; and he knew enough of the world to understand our international situation. Without a few such men as Harbord, who had a large supply of brain cells which they had kept sufficiently exercised in time of peace to be ready for business in war, Pershing could never have mastered his problem. When our organization had been formed with its staff sections, and its Service of Supply, and it was prepared to care for the great army that was coming, and we were sending our divisions into battle, Pershing gave Harbord his desire—the desire of every soldier. 'I am going to send Harbord out to troops,' said Pershing, 'but I will have him back'—the plan being then to have him back as chief of staff, it was understood."

The "troops" that he was sent (as brigadier-general) to command was the 4th, or marine, brigade of the 2nd Division and, we read, when this brigade was rushed into position against the German offensive along the Paris-Château-Thierry road, its commander did not rest on the defensive, but immediately took the offensive in Belleau Wood, where, for the first time, the Americans met the Germans in the shock of open warfare. "Harbord's jaw was set in the three weeks of continuous fighting, in which the marines took the woods with less loss to themselves than to the enemy." After Belleau Wood he was made a major general, commanding the 2nd Division in the drive of July, which turned the



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PERSHING'S "RIGHT-HAND MAN" AND HIS STAFF OFFICERS

Major-General James G. Harbord was a "Jack of all trades" in the business of winning the war and was master of them all, as he proved at Belleau Wood and as chief of the Service of Supply.

tide against the Germans in "as fierce a six weeks of fighting as any division has had in American history." Then, as he was about to have a little rest, word came from Pershing to report at headquarters.

"Harbord, I am going to send you down to straighten things out in the S. O. S.," said the commander in chief. So Harbord had to give up a wallowing fine fighting division just as our army was about to begin war on a large scale. The command of the base ports, the debarkation of soldiers and cargo, the immense systems of warehouses, the great machine and repair shops, the enormous hospitals, the camps and the construction work and their coordination for efficient results, represented a responsibility second only to that of the commander-in-chief. The different branches of the S. O. S. were working in compartments at cross-purposes, instead of in coordination. But . . . Soon the S. O. S. was developing a pride in its work, and

reserve officers who had their own ideas for private expression about narrow-minded, superannuated regulars did not include Harbord. There was one well-known reserve officer of high rank who had sworn that they would never get him into the army again, even if the Germans invaded America; but he changed his mind after he had worked under Harbord."

Throughout the Argonne battle, when America was putting in every ounce of available force to win the war in a hurry, the Service of Supply responded efficiently to all calls from the front. Harbord had had to give up his fighting division, but "he made the S. O. S. a fighting army in the rear." Major Harbord, who, for a time, was a major-general in France, is now brigadier-general of regulars, his military reward for doing a job which "in civil life would have been considered worth a million a year."

MR. ASQUITH: THE MAN WHO HAS COME BACK

THE effort to get rid of Herbert Henry Asquith through the device of his appointment as British Ambassador in Washington is denounced in more than one Liberal organ as too transparent a trick. His friends are reported in the *London News* to be quite convinced that he will be Prime Minister again. The man himself is ready. To the *London Westminster Gazette*, Mr.

Asquith is the ideal of what Bacon meant by a ready man. Years ago when, as the English legal slang runs, Mr. Asquith "deviled" for that prince of cross-examiners, Sir Charles Russell, he was the readiest of them all. It was to Asquith that Sir Charles turned oftenest in the crisis of a celebrated case in open court. Asquith was always ready with a reference, a quotation, a paper, anything that must be

had on the spur of the moment. When letters or documents were to be read out in court, it was Asquith who did it in those clear, audible, strong accents of his, that remain among the other precious possessions of his youth.

It was a quiet and sheltered youth, giving little indication of future renown, and among his first memories is that of walking as a Sunday-School child in a local procession at the York-

A Really Intimate View of the Great British Political Leader

shire town of Morley. "If one had to express this eminent man in terms of chemistry," writes Mr. E. T. Raymond, in his brilliant study of Asquith,* "the chief symbols would stand for his native Yorkshire town and for Balliol and its famous master, that rather cynical instructor of budding statesmen, Dr. Jowett. Mr. Asquith may be called the Jowettate of middleclassdom." With all the culture picked up by Mr. Asquith, this student of his personality tells us, there remains in him much of the English middle-class mind. His soul is shadowed by the Yorkshire hard common sense and rather raw materialism. He has, naturally, a wide acquaintance with literature. His taste is good. In many things, none the less, he is a Philistine, rather a hopeless one. He seems to belong distinctly to the Victorians. This leaves him at times disconcertingly old-fashioned not only in literary likings but in political ideals and ideas. One writer says that Asquith prefers the Victorian novelists, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins among them, to the writers of contemporary fiction. Few English politicians read so much American literature, but it has the Victorian flavor. He goes in for Poe, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow and Emerson. He once confessed indifference to the works of Henry James.

Altho destiny has associated Mr. Asquith somewhat intimately with the new school of British social reformers, he does not feel at home among them. He was brought up on Stuart Mill, and his political economy is that of the age of Mill. He is a Manchester man in his political economy and an individualist in temperament. He has no illusions, according to Mr. Raymond, regarding the perfectibility of the working classes, or for that matter of the capitalists. "Mr. Asquith is no democrat. But he is very sincerely a Liberal of the old individualist philosophy." He comes from a rather long line of non-conformist ancestors, men and women who were dissenters from the established church and lived by the Scriptures, yet one would not suspect that by his lack of Puritanism and by his love of elegance in life. He is devoted to the theater. He makes no concealment of his fondness for cards. He likes works of fiction and is not at all squeamish, apparently, on such subjects as problems and sex. Yet this view of the man must not be carried too far. He is prejudiced against peers and the claims of noble birth, and he resents the sort of superiority that is not founded on natural gifts. His aristocracy would be one of talent.

In his own natural gifts Mr. Asquith is the most baffling of all combi-

nations of mediocrity and brilliance. When he was a lad at the city of London school he captured all the prizes. When he went on to Oxford he captured scholarships. "Asquith is the one pupil of mine," predicted Jowett, who was proud of him, "for whom I most confidently predict success in life." Jowett made another remark which shows how well he understood his pupil: "Asquith will get on—he is so direct." Asquith, says Mr. Raymond in the sketch we follow, is a wholly truthful man. "He is also, with all his limitation, a wholly true man. Behind his intellectual accomplishment is a character that extorts respect from all who are themselves worthy of being respected." The honesty shows not only in his character but in his work. His capacity to get at facts and to state them with miraculous lucidity is equaled only by his integrity in disclosing them. Certain pleadings, notes Mr. Raymond, drawn up by an obscure junior member of the bar, won the admiration of a lawyer already renowned—and the success in life of Asquith was assured. He made his big hit when he appeared before the historical Parnell commission. The prestige of this effect had not worn away when Gladstone, delighted with his first speech before the Commons, offered to make Asquith Home Secretary—a great post then. Mr. Asquith revealed almost from the first his one great limitation—coldness. No one dreamed then that he could possibly become a Prime Minister. His diction was too superhuman and his austerity was too emphatic. He has mellowed—not much.

The lady who is now the wife of Mr. Asquith gave her impressions once of his oratorical style and they are quoted by Mr. Raymond: "He has a very good voice and the rare qualities that make a great speaker—imagination, restraint, brevity and a correct ear. He does not strain the attention by discursive parentheses and is neither too precious, too pedantic, nor too prepared to be listened to with confidence and pleasure." Nevertheless, it was long before Mr. Asquith was recognized for what he was, the greatest political leader in England. He lacks all capacity to exploit his own powers in the press-agent's sense. He does not, says Mr. Raymond, "advertize" with skill. He rather avoids advertizement as something beneath his dignity as a "great" personage. He is too indifferent to the newspapers—that is, he carries this attitude beyond the point of legitimate independence and is somewhat ostentatiously disdainful. Nor is he at home with the masses. Society does not understand him either and he is not interested in society as a fashionable influence. He does not cultivate the accessories of greatness, such as mys-

tery or the histrionic or the epigram or the smile or even the gesture. He will not stoop to any such tricks of the trade and he dreads even the tendency to those traits of personality which are called vivid.

If Mr. Asquith were an American politician of the Victorian period, he would be called "high-toned." It is a dangerous quality not only here but in England. For instance, Mr. Asquith is "too high-toned" to notice an intrigue for his own undoing. He has that silent pride which inferiors resent and which rankles at times more than does patent condescension. Hence his remarkable failures at great moments, failures no less striking than his successes. There are features of his mind and character which explain such failures, at least to Mr. Raymond. Mr. Asquith prefers to give the world an idea of coldness, but he is really kind of heart, almost Celtic in his personal loyalty to his friends. Then, too, he is temperamentally indolent, an unexpected trait in one so ambitious and so capable of hard work when driven to it. But he must be driven. Mr. Raymond winds up his sketch with this further impression:

"Few politicians, too, can boast so complete an immunity from any form of untruth. There have been times when it seemed impossible to believe that Mr. Asquith was stating the facts, yet circumstances have always established his absolute veracity in spirit and in letter. It is, indeed, little short of marvelous that he is so seldom betrayed into unconscious inaccuracies. But his principles are fixed, if he shows some squeezability in detail; he has really, what is rare enough to-day, a political philosophy. Few men more consistently refer to first principles in dealing with problems of the moment; and, knowing himself how to reason, it is easy to understand that he has some contempt for those who know only how to declaim. His memory is extraordinary; his intellect is always under control; and his language, tho precise, is guarded. It is probably little known how much care often goes to the composition of utterances which fill the discerning critics with despairing admiration. Mr. Asquith can, indeed, speak well without any kind of preparation. His mentality is so disciplined and his instinct for the right word is so infallible that his impromptus are scarcely less clear-cut in their bronze massiveness than his more elaborate efforts. But when he is engaged on a speech or a document which he regards as vitally important no pains are too great; he will go over the whole thing, line by line and word by word, submit and resubmit it to criticism, and part with it only when he is assured that it cannot be bettered. In preparing statements meant for American reading, for example, he is infinitely careful not to employ any expression, however correct according to our usage, which might have a different shade of meaning on the other side of the Atlantic."

* UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES. By E. T. Raymond. New York: Holt.

Music and Drama

"THE JEST"—THE MOST SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY OF RECENT YEARS

An American Version of Sem Benelli's Play Proves to be a Triumph for the Barrymore Brothers

ALTHO cheering is quite as extinct as hissing in the theaters of Broadway, blasé New York audiences have found no other means of expressing their appreciation of John and Lionel Barrymore in an effective, if not faithful, adaptation of Sem Benelli's tragedy of "blood, lust and death," "La Cena delle Beffe" ("The Supper of Jest"). This version is named "The Jest," and, tho anonymously made, is said to be the work of Edward Sheldon. It is written in fresh, vigorous, poetical prose that can for the most part be scanned. With the single exception of Tornaquinci, there is scarcely a single character in the play would pretend to the distinction of respectability. The justification of the play, according to its critics, lies in the art of Sem Benelli and his interpreters. It has not only powerful horror, but even pathos and humor of a fundamental and human sort. It is written with style and distinction. Sem Benelli may not be strikingly original; but neither is he an imitator. He is not a preacher, either of morals or of art-theory. He keeps himself behind the curtain; he baffles the attempt to connect him with schools of thought. Lately, on the eve of the American production of his greatest play, he suggested that Neri might be the symbol of Germany. But that was an afterthought. The seasoned critic of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, Ranken Towse, greets the new Hopkins production as a welcome change from the saccharine diet we have been having in the American theater. He writes:

"The play itself is a welcome change from the dreary repetition of the theatrical conventionalities offered on all sides as examples of what is, altogether falsely, called modern realism. It is not, by any means—at any rate, in its present shape—the great masterpiece it has been declared to be in some of the preliminary announcements, but it is a good, stirring, spectacular romantic melodrama—with an ingenious, effective, imaginative plot and some forcible dialog of good literary quality—in which the influence of Sardou, in his later Bernhardtian period, is very distinctly perceptible. There is no great thought in it, largeness of conception, or marked originality of characterization,

but plenty of vivid, realistic, and, occasionally, somewhat brutal imagination, abundance of incident, an atmosphere appropriate to the luxurious, artistic and savage era to which it is assigned, and almost limitless decorative opportunity. Undoubtedly it is a work of positive fancy

more), a young painter, and the Chiaramentesi brothers, Neri (Lionel Barrymore) and Gabriello, mercenaries of the Florentine army. Neri, to follow the American version, has stolen from Giannetto his sweetheart, Ginevra, the beautiful young daughter of a fishmonger. These Chiaramentesi have indulged in a number of cruel "jests" upon Giannetto, who is sensitive and "cowardly." At the behest of the Magnificent, this supper has been arranged for the purpose of bringing these enemies together and putting an end to their brutal quarrel. But Giannetto explains why it cannot end. They have played their pranks upon him. He is tired of being the butt. He explains to his friend Tornaquinci that he too would like to devise a "jest":

TORNAQUINCI. Take off your mantle and let me hear from your own lips what happened last night on the Ponte Vecchio.

GIANNETTO. Has not all Florence told you?

TORNAQUINCI. I want the truth.

GIANNETTO. My dear sir, it is very simple. I had been working all day at San Stefano, putting the last touches on my "Conception." When daylight failed I started for the house of a dear friend whose garden lies beyond the city walls. I was crossing the Ponte Vecchio and singing, for I was happy, sir, when, just by the Greek jeweler's on the other side, they sprang on me.

TORNAQUINCI. The Chiaramentesi?

GIANNETTO. (*Nodding.*) One held my hands, the other stripped me of my hose, and then they laid me on an empty cask and with their dagger points they etched upon my skin—

TORNAQUINCI. What?

GIANNETTO. (*Checking them off on his fingers.*) One bleeding heart, pierced by an arrow. That was Neri's thought. One lover's bow-knot, that was Gabriello. One donkey with great standing ears. Yes, there I lay before the passers-by, half naked, high on my barrel, stabbed until the cobblestones were spattered with my blood.

TORNAQUINCI. The dogs, the hounds!
GIANNETTO. But nature at last, dear sir, was merciful. I fainted. I remember hoping it was death. But no, I came to life again beneath the cold black river water—strangling, fighting, drowning—

TORNAQUINCI. The beasts!

GIANNETTO. I tore my way out of the sack they'd sewn me in. I tried to swim, but I was weak from pain and loss of



GIANNETTO

As the young painter in Sem Benelli's play of revenge, John Barrymore has added a new portrait in his gallery of characterizations, which includes the Falder of "Justice," Schnitzler's "Anatol," Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," and the Fedya of Tolstoy's "Living Corpse."

and ability and much dramatic energy—liberal as is its use of old theatrical material—and it is altogether likely that it may prove the precursor of the long-awaited romantic revival."

The scene is medieval Florence of the period of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The play opens in the dining hall of Tornaquinci, a friend of the Magnificent. We learn of the feud between Giannetto Malespini (John Barry-

blood. I think I had sunk twice when the current drove me against an anchored rowboat, where some men were fishing. They hauled me in. I went home to my lodgings, crawling the last two hundred paces on my hands and knees. And that, my dear sir, is the true version of the tale that has diverted Florence for a day.

TORNAQUINCI. The swine!

GIANNETTO. (*Lightly.*) Come, come! It was a farce, a whim, a pleasantry. So laugh, I beg you, sir. A joke's a joke!

TORNAQUINCI. I see the iron has bitten deep into your soul. But to-night we shall banish bitter memories with wine and music. To-night you shall sit here like a prince among his faithful friends. You smile? Come, tell me whom you have invited to my supper. Is it the Roman poet from the Villa de Medici, and young del Sarto?

GIANNETTO. No poets, sir, no painters. Soldiers, to-night.

TORNAQUINCI. Soldiers?

GIANNETTO. Brave mercenaries, with a sense of humor, too. In fact, the very ones who played the joke on me.

TORNAQUINCI. What! Not the Chiaramentesi—not Neri and Gabriello?

GIANNETTO. Yes. The Great Lorenzo, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who hates these foreign bravos as he hates the devil, has nevertheless commanded that I, at your table, this very evening, now, should offer them my hand in greeting, as a friend.

TORNAQUINCI. Holy Madonna! After the vile trick they played you—

GIANNETTO. (*In a sudden spasm of rage.*) Ah, would God I could tear their hearts out smoking from their bodies and squeeze them dry as bones with my two hands! (*Recovering himself.*) And yet, what's in a ducking, after all? We must remember it was done in play. A joke! Pouf! Nothing more, my dear sir, nothing more.

TORNAQUINCI. How comes it that Lorenzo the Magnificent, Lord of Florence, the man of letters, the patron of the arts—

GIANNETTO. (*Interrupting.*) Should bid me grovel at the feet of two base Pisan mercenaries? Ah, do not blame him, sir. Never was the Magnificent more worthy of his name! Such tact, such taste! Wait, sir, and you shall see.

Giannetto is about to confide to Tornaquinci his plan for retaliation, his little "jest," when the Chiaramentesi themselves arrive upon the scene. Neri brings with him his mistress, the beautiful Ginevra, whom he flaunts in the face of her former and honorable sweetheart, Malespini. Giannetto whispers to Tornaquinci to serve his strongest Cyprus wine to the bullies, so that he may carry out his "jest." The next scene brings out the fact that Gabriello Chiaramentesi, despite his devotion to his elder brother, is also secretly in love with Ginevra.

NERI. Hail, noble host! Three hungry gadabouts salute thee!

TORNAQUINCI. Welcome, good 'Messer Neri, for you, I think, are Neri?

NERI. Yes, Neri, in whose beard doves nest. And this, sweet sir, is Gabriello, by the grace of God my brother. And this, Ginevra, late the daughter of a vile fish-

monger. Now an orient pearl, hung lightly in my ear. (*Seeing Giannetto for the first time.*) Ha, body of God! Behold our little friend! What? Still alive? A miracle! (*Looks closer.*) Bah! Soul of a cat, he sweats with fear. (*Takes Giannetto by the arm.*) Come, wren, be happy. We've brought the jewel of your twittering heart, your little birdship's dream of wedding bells. Come, lick-pot, present her with a kiss. On the hand! No lady gives her lips to malice. (*To Ginevra.*) Come, give the little fish your hand! (*Giannetto kisses it fervently and is thrown aside by Neri.*)

NERI. He loves her still! Scum, would you beslime my food?

TORNAQUINCI. Come, softer names and gentler manners, sir! The Magnificent himself has had you meet here for the sake of peace.

NERI. A word that I am ill acquainted with. By the eleven thousand Virgins of Cologne, sir, war's my trade! I topple over dukes and princes, I give and take away the crowns of kings. I'd pull the nose of any man in Christendom for two hairs from a blind dog's tail. Why, many's the joke I've cracked with your Magnificent—

GIANNETTO. You made me laugh last night, sir, I'll confess it. Since I am so helpless, I ask for peace.

NERI. Now, by the white breasts of St. Jezebel—

GINEVRA. (*Interrupting.*) Say yes, my soul.

NERI. What, I who pick my teeth with a two-handed sword, I make peace with this white food for fleas?

GINEVRA. (*Coaxing.*) Say yes, love, for my sake.

NERI. (*Sighing.*) So be it. Peace it is.

GIANNETTO. Your hand, good friend—

NERI. What? Shivering still? Poor jelly, calm yourself. Neri forgives you. Come, bantam, to a soldier's arms.

GIANNETTO. I will embrace you, Gabriello.

GABRIELLO. Why should I alone receive your favors?

GIANNETTO. Because, in spite of all, in spite of everything, we are united by a bond of pain.

GABRIELLO. Of pain!

GIANNETTO. I watched you, Gabriello, to-night. You love Ginevra.

A quarrel between the two brothers is averted by Tornaquinci. Gabriello Chiaramentesi must leave suddenly for Pisa, whither he is called. The remaining four sit down to the "supper of jests." Neri goads Giannetto into action. Inflamed by the strong wine of Cyprus, Neri is ready to accept any wager. Giannetto thereupon offers him a purse if he will dare go, clad in ancient armor, to a neighboring wineshop, insult the patrons and tweak the nose of the proprietor. With great blustering Neri takes up the wager. The act ends:

NERI. (*To the servants.*) Open the doors! Fling wide the gates of gold! (*They obey. Without is seen the night-sky, blazing with stars.*) Hark! Do you hear the blare of trumpets and the crash

of drums? The armies of the world salute their conqueror! (*To the musicians.*) Rogues, play a triumph march! (*Brandishing his sword.*) Give way! Give way! The floods and thunder and the earthquake come! I shake the mountains! I defy you, stars! I am Death! I am Truth! I am God! (*He staggers out, roaring. The doors close behind him.*)

GIANNETTO. (*In mingled rage and delight, shaking his fist after the departed hero.*) Fool, you have walked into the spider's web! (*Pointing to the bewildered servants.*) Away with them!

TORNAQUINCI. (*To the servants.*) Be off! Be off, I say! (*They disappear.*)

GIANNETTO. (*Who has been hurriedly searching for something in Neri's doublet now finds it with a cry of joy.*) The key!

TORNAQUINCI. What key?

GIANNETTO. The key to Paradise! (*Picking up Neri's doublet and mantle and giving them to the dwarf.*) Here, Fazio, take these clothes of his. Carry them home and put them on the bed. Then run to the fencing-master's in the Via Nuova. There'll be a crowd there. Push your way in. Tell them your news—that Messer Neri suddenly has gone mad! That he's killed his brother, thrown his money in the well, and came home howling like a dog, dressed in full armor, with a two-handed sword, and, when the servants shut the door on him, he started for the Vaccherencia, swearing he'd turn it to a slaughter-house! I'll go myself to Ceccherino's shop and warn them there. (*Throwing on his white mantle and opening the doors.*) Run! Shriek it in the streets! Fly, Fazio, fly! (*The dwarf hurries away. Giannetto turns to Tornaquinci.*) You, sir, to the Magnificent. Say that my vengeance has begun—atrocious, horrible, as he commands! (*With savage exaltation.*) Say there are banners floating in my heart to-night— (*He stops. Then, like a child, softly, with a little wistful smile.*) And that to-morrow—to-morrow—I can pray— (*He turns and goes blindly into the night, as the curtain falls.*)

The second act takes us into the luxurious house in which Neri has placed Ginevra. It is the dawn of the following morning. To the girl servants bring news that Neri is a raving maniac. He has finally been overpowered, bound and thrown into a horse-stall nearby. But Ginevra claims that Neri had come home early in the morning and had fallen exhausted to sleep. But, as she speaks, not Neri but Giannetto comes into her apartment. He had taken Neri's coat and Neri's key and stolen into her house. Giannetto asks Ginevra to leave the protection of Neri and return to her first love. He explains that Neri has gone mad:

GIANNETTO. (*Shaking his head.*) Not wine, but madness. What else could send him forth full-armed, alone, breathing defiance, seeking red slaughter?

GINEVRA. You followed him?

GIANNETTO. I did, madonna. Saints, what a spectacle! The shop was full. He came in brandishing his sword and

roaring: "Now I have found you, traitors that you are! If one of you so much as sneezes, you are all dead men!"

GINEVRA. Could they not see it was a joke?

GIANNETTO. At first, madonna. Some of them even laughed. That fanned his smouldering fury to a flame. He hurled a stool at them and broke the pot-boy's arm. The fellow screamed. There was a moment's pause. Then came a scramble, a mad rush for the doors, a crouching under chairs and tables, while Neri, in the midst of oaths, shrieks, insults, peals of hideous laughter, struck, slashed and quartered till from all sides rose the wail, "Help! Help! He's mad! He's mad!" Outside a crowd had gathered, when through them, like a sudden wedge of steel, came four-and-twenty gallants from the fencing-school, crying, "Where's the madman? Bring him out to fight!" And Neri heard. He staggered to the door and stood there, howling through the blood that covered him, "You scum! You scratching dogs! Vile bastards of the viler Medici!" And, then, head bent, he charged them like a bull. A crash, a struggle and they all went down. Madonna, you never saw a wild boar when the hound had caught him? It was like that. He bit and choked and twisted like a wild thing till they had him fast. Then, sitting on his back, they shouted for a doctor and, by his advice, confined the maniac in the wholesome darkness of a neighboring stable. And there he lies, madonna—gagged, bound, mad. (A pause.) Poor Neri!

Ginevra's old love for Giannetto bursts again into flames. But as the lovers kiss, a noise is heard. Neri has escaped and has made his way to the house. Giannetto flees. Ginevra seeks refuge in her room. Disheveled, bleeding, his clothes in tatters, the raging Neri enters. Soon the crowd of Florentine jailers break into the house, and, after a tremendous struggle, succeed in overpowering and binding up the supposed madman. As soon as they learn that he is powerless, Ginevra and Giannetto appear before Neri, enjoying his powerless rage. He is borne away to a dungeon under the palace of the Medici, whither Giannetto goes to torture his enemy.

Three of the women whose lives Neri is thought to have wrecked appear before him. But one of them, Lisabetta, it develops, has taken the place of another. She really loves him because she had known him only from

a distance. Fazio, Giannetto's dwarf, presently descends into the dungeon and secretly tells the artist that they must face a new danger. Gabriello Chiaramentesi has returned from Pisa. He will secure the release of Neri. Then they would kill Giannetto horribly:

FAZIO. Bad news. Gabriello has come back.

GIANNETTO. From whom did you hear?

FAZIO. From Ginevra's servant. Gabriello has found out everything—that Neri is stark mad, that he lies here in chains, that you, and none else, planned

was sick with longing, drunk with his desire—she was his life, his soul, his hope of Paradise.

GIANNETTO. And did she let him in?

FAZIO. Never, good master. She feared the tiger heart beneath the feathers of the dove. She knows the Chiaramentesi.

GIANNETTO. Which flame burns hottest in his soul, I wonder—love or hate?

FAZIO. Love, love, good master.

GIANNETTO. And yet he loves his brother—

FAZIO. The love of women transcends all other loves. It is the breath of life, the voice, the cry, the silver song that lifts the soul to God. It is the cup of

blood and burning wine that goads the father on to kill his child, the brother to commit the crime of Cain—

GIANNETTO. (His eyes gleaming.) The crime of Cain—

FAZIO. (Continuing.) In his wild eyes there was not only rage against you, master, but such a frenzy of desire for her that I believe he'd fall upon his knees and kiss your feet as he would kiss the cross, so long as you took pity on his torment and led him panting to her chamber door.

GIANNETTO. (With fearful joy.) Each syllable you utter is a jewel that falls into the black depths of my heart and writes on those charred walls in words of fire, "At last, I am stronger than my enemies!"

"I hold between my fingers the finest thread of all, and out of it I'll tie the knot of death," says Giannetto to himself. Lisabetta has persuaded Neri to simulate a harmless idiocy so that he may secure his release from the dank dungeon in which he has been tortured. Vibrating with his new sense of power, of his new plans for complete revenge, Giannetto orders that Neri be released from the pillar to which he had been chained. The third act ends:

(Neri, released, is coming slowly towards Giannetto, with fingers outstretched, like an animal. He stops. The two stare at one another, both panting. There is a pause.)

FAZIO. (Whispering.) He will not touch you, master. If he tries—(Finger-ing his dagger)—he'll find this in his back. (Neri, again master of himself, smiles and puts his fingers in his mouth like an awkward child.) And yet what need is there to fear? The silly noodle-head!

GIANNETTO. (Still panting.) I had forgotten his—infirmity.

NERI. Give me a dish of strawberries and cream!



THE VICTIM OF THE JEST

As Neri Chiaramentesi, Lionel Barrymore climbs tortured and bleeding into the house of his sweetheart Ginevra, only to become the victim of the cruellest jest of all.

LISABETTA. Poor child!

NERI. (To her.) Are you another monkey, sir?

LISABETTA. (Weeping.) No. I am only Lisabetta, dear. Your little friend. Try to remember me!

NERI. I am a pilgrim, I have lost my way.

LISABETTA. Give me your hand. Have faith and all is well!

NERI. But will you lead me to Jerusalem?

LISABETTA. To God himself, if you will follow me! (To Giannetto.) Must he go naked, sir?

GIANNETTO. (To the Executioner.) Clothe him in rags. Then put him on the street. (Picking up Lucrezia's mantle.) Who owns this cloak?

LISABETTA. The lady with the yellow hair, I think.

GIANNETTO. (To Neri.) A parting gift! (He throws it round his shoulders and, as he does so, whispers in his ear.) And now a parting word. You have not hoodwinked me! I know you're shamming! When they unbound you, not a moment since, I saw the murder blazing in your eyes—

NERI. (Very gently.) Dear little brother, will you come with me? The path is strewn with roses, so they say!

GIANNETTO. (Continuing.) But this is what I want to tell you, Neri. To-night, at my accustomed hour, I go to a certain house that you know very well. Yes, to Ginevra's! For I love her so, to save my life I could not stay away. Come there, my friend, and kill me if you can. Oh, have no fear. I shall be alone. Yet say a prayer before you cross that threshold. Sharpen your wits. Keep all your senses keen. For in some corner of that house of shame, in some dim passage or behind the door, there is a red shape waiting for its prey—

NERI. (Waving him off.) Back, Satan, back! You cannot tempt me now! Oh, God, lean down from Heaven and pity us! The night is dark and we are far from home—yet, courage, brothers! Forward on our way! (He goes towards the stairs, preceded by the doctor, the executioners, and Lisabetta, who holds him by the hand.) Over the mountains and across the sea, past snares and pitfalls of the Evil One, we come! We pilgrims come! Have mercy, Lord! We are Thy children! We belong to Thee—

GIANNETTO. (Closing the door.) No, no, you fiend of hell! To me! To me! (He leans against it, half-laughing, half-crying, beside himself, as the curtain falls.)

The last act takes us back to the apartment of Ginevra. She is discussing the situation with her maid. Neri climbs in through the window, half crazy from the tortures that he has suffered. He orders Ginevra to wait for her old new lover as if nothing has happened, to feign ignorance of his, Neri's, liberation. He threatens her with instant death if in any particular she disobeys him. She retires to her darkened chamber, followed by the murderous Neri. The stage is

empty. There is silence. Outside from the street floats up the strain of a rollicking love song. A short scene follows between the maid and the dwarf Fazio. She entreats him to warn his master. Murder is in the air. Then through the darkness a figure clad in a long cloak enters. He opens Ginevra's door and slips in. A cry breaks the silence. Giannetto's ghastly jest sweeps us onward to its "point."

(The song ends. The music dies away. There is a pause. The nightingale's liquid note is heard in the garden. Another silence, then, from the bedroom, comes a double cry—a man's voice and a woman's. There is the stamp of feet, the fall of a heavy body, then the door bursts open and Ginevra flies out shrieking, beside herself with terror. Her neck and nightgown are stained with scarlet. She holds her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some vile sight.)

GINEVRA. (As she rushes out.) Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh—God— (She stops, shuddering with nausea, looks wildly about her, then runs to the secret door, opens it and disappears.)

NERI'S VOICE. (In the bedroom.) At last, oh, saints! At last I am revenged! (He stands at the threshold, looking back into the room and jeering. He holds the bloody dagger in his dripping hand.) Well, Giannetto? And did death taste sweet? Sweet as the taste of love—or sweeter still! (In a burst of triumphant hate.) Down, down, you devil, to your home in hell and tell the demons Neri sent you there! (He turns away, with a savage laugh, and strides rapidly toward the doorway, as if to leave the house. As he reaches the steps that lead to this doorway, he looks up, and stops short with a gasp of horror. Above him, between the curtains, in the full light of the moon, stands Giannetto, smiling down at him. Fazio crouches at his master's feet. Both are very pale. Neri's dagger falls to the floor. Choking, his hand at his throat, he looks from Giannetto to the bedroom, which he has just left, and then back to Giannetto. There is a silence. Then, in a dreadful whisper:) Not—you—?

GIANNETTO. (Clinging to the tapestry and thrusting his head forward like a poisonous snake.) Yes, Neri! I! (He pauses, looking at his victim with glittering eyes.) Your hands are wet with blood. Whom have you slain? My friend, I fear you have revenged yourself too hastily! We two are not Ginevra's only lovers. A wench of her sort keeps the stable full. One of her minions came to me to-night with murder in his heart. To save my life, I bargained with the wretch. I said to him: "I tricked her once and you can do the same. Put on this mantle that she knows is mine. Go to her chamber-door. Walk boldly in. The rest is easy!" That is what he did. Dear Neri, he betrayed us both, but oh! you killed the dog! And so, when all is said, you acted wisely. We are both revenged.

NERI. (Hoarsely.) Who was he?

GIANNETTO. Guess, my friend!

NERI. I cannot. Speak—

GIANNETTO. (In wild exultation.) It

was your brother! Gabriello!

NERI. (Reeling.) No!

GIANNETTO. You killed your brother, Neri!

NERI. (Piteously.) No! no! no!

GIANNETTO. (Springing forward.) Fool! Do you doubt me? Take this lamp and see! (He gives him the alabaster lamp from the window.) Go lift him up. You'll find him where he fell. And when those dead eyes look into your face, remember it was you who murdered him, (Neri, staggering like a drunkard, goes into the bedroom, lamp in hand.)

FAZIO. (As Neri disappears.) Quick! There is not a moment to be lost. (There is a wail from the inner room.) Hark! Do you hear that? Fly, dear master, fly!

GIANNETTO. I cannot move. Something is holding me. (A burst of strange laughter from within.)

FAZIO. (Frantically.) Enough! Enough! Are you not satisfied?

GIANNETTO. No, I must see the look upon his face. Wait! He is coming— (Neri appears on the threshold of the bedroom; he holds the lamp in one hand; in the other, Giannetto's white mantle, all spotted with blood. Giannetto steps forward, in an ecstasy of horror. Fazio has fled.) Oh, my enemy! I give and take no quarter! Kill me, too! (But Neri does not answer. He looks at Giannetto with glassy, unseeing eyes, then wanders rather uncertainly across the room, dragging the mantle after him.)

NERI. (Faintly.) Where are you, love? I have been hunting for you!

GIANNETTO. Now, God forgive me! He is mad! Stark mad!

NERI. Come back! Come back! I am so lonely, dear—

GIANNETTO. (Turning to the shrine.) Ah, Holy Virgin! Look into my heart and hear me as I say a prayer for him— (He kneels and crosses himself. From the garden below again comes the sound of the guitar.)

NERI. Give me your hand! I cannot see the way—

GIANNETTO. Ave Maria, gratia plena...

NERI. (Passing through the door.) My pretty one! Where are you—Lisabetta—

GIANNETTO. ... ora pro nobis, nunc at in hora mortis...

THE SINGER'S VOICE. (Below.)

Youth is fair—

But youth is fleet—

(The song mingles with the prayer as the curtain falls.)

For the parallel of this drama of vengeance, we must go back, writes H. T. Parker in the *Boston Transcript*, to the Elizabethan age, back to Webster, Marlowe and Middleton, who, like Benelli, dealt in these monstrous passions of hatred, vengeance, arrogance and cruelty. In the present century, none but an Italian—none but a Florentine versed in the tradition of the *beffa*—could have written just such a play as this. No other dramatist, the Boston critic thinks, could have presented so brilliant a combination of surging passion in poetry and picture, in image, emotion and illusion.

DRAMA THE FORERUNNER OF GERMAN DEFEAT

IN Germany the suffering brought about by the war has evidently had upon the drama an influence quite opposite to that felt in the Allied capitals. In London, Paris and New York the tendency has been to farce, revue, frivolity of every sort. In Berlin, if we accept as authority Max Reinhardt, war—and defeat—have produced “thought currents of revolt against the existent.” This has resulted in a series of entirely new and revolutionary plays, all written during the period of the war. They are, says Professor Reinhardt, in an interview published in the *N. Y. Sun*, chiefly tragedies. Some of them, harbingers of Prussian defeat, were written as early as 1915. They are interesting in the light of subsequent world events. These plays are in a series, the public presentation of which was forbidden by the censor. Reinhardt produced four or five of them before closed houses filled by invitation on special Sunday matinees. He intends giving them to the general public as soon as the censorship is lifted. The authors are for the most part members of a society called “Young Germany.”

“Naval Battle,” by Reinhard Goering, published privately in 1918 and produced privately by Max Reinhardt, is said to be one of the strongest of these subversive plays. The lines were prophetic of the thoughts that motivated the rebels in the revolt of the German fleet last November. To follow the *Sun* correspondent:

“‘Seeschlacht’ (naval battle or sea-battle) is a tragedy of great dramatic intensity. The scene is laid in the gun-turret of a battleship going into battle. It is played by seven bluejackets. The ship goes into battle and then begins the terrible dream. Some are killed, some dying, others go insane.

“From the published text it would appear that the key-note of this tragedy is the question: ‘Why? What is it all for?’ The men rebel against being ‘butchered like hogs fattened for the market,’ and talk of mutiny.

“It is strongly anti-militaristic and anti-war.

“‘Dying is not so bad. But who are we and who were we?’ asked the fifth bluejacket.

“‘If the country commands it must be so,’ answers the first bluejacket.

“‘But why does the country so command and order?’ asked the fifth.

“‘Because it appears necessary,’ answers the former.

“The fifth is not satisfied with that answer. He comes back with: ‘Cannot madness reign among an entire people and especially among those who lead it? Must we obey and do what such madness commands?’”

Another play privately produced was

“The Son,” by Hasenkleber, another of the younger authors. It is, to follow the *Sun*, highly revolutionary, altho its theme is not new, since it presents the somewhat threadbare conflict between the young and growing generation and the old; progressive ideals in conflict with conservatism; the pressure for change and reform against the tendency of the old men to make the young do as they wish them to. Another of these plays was “A Generation,” by Fritz von Unruh. This was an extreme anti-militaristic tragedy. It was written at the front and is filled with horror, symbolizing as it does revolt against all governmental, military and family authority. The scene is in a cemetery. It is franker than Wedekind. It would not, the *Sun* correspondent thinks, be permitted in New York. It was the first of an anti-militarist trilogy and is dedicated to the author’s brother, who fell in battle.

It is singular and significant that all the new German plays are the grimest of tragedies, and that almost without exception they are strongly anti-militaristic and anti-war. Max Reinhardt is further quoted:

“Just what the general public will think of these plays will develop as soon as we can place them on our play plan, which we can do now since there are no longer any restrictions.

“So far as concerns the theaters in Berlin and other large cities in Germany, they were remarkably successful during the war, both from a financial as well as artistic view-point.

“The war has shown that the theater is not merely a place of amusement or diversion nor a luxury for the upper class but a necessary mental stimulus and educative factor for the lower and middle classes as well. Night after night they have been filled. The people stood in line for a chance to buy tickets like lines before the food distribution places. It demonstrated that the people regarded the theater as a necessity.”

Shakespeare, it seems, drew heavily during the war and still continues to draw. Attempts to use the stage to stir up enthusiasm for the war failed utterly after the first few months. They did not strike the popular chord. Farces did not satisfy. Plays of serious thought drew best. The anti-militarist sentiment prevails to-day. Tolstoy’s play of pacifistic Bolshevism, “The Light Shines in the Darkness,” draws overflowing houses. It is performed at Reinhardt’s Deutsche Theater.

“It is a powerfully intense drama representing the extremely pacifistic, communistic views of Tolstoy. It is, in fact, pacifistic Bolshevism, strongly anti-capitalistic and above all anti-militaristic.

Max Reinhardt Interprets the New Revolutionary Drama Spring- ing Up in Germany and Austria

The scene in which the Conscientious Objector refuses to take either the military oath or don the uniform and prefers going back to the madhouse in which he has been incarcerated holds the big audience spellbound. In many respects this play is stronger than Tolstoy’s ‘Living Corpse,’ played by John Barrymore in New York under the title of ‘Redemption.’”

Reinhardt still has as his ideal his theater of “ten thousand.” War has not prevented him from carrying out his scheme of building the largest theater in Europe. It will attempt to revive the theater of the Greeks. For this purpose he has acquired and rebuilt the old Schumann Circus building. In this new theater he intends to carry out his most cherished ideals. As described in the *N. Y. Sun*:

“It is amphitheater-like in shape. The stage projects out into the audience. That is, what in present-day theaters is the parquet is a part of the stage in Reinhardt’s new ‘Grosses Schauspielhaus’ or ‘Grand Playhouse.’ Instead of viewing the scene as a more or less flat picture, as if you were looking through a box, the new Reinhardt stage is seen from all sides except from the rear, not unlike the ring of a circus. The stage itself, as it is known to-day, becomes largely the ‘decorative background,’ as Reinhardt explained it.

“‘It emancipates the players from the scenery and decorations,’ he said. ‘It focuses the whole attention of the audience upon the players, upon their words and upon their actions. It carries the audience along with the players and tends to compel a mental participation. Such a stage emphasizes the “word” and “action.” In fact, it brings the “word” or the “lines” to their own again as they were in the olden days.

“‘It may not be so easy at first for the mentally lazy, but it is more realistic because it calls for an exercise of thought and imagination on the part of the audience, and I believe will appeal more to the mind than where the art of the players is largely offset by too lavish scenery and decoration.’”

In Budapest, according to a recent dispatch to the *N. Y. Nation*, the theater under the control of the Soviets is devoted mainly to the plays of Molière, Shaw, Schiller and Shakespeare. The French have a theory that the vogue of Shakespeare in central Europe to-day and in the recent past is but a fresh demonstration of emotional catharsis. The tragedies of Shakespeare, dealing with the fall of kings and the extinction of dynasties in seas of blood, lend themselves to the peculiar mode of indirect criticism necessitated by a censorship. Nominally the critic is dealing with Hamlet or Henry IV. In reality he is interpreting the political situation.

TONE-QUALITY IN RELATION TO THE EAR

PEOPLE who listen appreciatively to music, in the opinion of a well-known physicist, ought to know more regarding the facts of sound. For example, how far do the facts of sound, as we hear it in nature, affect the facts of music? The full answer could be given only with the help of a musical instrument, writes this expert in the *London Times*, but it is possible to indicate the general lines of the answer in words. There are two starting-points—the quality of tone and the nature of the ear. If any one note is played on every known instrument, including the voice, and sounded into the proper magnifiers of sound, so as to ascertain what it actually consists of, it is found to contain a number of higher and fainter notes:

"If all these are written down, the series of notes appears like the branches of a tree, the low ones far apart and large, the high ones small and close together. Accordingly, composers, by instinct, for they seldom go into such facts as these, tend to give their beautiful chords, which stabilize the music, a tree-like shape, and their ugly ones, which propel it, the reverse shape. Again, since the voice contains only a few notes of the series, but instruments many more, it was natural that when three centuries ago interest was transferred from pure choral singing to dramatic singing, supported by instruments, a revolution in harmony should take place. Again, if the high notes of the series are faint and the low notes loud, composers will naturally make their bass move slower than their treble, since loud notes take a longer time to get their sound out. Performers, however, like to get louder as they run up the piano; but they are feeling the singer's

instinct, which connects height with effort."

There is another aspect of the series. Whenever two of its notes are sounded, a third note of it is suggested. Ultimately the whole series is implied, just as an entire pterodactyl can be argued from two bones. The whole business of music consists in carrying out this argument. In the early part of the dead-march in "Saul," after the notes of the two flutes, comes a peculiarly satisfactory note on the drum. A similar thing happens at the opening of the slow movement of the seventh symphony and at the transition to the second scene of the "Rheingold." In these simple cases, a resultant tone, as it is called, can be pointed to. The principle, however, goes much deeper. Ultimately it involves all that is called "key."

"The piano, as we have it, has every note purposely out of tune with every other, except the octaves (and these only with the ideal tuner, who does not exist). The ear contentedly accepts approximations as the truth. This 'fringe' of the ear explains why old organists used to put down F sharp and G pedals (in the key of G) simultaneously, for emphasis; why the Elizabethans wrote, in the same key, F sharp and F natural simultaneously, to enforce a close; why Handel, for instance, makes the violin play round, but not on, the notes of the sopranos, like a building overgrown with ivy; why the singer can, with impunity, sharpen for a jubilant or flatten for a pathetic effect. But still more, this fluorescence, if we may borrow the word from vision, explains 'crushed' chords, as they have been called, whose acceptance amounts to a revolution in modern music. The revolution was started by a gradual waking up

The Facts of Sound Throw Light Upon Our Enjoyment of Music

to the fact that some of the chords which Wagner had exploited had short-circuited the key system. Broadly speaking, there is nothing in music which cannot be referred to one of these two principles—the 'harmonic' series and the 'fringe' of the ear. At the same time, we cannot start with the principle and get the effects. When Beethoven sounds all the diatonic notes simultaneously in the Ninth Symphony without knowing that he has done so, we understand; but when Jean Huré, by taking thought, does the same with all the chromatic notes in 'La Cathédrale,' we wonder."

There are lots and lots of things connected with the subject the reason of which we pine to know. There is that mysterious connection between color and sound, which many flout and few deny, and the therapeutic effect of music, which has not yet got beyond generalities.

There are also the numberless questions about instruments. Why has the C clarinet a tinny note and the others not? Why in certain circumstances is the oboe (reed) indistinguishable from the trumpet (lips), and the horn (wind) from the violoncello (strong)? How much of our identification of sound depends on its association, its volume, its attack and release, apart from its actual quality? Then there is the intricate subject of echo. Architects can at present only cure but not prevent resonance. Some believe in a concave ceiling not too high. Others believe in having different distances for the sound to strike. Some advocate pillars to break up the sound. Some want a resonator to reinforce the sound. It remains a great mystery still, just as it was to the ancients who conceived of a nymph Echo.

IS THE PHOTOPLAY HEADING TOWARD DISASTER—AND WHY?

EVERY day every motion-picture theater in the country is losing at least one patron, and it is high time to begin cleaning house or else the photoplay is doomed to spiders and cobwebs. Such is the startling statement and prophetic warning of Richard A. Rowland, a leading producer, who goes on to say, in the *Motion Picture Magazine*, that "close upon three hundred million dollars pass through the hands of the motion-picture men each year—and not one of them is making money." Something, of course, is radically wrong and the situation has been growing more and more depressing during the past year, previously to which, we read,

"the photoplay was steadily advancing." Mr. Rowland, who is head of the Metro Pictures Corporation, attributes the fault to the multiplicity of distribution and to competition among producers in bidding for stars. We read:

"There are some ten to twelve big film distribution systems, which call for the maintaining of hundreds of branch offices and armies of employees. Some cities have as many as sixty exchanges, enumerating the system offices, the state-right buyers, the small renters, etc. There are fully a hundred exchanges in New York City. Three would handle the business for the metropolis much better. Here then we have a series of giant exchange machines which must be fed. They must all

Four Times Too Many Pictures Are Being Foisted on the Public, Which Is Beginning to Revolt

handle a large number of films regularly to make their overhead expenses. Then, coupled with the exchange old-man-of-the-sea, is the high-priced star, brought about by the mad bidding of one producer against another. With a number of costly stars on his hands, the manufacturer has an additional—and imperative—reason for turning out a regular program picture once or twice a week. He must keep his expensive stars working or lose completely. Torn between these two menaces is the photoplay of 1919—and it is small wonder that it is a machine-made, cut-and-dried thing, insulting one's intelligence and putting audiences to sleep."

It is the contention of this critic-producer that far too many pictures are made for the good of the industry and

that its only hope lies in a pooling of interests.

"I see ultimately the formation of two or three big exchange systems, manufacturers uniting on the expenses and each contributing twenty or so pictures a year for distribution. With the present ruinous waste eliminated, producers would make money with twenty productions where they now lose money with a hundred. Moreover, these amalgamated exchange systems would soon develop a high standard of production which would quickly eliminate the poor picture. Then—and then only—will the photoplay cease to backslide. Just now we have to maintain the star. Since producers, in the haste of grinding out pictures, have ceased to develop anything else, they must have the star to attract business. By making fewer pictures, we would see the development of the story. This would help the star hold his popularity, but, at the same time, it would keep the producer from being at his mercy."

Mr. Rowland analyzes the perfect picture as a thing of: 1, logical plot construction; 2, good characterization; 3, the right tempo in acting and direction—plus artistic photography and lighting, titles intelligent in wording and artistic in design, a strong star personality and a happy ending. "When we put an unhappy ending to a picture," he declares, "we take \$40,000 out of our own pockets. We have figured it out to a penny." The sensitiveness of the photodrama to passing events and conditions is, the writer says, shown by the fact that the sudden coming of peace cost

his company "exactly \$750,000," and "the whole industry lost about five millions." Another such jolt and his predicted distribution amalgamation would "come about in a hurry."

The difficulty of the whole matter, according to another expert diagnostician, Channing Pollock, who writes in the *Photoplay Magazine*, is that the magnates of the movies are capable of comprehending only manual labor. They are judges of quantity, not quality:

"The outside idea of the author and his job, obtaining among old-line theatrical managers almost as generally as among motion-picture producers, is a notion fanciful and grotesque. Writing is a thing requiring no special qualification or training; any one who has time can do it, and one person about as well as another.

"The author is a necessary evil, generally negligible, moonstruck, mentally delinquent, quite incapable of doing what he has done, sometimes long-haired, usually ill-dressed, always impractical and rebellious, to be humored or bullied—according to his standing—lulled and lied to, and who, as some one said of George Sand, 'gives literature as a cow gives milk.' He produces masterpieces by getting very drunk, waking in the night, seized with an inspiration, and scribbling madly upon the bed sheet.

"Creation as a matter of drudgery, of so many hours a day and no rain-checks, of system and perseverance, and a time clock would make the author as unromantic—and as

unvictimized—as artists without 'fancy easels and velvet coats.' All business men, I suppose, have this innate contempt of intellectual labor as something easy and charlatanic. That is why doctors and authors are the last to be paid."

On the other hand, Arthur Stringer, the novelist, writing in the same periodical, names as the "Herods of the Movies" those authors of fiction who profess to scorn the screen and would murder this art in its infancy, or, rather, put it out to child labor to make what it may for them out of their second-hand material at the expense of its own health and happiness. Mr. Stringer believes that all concerned should be most concerned with the future growth and development of this child:

"Since it feeds the mind through the eye, and not through the ear, we have fallen into the habit of speaking of it as the silent drama, and we have hybridized its methods by imposing upon it the emotionalizing accompaniment of music and the elucidating sign-post of the sub-title, overscrolling the picture itself with printed text precisely as the medieval painters once overscored their paintings with verbal explanations. But the motion-picture is not silent drama. It is not drama, in the first place, any more than it is animated sculpture, and we can call it silent only as we confuse it with drama, wherein, of course, the actors have the power of speech. But this new, this novel, this revolutionary art which has been tossed



ELVIRA

This is George Barbier's design for the costume of Elvira in the first act of Maurice Rostand's Venetian play of intrigue and amours which delighted the Paris of the Peace Conference.



THE MAGNIFICENT BLACKAMOR

Figures such as this one added a spectacular note to the Venice depicted in the Rostand comedy.

into the world speaks, not in words, but in action and scenic impression. It is quite vocal enough, only we haven't yet taken the trouble to acquaint ourselves with its amazingly impressive alphabet. In other words, we have deferred fixing on settled values for its different counters of expression.

"We have vacillatingly put off honoring it with a technique of its own, with that give and take between artist and audience essential to all art, in which so

much of the human response hinges on making the spectator an unconscious co-worker with the creator himself. This give and take we have readily enough recognized in the older arts, where a sculptor cannot carve an eyelash, or a painter on a flat canvas cannot know formal relief, or a playwright cannot show a drawing-room without one of its walls knocked out. We accept those limitations and glory in the illusion whereby they are overcome. But this marvelous new art of

sun-writing has been the Orphant-Annie of the older arts. We have tried to tog it out in the buskin of the drama and lace it up in the slightly shoddy shoes of the written story. In doing so, we have mongrelized its technique, insinuating into it the mechanics of the stage and imposing upon it the clumsily spelled-out textual legends of the story-writer—which, after all, is a good deal like sticking real chicken feathers in the tail of an oil-painting of a golden eagle."

CASANOVA DRAMATIZED BY THE SON OF EDMOND ROSTAND

MAURICE ROSTAND is following in the footsteps of his distinguished father, the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. He has put into a play that king of adventurers Casanova. Presented recently in Paris at the Bouffes, this play charmed the critics and intrigued the public. The great Edmond Rostand perhaps might have written a more brilliant drama. It is not the first time the super-adventurer Casanova has appeared on the boards. The Germans, it seems, write plays about every great character in history, and recently one heard rumors of a novel about the flamboyant Venetian from the pen of Arthur Schnitzler. M. Rostand, Jr., has, to follow the Paris press, had the good sense not to follow the celebrated memoirs too closely. A critic in the *Renaissance* writes:

"Casanova! At this name all of Venice of the eighteenth century lives again, the Venice whose carnival lasted six months, the Venice which wore a mask not only at the ball but at business as well, at its rendez-vous, in its loves! At the name of Casanova, it seems to us there awakens a whole gallant crew, in a slightly somber garb, in white masks, in taffetas and laces under their cloaks, swarming through the Piazza, the Piazzetta, the Merceria, slipping through the streets, crowding the bridges, playing at *ridotto*, filling up the two hundred cafés of the city, playing comedies, and knowing nothing in the world but those two charming goddesses Caprice and Fantasy, free as no people of any time have ever been, and attracting to them the whole of Europe. The Venice of the regattas, of the fireworks, of those open-air comedies, the Venice of Goldoni, of Gozzi, of Roalba, of Guardi, of Canelletto, the Venice that Pollnitz and Jean-Jacques and Goethe knew."

Casanova was the incarnation of the very spirit of Venice. The spirit of that eighteenth-century Venice was in his veins, in his thoughts. This is the Casanova embodied in the younger Rostand's amusing if not great play. It is the Casanova who practically seduced his own century. What was the secret of his charm?

"Priest, then violinist in his town, cabalist, writer, swindler, rolling-stone, spy, moralist, critic, seller in Holland of royal effects, founder in Paris of a fac-



CASANOVA HIMSELF

This is George Barbier's sketch of Roger Karl as he appeared in the third act of "Casanova."

tory, theater impresario in Germany—what did he not engage in, this rogue and libertine who was always in love, who in the midst of his multiple operations always found time to make love to more women than Don Juan himself? This subtle Hermes of the Venetian Olympus is without doubt the man who best understood his own time. This great cosmopolitan could meet on equal footing Benoit XIV., Frederick II., the great Catherine, King Stanislas, Voltaire, Rousseau, Prince de Ligne, Cagliostro, Choiseul, Metastasio, all before ending up as librarian in the castle of Dux in Bohemia!"

In the Paris production of Maurice Rostand's play, not a small part of the success is due to the settings and costumes, designed by that typically Pari-

Trivialities and Frivolities of the Paris Theaters During the Peace Conference

sian artist the sensitive George Barbier. Roger Karl plays Casanova, while the leading feminine rôle is skilfully portrayed by Jane Renouardt.

With the possible exception of Sacha Guitry's serious play, "Pasteur," the Paris theaters of the Peace Conference have not attempted to add to the dignity of the historical occasion. An interesting attempt at something new in the dramatic field, a comedy not perhaps without a direct bearing upon the proceedings at the Quai d'Orsay, was François Porché's "La jeune fille aux joues roses" ("The Young Girl With the Pink Cheeks"). It did not succeed. This attempt to combine poetry and satire was not for the general public. Nevertheless, the piece was of great charm and a real delight to the connoisseur. As described by Maurice Boissard in the *Mercure*:

"François Porché tried to write a lyrical satire of the artificial life of a people who are too wise, in contrast with a truer and franker life, which is in direct communion with nature. The Gray Faces are those people, that Nation, if you will, who live shut up in buildings with no windows, ruled by a thousand prescriptions and sanitary regulations, weighed down by books, notices, reports, statistics, knowing plants, flowers, trees, the sky and the water only by name and never in their real aspect, seeing nothing, conceiving nothing, knowing nothing except that which is written down, described, mentioned and catalogued. The entrance, in the midst of those Gray Faces, of Rosette, a little creature who is truly human, who carries on her cheeks the color of real life, arouses amongst them surprise, fright, a sort of astonishment, until that moment when, feeling that their prejudices, their habits, their interests, everything that they have arbitrarily erected into truth, are put in danger, they join to put the young girl to death. In this, however, they do not succeed, for the friends of Rosette rally to her support and the whole thing ends in a dance. As you see, the whole thing is purely intellectual in subject, a conflict purely of ideas."

That is why the general public was not interested in this amusing attempt. It was, nevertheless, a significant event in the French theater.

OUR LITTLE THEATER MOVEMENT HAS A MEANING ALL ITS OWN

INAUGURATORS of the new "Art Theater" movement in England are frank to admit their debt to the American "little theater" movement. Theatrical conditions in London have been and are practically parallel to those existing in New York. There is the same control by the great theatrical magnates, the same type of play to achieve commercial success. But only recently has the actual "little" or "art" theater movement begun throughout England. The repertory theater of a decade or two ago, to follow an account by Norman Macdermott of the newly established Everyman Theater, unfortunately became dedicated to naturalism not only as a method but as an ideal. The American "little" theaters, he writes in a letter to the *London Nation*, had the good fortune and wisdom to "begin at the beginning."

"It is in this 'beginning at the beginning' that the new movement is so radically different from previous attempts to deal with the problem of our theater. It must now be clear that reform of an effete institution cannot be achieved by patching from within; that new life cannot be given to a rotting growth by grafting from without. The Repertory movement attempted both, and, accepting the form of the Commercial Theater in organization, even in buildings, was forced to conform more or less to the mold. From any further attempt to graft a vigorous Continental growth on to the withered stem the present state of the Manchester and Liverpool theaters and London's barrenness should be sufficient warning.

"Now the 'Insurgents' in America, recognizing that art is conditioned by its environment, from the first made no attempt to patch, but commenced straightway to build afresh from new foundations. Even tho they lacked endowment or strong financial backing, each group, practically without exception, built its own theater (or perhaps modestly remodeled a barn), so that the building might have some suitability to the work to be done. In five or six years nearly sixty such theaters sprang up right across the Continent. Their limited finances necessitated small buildings—sometimes only sixty people are seated, rarely as many as 600."

Perhaps the American "little theaters" have boasted a bit too much of their littleness, this British enthusiast goes on, but they have taught the insular innovators the mistakes to avoid and the essentials to fight for:

"Size and architecture, however, are not the most distinctive features of the American Little Theaters, but the fact that they are inspired in every branch of their activity by a newness of spirit. Let us see, first, how this affects the plays chosen. Our English pioneers unfortunately became dedicated to naturalism

not only as a method but as an ideal. We were perhaps not to be blamed. Shaw, Galsworthy and Barker are rather giants, and we may be excused any lack of perspective. But to-day we must not continue the mistake of *overemphasis* of social-problem drama. Joy is our great need in the theater. Such widely different men as Romain Rolland, Synge and Cennan have each emphasized this, and, if we need further proof, why should we ignore the lesson of our West End theater? The spurious gaiety, bright color ignorantly used, movement absurdly misapplied, are as important indications in their way as the sweeping success of the Russian Ballet. "Theater" meant to the Greeks a place of seeing; the new movement no longer forgets this. It does not confuse earnestness with mere solemnity, nor does it confuse the sensuous with the sensual, and so it will give not only comedy its due place but the visual which is such a large part of dramatic art. Imaginative quality, both in the play written and in the manner of presentation, must be recaptured for our theater. We need something rich and satisfying which will take us right out of self and the gray and drab of daily life just as much as we need intellectual content for the satisfying of our minds. We have been too long starved of imaginative drama, color and movement, and the tremendous success in America of such plays as those of Lord Dunsany gives cause for serious thought. "The new form is rather the revelation of imagination than the reflection of life." Ultimately, I trust, we shall have widespread in our theaters a drama of which the content satisfies the intellectual demand while its form satisfies the senses."

Mr. Macdermott is the director of the newly organized Everyman Theater. In the Hampstead suburb he plans to build a little art theater seating about 700 spectators. Other similar organizations that have sprung up in England in the last few months are the new Art Theater, whose efforts have already been mentioned in *CURRENT OPINION*; the Pioneer Players, under the direction of Miss Edith Craig; as well as the Lyric Theater in Hammersmith, which has been conducted under the direction of Arnold Bennett. The most notable production there has been of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," an experienced type of drama that attracted a great deal of attention from the English critics.

Writing in the *London To-Day*, Horace Shipp likewise pays a tribute to the inspiration offered by the little theaters of the United States. The insurgents of the drama are not, however, confined to this country. "One finds everywhere the insurgent groups who still believe in the theater as an art, and who dream and work for the establishment . . . of some such move-

So Declare English Enthusiasts Who Look to It as an Inspiring Model

ment of renaissance as has given to France, Russia, Germany and other continental countries their Art Theaters. . . ."

"It is perhaps to America that we can look for the prophecy of our own development in the near future, for in that country conditions were most like those existing here to-day. The theaters were in the hands of giant syndicates, giving the public the thing most easily provided, and persuading by much publicity that this was what they wanted. The resultant decadence of drama drove the intellectuals, both workers and onlookers, out of the theaters, and the age-long need for real dramatic art caused these people to establish their own small playhouses, until by the beginning of 1914 over fifty of these theaters lived their lives of challenge in American cities. Around them gathered the real artists, dramatists, actors, producers, scenic artists, costume designers, every one in the world of the theater who had a message to deliver and a love of truth and beauty; and with them came an audience equally sincere."

Commenting on the Little Theater movement in the United States from a more direct point of view a critic in the *N. Y. Nation* points out certain dangers. The movement has passed the stage of novelty. The little theaters are no longer amusing children. Most of them have succumbed. Those that have survived should keep to the straight and narrow path of non-commercialism. Better "two bottles or a sack" for admission, this critic suggests, than the pitfalls of box-office domination:

"The Little Theater movement is now in its second and perhaps its most difficult stage. The novelty of purpose and appeal is gone. The instigators of a little theater are no longer pioneers in a trackless and alluring forest. Many paths have been cut and trod during the last eight or nine years and many little ruins mark the milestones for the present traveler. It is not so much the work of exploration as of settling in the new land that confronts the promoters of the little theater to-day. Their task is probably a more difficult one than that of their predecessors, for their courage is not the courage of ignorance. It is based on real and frequently discouraging experiences.

"The voluntary character of the Provincetown Players is one of their chief assets. If they reorganize, as is probable, and decide to pay their actors, they must make more money, and the need of money begets a caution in production which limits, if it does not nullify, the purely experimental character of the enterprise. Moreover, to justify a paid company, they will be tempted to give more ambitious productions, which promise a wider appeal, and will be forced to turn, as the Theater Guild has done, from the immaturity of the native playwright to the finished product of Europe."

Science and Discovery

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE NARCOMANIAC

IN contemporary studies of the problem of the drug addict, it is too often overlooked that the public, taken as a whole, are inveterate drug-takers. If this were not so, the masses of medical advertisements and the innumerable bills on fences and walls advising us to take this pill and that cough-cure, to say nothing of things like hair lotions and external liniments, would have no reason for being. The medical expert who writes thus in the London *Saturday Review* is not referring to the consumption of comparatively harmless drugs. He has in mind the persons who take drugs which are harmful in their effects, which enslave body and soul, which undermine the power of self-control, the knowledge of right and wrong, which take away all energy and initiative and ultimately reduce the victim to an individual who lives only while under the influence of the drug and who will go to any length to obtain it. The particular drug, adds the doctor, seems to run in fashions.

"Opium and its derivatives we always have with us. Veronal at one time seemed to be the popular drug for those who needed soporifics, and many tragedies have occurred from it, so much so that many medical men refrained altogether from prescribing it.

"I can recall chloral as being the drug which was in favor. Latterly, during the war, heroin and cocaine seem to be the favored ones. Alcohol is, of course, the drug which has more devotees than all the others put together, and it is an indisputable fact that simultaneously with the great decrease in the consumption of alcohol and the wonderful increase in the sobriety of the nation has gone a marked increase in the consumption of various harmful drugs.

"This has been adduced as an argument for removing the restrictions on the sale of liquor, an argument based on unsound reasoning.

"The class of people who are habitually intemperate are not the sort of people who take drugs. The decrease in crime, which undoubtedly goes hand in hand with the decrease of drunkenness, is a stronger argument for maintaining the present difficulties of obtaining alcohol."

The reasons for the increase in the numbers who take drugs are four:

"Firstly, during the last generation there has been a speeding up, and concentration, in the amount of work that men and women do in a day. There has consequently been an increase in the amount of energy, nerve and vital force people have to expend in getting through their work. The advent of the telephone, the telegraph, and the motor-car have enabled, or, rather, have forced men to put more into a shorter time to keep up in the struggle for their livelihood. They have consequently had to use up nerve power and vital energy in a degree unknown to our forefathers. The highly-strung, nervous individual has had to pay for these overdrafts on his capital of nerve power; sleeplessness, irritability and depression result. The calls on brain and energy have to be met at any cost. When it is found that certain drugs will give a good night, or will soothe irritated and jangled nerves, recourse is had to them. The deficit is met temporarily; but deeper inroads have to be made and further demands called for from these, at first, helpful agents. The time when the drug is the master and the man the slave rapidly approaches.

"Secondly, the strain that practically every member of the community has undergone during the last four and one-half years has undoubtedly been the cause of many people falling under the thrall of drugs. The grief, anxieties, cares and troubles that have come to us all have had to be met and endured. Drugs which at first are helpful and legitimate begin to get a hold, and finally the sufferer awakes with a shock to the fact that his best friend is now an insidious and deadly enemy.

"Thirdly, there is a group of people who in a way have had drugs thrust on them. Drugs have been administered legitimately, for the relief of pain and diseases. The wounded man who has had pain going on for weeks and months has had to have morphin or its derivatives given him. The asthmatic has had to get relief by hypodermic injections of the same drug or by snuffing up cocaine. The sleepless man has had to have hypnotics given him. Undoubtedly many of these people have fallen under the thrall of their remedies and have found life unendurable without them.

"Fourthly, there is the small group of people who take drugs from boredom, from the desire to try something new—to be in the latest fashion. Happily, I believe, these are few in number, but they do an infinity of damage to others. There

His Addiction to Drugs is One of the Great Problems of the Period

are people who, having little to do, and time to waste, and too much of the good things of life, are ready to try anything that is new and exciting and that promises amusement. This class needs no sympathy."

It is well known that the white races have acquired a certain degree of immunity from the harmful effects of alcohol which is not possessed in anything like the same degree by the other races. Similarly the yellow races seem able to indulge in drugs to an extent that no white man can contemplate in his own case. It is true that exceptionally endowed persons like Coleridge and de Quincey have allowed themselves to become large users of opium in some form or another, but even they could not use the drug with the freedom and the beneficial effects enjoyed by the Chinese. The Chinese can smoke opium without suffering as Europeans do, a fact to be borne in mind when we are asked to stop the use of opium by the Chinese. The men of the tribes of the Indian border and other Indian castes take an opium pill constantly. They can endure great fatigue and privation and perform great feats of endurance provided they have their opium. The white European who imitates them comes to grief very soon. It is unwise to interfere with the taking of drugs by races which understand them and which dwell in environments that render them tolerable or necessary. The problem of prevention among white races is complicated by the fact that all the harmful drugs have a sphere of legitimate use. In fact they are of inestimable value in proper times and places. Nor is it quite so certain that drugs popularly classified as harmful are really so, whereas many dangerous drugs, including the extract from a certain kind of tea leaf, are actually deemed healthful. The supreme peril of all from the social standpoint is the invention or discovery of a new drug with unfamiliar effects that are exploited until there is a sort of craze. It is a wise rule to look with caution upon any novelty in the drug line, for while it may prove a great blessing it may turn out the very reverse.

THE VEGETABLE AS AN ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

HITHERTO no adequate attempt seems to have been made, observes the noted electrician, Doctor Arthur E. Baines, to ascertain if nature has endowed the vegetable world with any system by means of which currents of electricity can be utilized, assimilated or stored. Experiments in recent years have not been conclusive and no really satisfactory evidence has been obtained beyond the fact that under certain conditions and in certain circumstances electricity is favorable to growth. Nevertheless, the eminent Thomé does make this assertion:

"The chemical processes within the cells of a plant, the molecular movements connected with growth, and the internal changes on which the activity of the protoplasm depends—whether exhibited in the formation of new cells or in motility—are probably connected with the disturbance of electrical equilibrium. The fluids of different chemical properties in adjoining cells, their decomposition, the evolution of oxygen from cells containing chlorophyll, the formation of carbon dioxide in growing organs, and the process of transpiration—all these vital processes must produce electrical currents; altho this fact has not yet been experimentally determined or accurately investigated."

The analogies which exist in animal and vegetable physiology, observes Doctor Baines,* are, nevertheless, sufficiently full of interest to stimulate further research. That locomotion and sensitiveness are common to low plants as well as to low animals, that marked similarity exists between the animal cell and the vegetable cell, and that in

* STUDIES IN ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY. By Arthur E. Baines. New York: Dutton.

the matters of the presence or absence of cellulose and the nature of the food required by both organisms there does not appear to be any absolute point of distinction, seemed to Doctor Baines to invite investigation and encouraged him to undertake it. The theory of evolution regards all forms of life as having a common descent, a true blood relationship, whence arises the impossibility of drawing hard and fast lines of separation. Doctor Baines' own results are in perfect harmony with this conclusion.

"We know, or at all events it can be demonstrated, that man is a self-contained neuro-electrically controlled machine, dependent for the due performance of his functions upon a constant supply of nerve-energy at a low potential; that nerve-force is generated in the body with each inspiration, and that the nerve-impulse is neuro-electrical and not chemical. If that is so, and it cannot successfully be disputed, it may reasonably be assumed that in all probability electricity plays a part in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. Investigation has shown the soundness of this theory, as I hope to be able to prove, and further research at the hands of men more capable than myself may lead to far-reaching consequences in the direction of an advancement of our knowledge of practical horticulture and floriculture."

According to the conclusions at which Doctor Baines has arrived, after much experiment, everything living, whether animal or vegetable, has a well-defined electrical system. The non-living possesses capacity only, and that only in conjunction with moisture. Broadly speaking, the edible part of a fruit or vegetable is the positive ele-

Wherein the Plant Cell Differs from Cells Made by Human Agency

ment, or that part which yields a positive galvanometric reaction. Dry earth is a bad conductor of electricity, and therefore water is required as an electrolyte, as well as being necessary in the formation of protoplasm and the like. Every tree, shrub, plant, fruit, vegetable, tuber or seed is an electrical cell, differing from cells made by human agency in that it can not be polarized or discharged so long as it remains structurally perfect. The skin, peel, rind or jacket of fruits and vegetables is of the nature of an insulating surface or substance primarily designed for the conservation of electrical energy. The electro-motive force of them all is the same—the current varying in accordance with Ohm's law. Plants grown in pots or removed from the earth and placed in receptacles differ materially in their electrical constitution from those grown in the earth. If a suitable electrolyte, other than water, is mixed with the soil, it is possible to grow plants with much less moisture. Growth may be stimulated by means of a continuous current of electricity of low potential and proper sign.

In normal conditions of weather and in countries free from frequent seismic and magnetic disturbances, the earth is always the negative and the air the positive terminal of nature's electrical system.

"Everything, therefore, that grows in the earth is charged by the earth through the roots, and by the air through the flowers and leaves (the lungs, as it were, of the tree or plant), so that in the roots, stem, stalks, and veins the tree, shrub, or plant has its negative terminals, while those parts of the leaves between the veins are positive.

"Examination of the vascular bundles and laticiferous vessels of plants will make this clear.

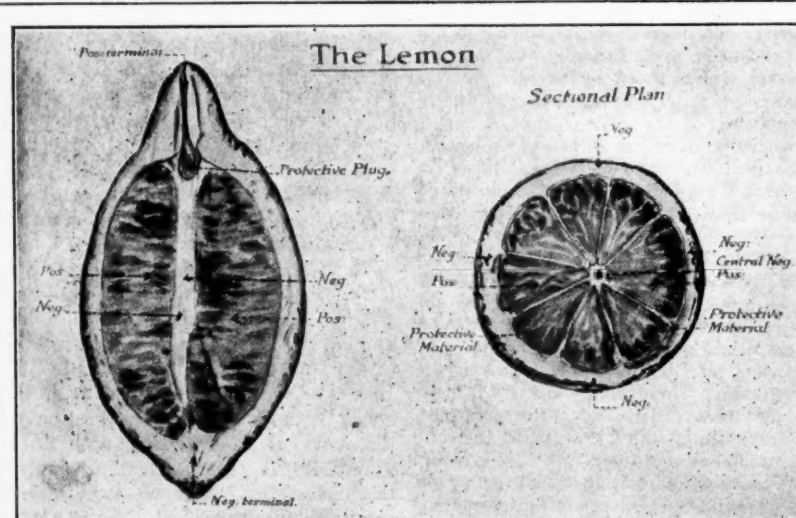
"In all fruits and vegetables the negative and positive systems are plainly discernible once the eye has been taught to look for and recognize them.

"Before going into detail, however, it will be as well to consider the electrodes.

"I found that when two wires of equal gage and length, soldered to two steel needles of exactly the same gage and length, were connected to the terminals of the galvanometer and the needles were inserted in various objects and liquids, certain deflections were observed, and that such deflections were not momentary but constant.

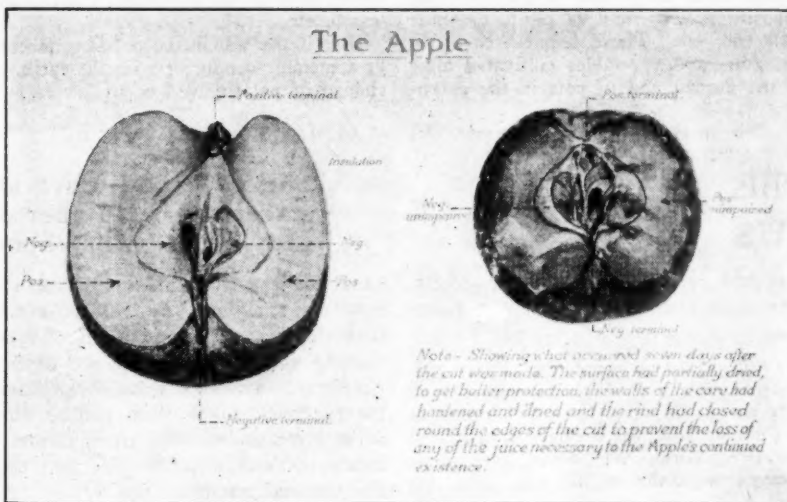
"These deflections are explained as being due to galvanic action."

There are two theories: two metals (that is to say, one needle being electrically positive to the other) in one exciting liquid, or one metal in two such liquids. It will, however, be nec-



ELECTRICAL STRUCTURE OF A FAMILIAR FRUIT

Man is a self-contained neuro-electrically controlled machine and there is reason to infer that the same may be said of the vegetable.



A TRANSFORMATION

The second stage of the apple here shows what occurs a week after the cut is made. The surface has partially dried to get better protection, the walls of the core are hardened and the rind has closed around the edges.

essary to consider only the first theory seriously:

"Let us suppose that we are using two wires of exactly equal length soldered to two steel needles as before mentioned, and that the object under examination is an apple. In order to settle which is the positive and which the negative side of the galvanometer scale from its central zero, we will first connect the positive or carbon terminal of a dry cell to the right-hand terminal, and the negative or zinc terminal of the cell to the left-hand terminal of the recording instrument. The resultant deflection is to the right of zero, and we may therefore call the right side of the scale from zero positive and the left side from zero negative.

"Now, if we insert the needle connected to the right side of the galvanometer in the stalk of the apple and the other needle in the flower end, we get a constant negative deflection. If that deflection is due to galvanic or chemical action, then so long as we do not alter the connections upon the galvanometer, and reasoning upon the hypothesis that the right needle is electrically negative to the left needle and that chemical action is set up by their contact with the malic acid of the apple, the deflection must continue to be negative when the fruit is reversed and the right needle is inserted in the flower end and the left needle in the stalk. Also the signs of both deflections must be reversed if we reverse the wires upon the terminals of the galvanometer. But it is not so; nothing of the kind ever occurs or can occur. Every fruit will give a constant negative deflection when the right-hand needle is inserted in the stalk, and a constant positive deflection when it is inserted in the flower end; while every tree, shrub, plant, vegetable and individual leaf will yield a constant negative deflection when the right-hand needle is connected with root, stalk or vein, and vice versa. The wires may be reversed upon the terminals of the galvanometer as often as desired. There will be no difference whatever in the phenomena ob-

served. In the case of pot-grown plants and fruits, etc., polarity is reversed because the moist soil in the pot receives its charge from the positive air instead of from the negative earth.

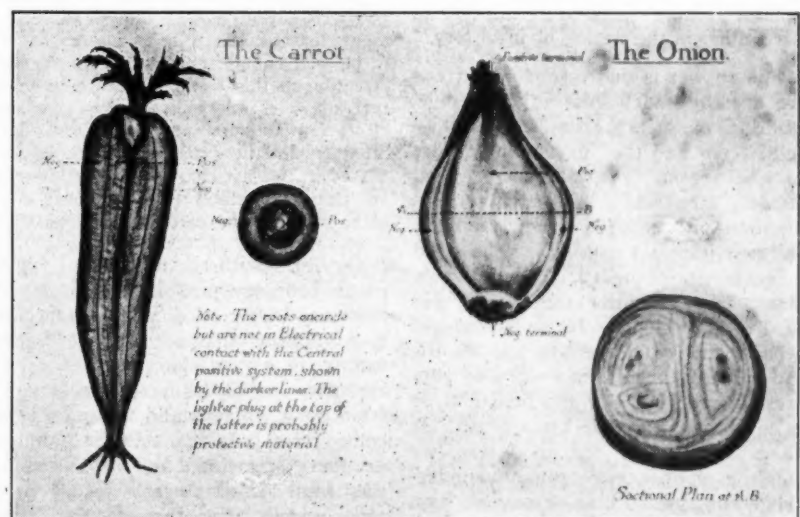
"If, however, diffusion takes place by reason of injury or decay, and the plant, vegetable, fruit, or leaf becomes rotten, no reversal of sign will be obtained."

An illustration is afforded by the electrical structure of the apple. The stalk, receiving its negative charge from the earth, communicates directly with the negative core which is insulated from the positive or edible portion. The core terminates at its upper end, it will be observed, in a dry plug—the remains of the flower—while the stalk is always sealed, either by dry fiber or by a gummy or resinous secretion.

The rind or outer covering is of enormous resistance, and is evidently designed to conserve the energy of the cell by giving it high absolute insulation. A comparison of the "before and after" kind will afford some idea of the means adopted by nature to prolong life. In one case seven days had elapsed since the division was made. The surfaces had partially dried, probably to increase their resistance and lessen liability to evaporation. The walls of the core had similarly hardened and the rind or peel had closed around the edges to prevent, presumably, the loss of any of the juice necessary to the apple's continued electrical activity. What is said of the apple applies for the most part to the pear and the quince.

The banana is next considered by Doctor Baines. The negative terminal, the stalk, is connected with the skin and an inner lining from which the positive flesh of the fruit is instantly detachable. Nowhere does there appear to be any electrical contact between the positive and the negative systems except, possibly, by osmosis—the flesh being enclosed in an envelope—and as the whole of the flesh is positive the dietetic value of this fruit should be high. Unfortunately it has when ripe, and probably owing to its porous skin, a comparatively low insulation resistance and therefore a short life.

"The tomato affords us convincing testimony of the reliability of our electrodes, because during the late summer we can take one grown in the open ground and one from the greenhouse and test them under exactly the same conditions and at the same time. That grown in the open ground will be found to be negative at



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF ELECTRICAL FORCE

Broadly speaking, the edible part of a fruit or vegetable is the positive element or that which yields a positive galvanometric reaction. Every tree, fruit, plant or vegetable is an electrical cell.

the stalk and positive where the flower originally appeared, while that from the greenhouse, where it had been deprived of its supply of current from the negative earth and compelled to take its root-

charge from the positive air, assumes an opposite polarity and is positive at the stalk-end, etc. These remarks apply to all fruits and vegetables cultivated alike in the garden and in pots in the green-

house, such as the cucumber, the orange, lemon, etc.

"But if the soil in the pot is connected by a metallic conductor with the earth no change of polarity will occur."

WHY AMERICA WILL BE THE LAND OF GENIUS

WHY did so many races of men arise during the glacial period? Why were there so many great men in ancient Greece? Why were there so many great men in Italy during the fourteenth century and in England since the days of Shakespeare and Newton? In a gang of boys why is there generally a leader who starts things? In his little way such a boy is a Napoleon or an Alexander. He is one of the variants or perhaps even one of the mutants.

Thus writes Professor Ellsworth Huntington in his recent study of evolution in connection with world power.* He puts in it the question: Does the world need mutants? He answers by calling attention to this point:

"In the Harvard Library the catalog contains seven and one half drawers, or about 4,700 cards, under the name of William Shakespeare. The two names before and after that of the great poet are Shakery and Shakhmatov, each with only one card. Why such a discrepancy? Why should Abraham Lincoln have 498 cards, while Barnabas Lincoln has only one, and Benjamin Lincoln three? The same catalog contains 157 cards under the name of that strange mixture of good and bad called Machiavelli, and 38 under the sentimental brute named Nero. Still more remarkable is the fact that there are seven cards under Jukes, a name that stands for the lowest depths of crime, vice, and degradation. Why should this be when millions of most estimable citizens find no place either in the catalog or in history?"

The answer is that estimable citizens are usually much like other people, while Shakespeare, Lincoln, Machiavelli, Nero and the Jukes family were very different. Variability is what attracts attention. It is the variant, the man with new ideas, new methods, and new impulses who makes the great success. It is the variant, with new ideas, who commits the crime that curdles the blood. If an individual departs far from the average on the bad side of the ledger we try to suppress him during life and hold him up as a horrible example after death. If he departs far on the good side, we laugh at him, oppose him, misunderstand him, praise him or neglect him, as the case may be, while he lives, but after he is dead we write books about

him and give his name to our streets, our clubs and our children.

"It is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of variability. Every gardener knows that if plants always bred true we should never have such things as the double rose, the seedless orange, and the sweet corn. We should have to be content with the single wild rose, the sour wild orange, and the small and tasteless wild corn. Among animals this same variability has given us the stocky percheron, the slender race horse, and the shaggy pony, all from the same species. Among men we have not only white and black, Jew and Gentile, Teuton and Slav, but 'high-brows' and 'low-brows,' and dainty society belles and coarse-featured factory girls. Such variability is a great advantage. It is indeed regrettable that every high type must have its corresponding low type, but society can restrain the activities of the low far more easily than it can dispose with the guidance and inspiration of the high. Blot out a thousand names from religion and philosophy, another thousand from politics, and equal numbers from art, literature and science. These 5,000 amount to about one in 300,000 compared with the people now living, or perhaps one in ten million or more among the people who have lived since the days of the Hebrew patriarchs. But take away the contribution of this ten-millionth of the human race, and where would civilization be to-day?"

"Since the men who cause most of the world's progress—and also its worst misery—are all extreme types, it becomes highly important to discover the reasons for such variations. Doubtless there are many reasons, but only two seem as yet to be well enough understood to warrant attention in this book. The first is mixture of races or types, a process whose effect few students would question. The other is climatic extremes like those discussed in the last chapter. Their effect is so little understood that we must consider some of the evidence in detail."

To begin with the mixture of types, in an ordinary peasant village of almost any long-settled country, especially in regions that are backward, one family is almost like another. For centuries few brides have been brought from other villages and few men have come from outside. All the families are therefore related and have virtually the same inheritance. Hence new types rarely arise through the union of parents with divergent qualities. If as the result of any chance such a type does arise it is frowned upon and discouraged. Only minds of more than

She Will Also Have an Exceptional Number of Dangerous Men Soon

usual originality can appreciate the new ideas evolved by similar minds that depart from the standard type. Among the upper classes and among people who travel, diverse types intermarry much more than among conservative peasants. In cities this tendency is accentuated by the fact that the unusual minds of the villages are apt to drift cityward, where they mate with others of their kind. Thus, for good or ill, city children vary more than country children.

This is one reason why McKeen Cattell's study of men of science shows an increasing tendency for the proportion of eminent men born in cities and their suburbs to increase faster than the general population of such places. New countries are like cities. As the "moody" or "trifling" country boy goes to the city and is there recognized as a genius, so the Pilgrims, Puritans, Huguenots and others came to America because their queerness made them a misfit at home:

"It made them great, however, in the world's history. Such immigrants, unfortunately, are scanty now, but when a Russian Nihilist marries a Spanish artist in the environment of Chicago, the children are likely to be unusual. Thus new countries even more than old cities are apt to produce mutants. It is not by accident that Radoslavjevich finds that the study of thousands of American and European school children shows that while the average conditions of height, weight, head-form, hair, lung capacity, dynamic power, activity of the senses, and so forth, 'are very much alike for both American and European pupils, . . . the Americans vary more than their European brothers and sisters at all the school ages.' Such variability promises men of genius, but it also promises an equal number of exceptionally low and dangerous types."

There should be a change in the popular attitude to young people found "queer." The unusual behavior of a young person may indicate the possession of marked superiority. This fact is more or less well known to the well informed but it has yet to penetrate the popular mind. Consequently, an exceptional child is often the butt of the jokes of his little circle and forced to repress the very characteristics that entitle him to respect and admiration. In a word, we should all be able to know a genius when we see one.

* WORLD POWER AND EVOLUTION. By Ellsworth Huntington. New Haven: Yale University Press.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PHYSICAL SHOCK AND EMOTIONAL SHOCK

TO see a human being struck by a rapidly moving locomotive and hurled through the air, to land a mass of tangled tissues, appeals so powerfully to our emotions or to our imaginative faculties that we take little note of what effect may have been produced by the spectacle upon some sensitive bystander, whose march to the grave begins then and there. One body is struck with tremendous violence and is shocked to instant death, whereas another body is also shocked by the mere sight of the disaster into a state of helpless and fatal invalidism. That sudden death may and often does result from a violent shock to the emotions is perfectly well known and as freely admitted—but that the effects of shock may be prolonged for a period of years is just as true but is not so well known nor so freely conceded. Such are the observations made by Dr. Howard Crutcher in the *Medical Record*, New York. He submits a few illustrations:

"During the early nineties of the preceding century, I knew somewhat intimately a talented, energetic and highly successful business man of 55 years. He was in the full prime of his vigorous powers of mind and body, abounding in advanced ideals and aggressive policies, full of that genial dignity of character that can praise without flattering, and reprove without wounding, a subordinate. I knew him to have been a man of the most correct physical and mental habits. He never touched alcohol in any form, and smoked a mild cigar only on rare occasions. On day he said, with a smile, 'Buttermilk is my principal intoxicant, but once in a while I take a spree on coffee.'

On one occasion he escaped by the narrowest of margins a horrible death from burning, altho he suffered not the slightest physical injury from the accident. From that time, however, his powers of mind and body declined in almost equal pace, until, a few years later, his whole being appeared to be dissolved in a cloud of timidity. A mind singularly keen and a will of peculiar strength were supplanted by whims of temper and vacillation of purpose. While I cannot in this place be more specific, it is the simple truth to say that this man's decline brought disaster and ultimate ruin upon an institution of national importance. At this time I do not doubt that his decline and death were as much due to the effects of shock as if he had fallen from his office window to the sidewalk below and had knocked his brains out in the impact."

Twenty years ago or more the official head of a large institution became the innocent victim of a domestic scandal aggravated by a social horror the precise nature of which can not be indicated. Overwhelmed by shame and grief, he sank into the depths of mental gloom and physical decay from which nothing could ever arouse him:

"The boundless sympathy of devoted friends and the immense resources of a powerful will were alike impotent in the face of a dark tragedy whose gloomy outlines could be effaced only by the total darkness of the grave. The darker pages of human history are filled with such instances.

"Instances of persons 'frightened out of their senses,' or 'frightened to death,' are much too common to excite extended comment; they occur every day, in all climes and among all nationalities. But it ought to be well understood that shock to the emotions is capable of producing

Episodes Too Mysterious for the Skill of the Physician

long-sustained and ultimately fatal alterations of tissue. It is no rare thing to learn of persons who 'have not been quite right ever since' such and such an occurrence of a shocking character took place.

"Nor must the prolonged and ultimately fatal effects of physical shock be ignored. The most celebrated editor of the *Middle West*, who passed away a generation ago, had undoubtedly been the victim of progressive cerebral sclerosis for years before his death; but the total wreck of his mental powers was clearly brought about through the effects of physical shock."

Instances of a similar character might be multiplied. A man of twenty-nine, of apparent physical vigor, had his left arm and forearm so seriously crushed in an accident that amputation became necessary. Perfect union followed the operation, yet the patient never recovered from the shock. Thus the careful student of shock will soon learn that there are many facts and incidents connected with human life which must be deemed insoluble alike in the laboratory and upon the operating table.

"Shock, as its influence involves the issues of human life, may be defined as any exhibition of force that disturbs or destroys the functions or tissues of the living organism. In a word, shock is violence, arising from any source, of any degree whatever, of sufficient power to exert an unfavorable influence upon the processes of life. Contrary to some false teaching arising from a misconception of scientific terms, shock has a definite pathology, regardless of whether or not the changes due to its influence leave a record in morbid anatomy."

IS THE FLASHING OF FIREFLIES EVER RHYTHMICAL?

INFERENCES of a too sweeping kind seem to have been drawn from the concerted flashing of fireflies, in the opinion of Doctor George H. Hudson, who has looked into the subject with care. Recent newspaper articles suggest that the fireflies have actual light concerts, in which the flashes are arranged by some sort of design in tempo. Whether or not, says Doctor Hudson, the flashes occur in strict unison or whether the sequence of recurring responses is a measured one and so strictly rhythmic, are questions which must be answered through more careful observation of the facts. One authority says the flashes are not so regular as an army officer would like to see in regimental drill, but are so rhythmic that anyone would take note

of their action. The concerted flashes in this instance did not recur with measured regularity, but the repetitions were frequent enough to attract attention. Another observer on another occasion says the illuminated period lasted about two or three seconds and the dark period about twice as long. A space between the beginning of one flash and the next which could vary from six to nine seconds would in no sense be rhythmic, and even if the repetitions occurred with regularity once every six seconds, the rhythm would be in very slow "largo" tempo.

One of the observations upon which Doctor Hudson bases his remarks in *Science* (New York) took place on a hot and dark evening in the summer. A camping party sought the rocks near

Some Recent Observations May Have to Be Carefully Verified

the water's edge on the north shore of Sloop Bay, Valcour Island, Lake Champlain:

"This flashing was somewhat similar to that ordinarily called 'heat-lightning,' but as it appeared against the base of a cliff something over ten meters high an investigation of the phenomenon was decided upon.

"On approaching in canoes, a scene of wondrous beauty presented itself. The light was due to the miniature lamps of several thousand of fireflies which were holding festival over what appeared to be a breeding-ground. The area involved was about 100 meters in length and extended from near the water's surface to a height of about seven meters. At this locality the bare rock fault-scarp which formed a portion of the north wall of the bay was covered with a steep sloping bank

of glacial and postglacial deposits and these were well supplied with water through seepage. Moving southwesterly one left the bare portions of the cliff and rapidly passed through various plant communities from lichens and mosses to a small grove of white pines. Above this locality there was also a forest clearing used as a meadow.

"At no time over the limited area at the base of the bank could one notice an utter absence of illumination, but the lighting of a small cluster of lamps seemed to awaken immediate response from a thousand others, and the illuminated area thus spread from one or more centers until the bank was brilliantly ablaze and suggestive of the myriad lights of some city of fairyland. It was these periods of intense illumination that had attracted the attention of the camping party."

The excessive abundance of fireflies at any one date, says Doctor Hudson, is no doubt due to climatic conditions that have at first retarded and then hastened emergence from the pupa state. The fact that so many of these insects should occasionally be crowded into limited areas may be due to favorable ground conditions involving moisture, to open spaces where the light signal may be seen at a distance, to favorable places (trees, bushes or stumps), for rests from flight, to shelter from winds and perhaps to the

antecedent direction and strength of such winds. The Valcour Island locality seems to fulfil such conditions and in addition has a large sheltered area, the waters of the bay, across which the light may be seen but on which there is no resting place.

There is thus every reason to be cautious in all inference from this concerted flashing of the fireflies, altho the subject is of great importance and the facts observed seem to point to remarkable possibilities. After reading what Doctor Edward S. Morse had said in *Science* on his observations about fireflies flashing in unison, Doctor Hudson resolved to make another visit to the locality and study the phenomena more critically. The display was repeated and noted by several visitors:

"It was impossible to count the number of lamps which were aglow at one time, but the space involved was about 700 square meters in cross-section and in some bush-covered places there must have been at least 50 fireflies to the square meter. We should judge that about 10,000 of these insects were present. During these visits we noted that the illumination was never due to a truly synchronous lighting of the lamps of those fireflies engaged in the display but was always of the nature of wave motion spreading out from one or more centers. This spreading moved

swiftly from one end of the bank to the other and was particularly beautiful when the light from several centers became confluent, for at that instant the whole bank was very brilliantly illuminated. Strictly speaking there was no *measured* regularity in this concerted response and therefore no *true rhythm*—such as one may note in the concerted music of certain orthoptera. The repetitions were hardly more regular than the cloud illuminations of a distant thunderstorm. There was present the influence of suggestion on what may be called a 'mob-psychology,' but there was no *special leader*. Any small group could excite a discharge from thousands who were ready to respond. As recovery was rapid, the repetitions of the wave-like responses were also rapid."

It is probable that the display is by no means a rare one and that in this place it is repeated yearly. A display in any place would be compellingly attractive to a passing person only if the festival period occurred during very dark, cloudy or moonless nights. The observer must happen to be in some lonesome spot without other light at the proper time of year under the conditions indicated. The observations ought to be published in a manner likely to come under the notice of students, for there is a possibility of something extraordinary in the way of a discovery, which ought not to be proclaimed before verification.

ANOTHER MYSTERY OF THE NEW TEMPORARY STAR

THE brilliant temporary star that suddenly burst forth last June and then rapidly decreased in brightness until it is scarcely visible to the eye has been under continual observation by astronomers since its first appearance. The literature of the subject is controversial and considerable, and it has been followed with care by Professor Isabel M. Lewis, of the United States Naval Observatory, who announces in the *New York Evening Sun*, as "a most unusual and unexpected result of the spectroscopic study of this star," the detection of clouds of calcium vapor lying in the Milky Way between us and the new star. (It is known technically as Nova Aquilæ.)

The discovery of the calcium vapor has been announced by Professor Lewis on the authority of the English astronomer Evershed, stationed in India. He reports the existence of fine dark lines of calcium in the spectrum of the nova in a normal position. The normal position is significant. All the spectral lines of a nova are, speaking generally, greatly displaced and distorted. This is due to the abnormal conditions existing in such stars. The

presence of any element in a normal position points to an external origin of these lines. To quote Professor Lewis:

"Were the outer gaseous envelope of Nova Aquilæ in a normal condition of temperature and pressure its absorption lines would be in their normal position in the spectrum, and the existence of these clouds of calcium vapor lying in the Milky Way between us and the nova would not have been suspected, since in that case the lines of calcium in the star's atmosphere and in the exterior clouds of calcium would have been coincident and would have been attributed entirely to a stellar origin. In the atmosphere of a nova, however, conditions are far from normal."

A celestial catastrophe, then, has occurred, and abnormal conditions of temperature and pressure existing in the star's outer gaseous envelope are registered in the form of distorted and displaced lines in the star's spectrum. Only the lines of calcium vapor far removed from the scene of the catastrophe remain uninfluenced by these conditions. Such lines appear fine and dark with the distorted abnormal spectrum of the nova for a background. Remove the nova or place in its stead

The Catastrophe Responsible for it May Have Occurred in Prehistoric Times

a normal star and the presence of the calcium clouds would remain unknown.

The circulation of calcium vapor in the sun's atmosphere has been studied extensively and it has puzzled astronomers to note the vapor of this comparatively heavy element at very high levels in that atmosphere. This element, which occurs abundantly in stars of many types, and which exists in the universe here and there in the shape of vast clouds, is of the utmost importance upon our earth. It enters into the structure of the bones and is essential to virtually all forms of animal life. Altho its particular importance in the fashioning of the stars and in the universe is unknown, it is certain, notes Professor Lewis, that without it animal life as it now exists on our planet would be impossible.

What bearing the discovery of the calcium vapor has upon the controversy over the catastrophe giving rise to this peculiar temporary star will be known when the astronomical society gathers in London. For the moment we may quote the remark in *London Nature* to the effect that the stars in Aquila where the nova is getting so faint are for the most part at a very

great distance from the solar system (many times the distance of Vega, say, which is about seventeen light years) and it may well be that the phenomenon of the blazing-up of the temporary star is the first tidings we have had of a terrific event which actually occurred long ago—perhaps in prehistoric times. The eminent English astronomer, Professor A. L. Cortie, S.J., writes in the London *Tablet*, with

reference to a photograph of the star's spectrum taken under his supervision:

"It seems almost incredible that new stars should be formed by the collision of large masses. All that we know about the spacing of the stars in the firmament is alien to this idea. The Milky Way, in which new stars generally blaze out, is relatively more crowded than other regions of the heavens, but still there is plenty of room for all the stars. The origin of new stars is probably due to

the casual passing of one body near enough (that is, several millions of miles away) to another body of low density to be able to upset the equilibrium of its surface. Hence would result a huge cyclonic storm of hydrogen and heated vapors, similar to, but on a scale vastly greater than, those we witness so frequently on the sun. The presence of the solar chromospheric spectrum in new stars lends great weight to this speculation as to their origin. Explosion is more likely than collision."

FUTILITY OF A MAN'S EDUCATION FOR A WOMAN

A MOST vital and fundamental objection to coeducation, especially as administered in the colleges, is that it does not give to women what they want and need—an education that will prepare them for employments in which by nature and the customs of civilized society they are destined to be engaged. The college education given to women is simply a man's education, says Dr. Julian W. Abernethy in *School and Society*, from which we quote, the modifications of a man's education to adapt it to the life of woman being so slight as to be negligible in a general estimate. It is a singular circumstance, he adds, that we are only just arriving at the point of discovering sex as a "differentiating" factor in education. Many years ago the English scientist, Professor Romanes, sounded a warning against the habit of ignoring the natural differences between the educational needs of women and of men. If we attempt to disregard these differences, according to Romanes, or try artificially to make of woman an unnatural copy of man we are certain to fail and to turn out as our result a sorry and disappointed creature who is neither the one thing nor the other. If then, suggests Doctor Abernethy, education is something more than abstract, cultural, mind-training effort, it should be functioned for a woman's actual career as it is now so strenuously functioned for a man's career.

The reformers are crying for an education that correlates with life, an education that is realistic, that serves a purpose. By an unfortunate oversight they fail to include woman's life in the tract of unfruitful life they propose to enrich with educational utilities:

"In the long evolution of the curriculum of men's colleges, the goal of effort, however ill defined or blunderingly pursued, has always been an ideal of well-trained and efficient manhood. No such goal of ideal womanhood has ever been set up as a guiding principle by the administrators of women's education. The college girl is still an anomaly, without definition or

destination. In the separate woman's college, she studies a curriculum copied from the catalog of the nearest man's college. In the coeducational college she is tossed into the hopper with men, on the assumption that by some psycho-chemical process she will extract from the incongruous mixture the essence of ideal femininity. At graduation she finds herself surrounded by a rigid wall of professional opportunity, in which every gateway bears the sign, 'No thoroughfare except for men.' She has never been assisted by her instructors, not even permitted, to discover the professions belonging to her own sex. When young men are shuffled aside in this manner they rebel and get what they want—electrical engineering, commercial chemistry, sociology, what not that seems 'practical.'"

It is claimed that a liberal program of electives in the coeducational colleges will furnish all the specialized training needed by women. This claim seems delusive to Doctor Abernethy. Electives primarily designed for women will be avoided by men and thus segregation will already be in operation. Still more, electives suitable for both sexes are shunned by men when chosen predominantly by women. A still stronger disruptive force is working in the coeducational colleges. The women in these colleges are increasing more rapidly than the men. This means that coeducation is destined to be swamped in femininity, a result already reached in some colleges. The attempt to stem the tide by arbitrary limitation is proving futile.

There are certain natural incongruities and repugnancies connected with coeducation in college that can not be denied or remedied. The system is essentially distasteful to boys and girls alike. Students complain that coeducation breaks up the unity of college life. Ideal college life as generally understood is impossible under conditions of coeducation and some of the most valuable results of the college experience are sacrificed. Unless the diversities of men and women in mind and natural function can be resolved into identities by some subtle form of hocus-pocus, there can be no perfect

An Anomaly of Coeducation that Grows Greater With Time

organization of college life for boys and girls bunched together:

"The spectacle of a college body of young women instructed for four years exclusively by men is manifestly too incongruous to need discussion. But the grievances are not all with the women. Coeducation forces young men into a competition that is unnatural and unfair. A college senior being asked why he objected to the women replied: 'They drag all the prizes.' This is a cogent epitome of some of the most serious difficulties inherent in coeducation. Girls are better students than boys, surpassing them in the power of application and the will to learn. They read more, write more, have a wider range of ideas and are proportionally more intellectual. The result is inevitable: academic honors fall disproportionately to the girls. Boys are content with a low standard of scholarship, and so long as the dominant interest of college is athletic rather than intellectual, this low standard of scholarship must prevail. Thus a young man who would win honors in a detached men's college is deprived of them in a coeducational college. Naturally he feels that he has been robbed of his rights, and in view of the acquiescent attitude of faculties toward the substitution of sport for scholarship, he is perfectly correct in his feeling of injustice. There is even a deeper feeling than this, a feeling of inherent impropriety in this unnatural race with women—an Atalantan race, more suitable for mythology than for real life.

"Coeducation is a house divided against itself. It is a case of two halves that do not make a whole, of two lines of human energy that can not be made to coincide or focus in a single point. At its very best, for higher education, the system is a lopsided compromise, temporary and expedient; above the age of adolescence it is psychologically indefensible. It was never the product of deliberate educational thought, and its wide persistence beyond the period of its economic necessity is due largely to lack of critical thought bestowed upon it as a serious educational problem. With characteristic American complacency we have accepted it as a matter of course, because it is American, ignorant or forgetful of its aboriginal origin, and stolidly indifferent to the injustice of its effects. It is time for revolution, a revolution that will give to woman a man's chance in education."

Religion and Ethics

BOLSHEVISM AND THE METHODIST CHURCH

An Account of the Controversy Precipitated by Professor Ward

THE aim of the Bolsheviki is clearly the creation of a state composed entirely of producers and controlled by producers. This is manifestly a Scriptural aim." Such are the words, part of a statement written by Prof. Harry F. Ward, of Union Theological Seminary, and issued under the auspices of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, that have lately precipitated a miniature cyclone in religious circles. "Bolshevism lifts its ugly head," exclaims the *New York Christian Advocate*, leading organ of Methodism in this country, in an editorial expressing resentment that pro-Bolshevist propaganda should have been given official Methodist sanction, and should have been distributed among Methodist and Congregationalist Sunday-school teachers. The *Boston Congregationalist* and papers of other religious denominations have joined in the discussion. The entire controversy is one phase of the violent conflict between radical and conservative forces now convulsing the world.

It seems that for ten years the publishing houses of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both North and South, and the Pilgrim Press, representing the Congregational churches, have been associates in a syndicate which has issued jointly many Sunday-school text-books containing material for Sunday-school classes in all three bodies. One of the most popular of these publications has been the *Senior Teachers' Manual* and the *Senior Students' Text-book*, entitled "The Bible and Social Living," prepared by Professor Ward, formerly a member of the Boston University School of Theology, now Professor of Christian Ethics at Union Theological Seminary.

Professor Ward is also secretary of the Methodist Federation of Social Service, a voluntary group of ministers and laymen, organized in 1907 "to deepen within the Church the sense of social obligation and opportunity, to study social problems from the Christian point of view, and to promote social service in the spirit of Jesus Christ"; and it was in this capacity that he issued a bulletin of information on the Russian question to which the words

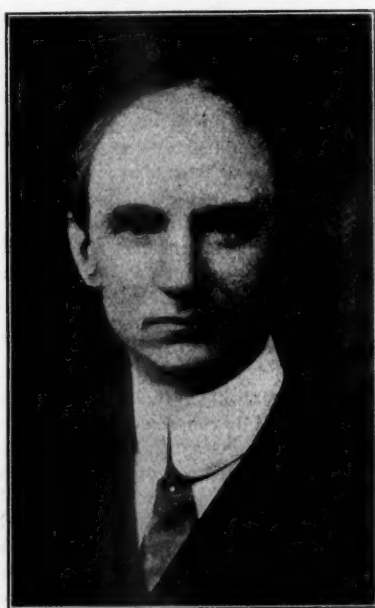
quoted in the opening sentences of this article were a preface. The bulletin complained of contains in its opening paragraph the statement: "It is assumed that readers are familiar with the case against Bolshevism as it is constantly presented in the daily press and in propaganda of its opponents; therefore, and because of lack of space, that material is not summarized here." The bulletin goes on to discuss "The Soviet Government," "The Bolsheviki Rule," "The Red Terror," "Official Attitude Toward Religion," at considerable length, preserving, in the main, a neutral attitude, but drawing heavily on documents issued by the Soviet Government, books by Trotzky, and such messages from Lenin as censorship has permitted to come into this country. Here, for instance, is the paragraph on "The Red Terror," illustrating the style and spirit of the bulletin as a whole:

"The Red Terror—Amount unknown. *New Statesman*, London, anti-Bolsheviki in policy, says of all executions in Mos-

cow since Bolsheviki came into power, 60 per cent. were of corrupt Soviet officials. Relation of fact to report seen in 'St. Bartholomew incident': American newspapers reported that on November 10th Bolsheviki would carry out general massacre of all opponents. What actually happened: Soviet council of Petrograd adopted resolution giving amnesty to all hostages and persons alleged to be involved in plots against Soviets, except those whose detention was deemed necessary for safety of Bolshevists in enemy hands. Kinds: (1) Massacres and murders of hated officers and defeated opponents in early days. (2) Lawlessness by discharged soldiers and criminal elements. For examples, 'wine pogroms,' in which these elements broke into wine cellars and caused disturbances. (3) Internecine warfare between factions, extent unknown. (4) Execution by legal procedure of counter-revolutionists and also of Soviet officials for criminality and even delinquency. Capital punishment at first abolished, but reintroduced for punishment of traitors to revolution within and without the government. Number apparently high, but no reliable figures available. Evidently increased by encouragement of counter-revolutionists by Allies."

This bulletin was reprinted in its entirety by the *New York Socialist* daily, *The Call*, with the editorial comment: "It covers the matter thoroly and dispassionately. If it had been published by a Socialist or radical paper, a prejudiced public would discount its statements. Coming from the quarter it does it should be given wide publicity."

Basing their action on this bulletin and on the further fact that Professor Ward's name appears on a list of one hundred well-known Americans charged with pacifism or pro-Germanism by an officer purporting to represent the Intelligence Department at Washington, the Methodist publishing agents passed a motion in the Publishers' Section of the Graded Lesson Syndicate dropping recent issues of the *Senior Teachers' Manual* and *Senior Students' Text-book* and ordering the plates destroyed. This motion, however, was modified by the Editors' Section of the Syndicate, and was later rejected by both the Congregational Publishing Society, in session in Boston, and by



A STORMY PETREL IN METHODISM

Prof. Harry F. Ward, of Union Theological Seminary, has evoked bitter denials of his statement that "the aim of the Bolsheviki . . . is manifestly a Scriptural aim."

the meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session in Cincinnati. In passing on the entire matter, the Book Committee cautioned the editors in general charge of publications against publishing articles which might be interpreted as favoring Bolshevism or kindred theories.

Professor Ward has had, in this controversy, the support of his colleague in Union Theological Seminary, Prof. George A. Coe; that of Prof. Graham Taylor, of Chicago; and that of Bishop Francis J. McConnell. When pressed for a brief statement of his personal attitude toward the movement known as Bolshevism, he has said: "The theory of economic revolution by the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' maintained by force of arms or otherwise is one with which I totally disagree. It leads inevitably to rigorous and brutal repression of political opponents and other economic classes. The method of expropriation in Russia has apparently varied from equitable compensation to the most brutal injustice." He continues:

"Concerning the question of religion, I object vigorously to the decree which forbids the teaching of religious doctrine in all educational institutions in which general subjects are taught. I am somewhat familiar with such agnostic materialism as characterizes many of the leaders of the Russian revolutionary government. I have found it nearly always accompanied by an idealistic passion for human brotherhood which could be led to cooperate with a socialized religion, and in most cases could be developed into a clearly religious consciousness. The judgment of some religious workers from Russia confirms my experience. They also report that the masses are beginning again to crowd the churches.

"Here is a challenge to the Christian spirit. Should Christians merely denounce men and movements which, coming out of



HE CONCEDES THE SINCERITY OF "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS"

Major Walter Guest Kellogg, after examining over eight hundred objectors in twenty camps, declares that "they are, as a rule, sincere; cowards and shirkers, in the commonly accepted sense, they are not." Their sincerity, however, makes them, in his view, no less a national problem.

darkness and oppression to seek a high goal, blunder into folly and crime? Or, like Jesus, with condemnation for their wrong-doing and wrong thinking, but with vast sympathy for them as human beings, should His followers endeavor to help them toward the light?"

The *Christian Advocate*, in article after article, has expressed its opposition to Professor Ward's attitude. It says: "The whole question at issue is: May a Methodist agency be used in a time of dangerous agitation as a means of securing favorable consideration for the idea upon which a certain revolutionary group bases its program?" It says further:

"The danger of such conclusions as Dr. Harry F. Ward makes public in the name of the Methodist Federation for Social Service is that many people who read them, and are desirous of forming a fair judgment, are liable to be misled into believing that Bolshevism is something very different from what it has shown itself to be. . . . Bolshevism as revealed in action is contrary to every principle on which American civilization is based. Self-preservation demands that it shall win no foothold here. Dr. Ward's statement is, unfortunately, so framed as to recommend it to favorable consideration. It asks indulgence for the detestable crew which has overthrown the Russian democracy and set up a class tyranny of terror worse than that of the Czars. To accept these conclusions without challenge would be to help on the subtle propaganda which is being diligently spread throughout all lands, partly by the authorized representatives of Bolshevism and partly, as perhaps in this case, by those whose sympathies in the class-struggle disqualify them from giving impartial counsel to others."

The Philadelphia *Presbyterian* praises the *Advocate's* stand: "Now what will Union Seminary do?" it asks. The *Christian Work* (New York) in one editorial interprets Dr. Ward sympathetically and in another speaks of Bolshevism as the sum of all evils. The Boston *Congregationalist* comments:

"Professor Ward has for some time now been a stormy petrel in Methodism. He is an ardent crusader. At times he may be a little overzealous. Crusaders are apt to show that quality. But he is a valuable scout and leader in the forward columns of a marching church, and he ought to be sustained and encouraged in his devoted efforts to make the Church a potent factor in solving our pressing industrial problems. Anyhow, he won't be court-martialed and cashiered on this particular count."

THE "CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR" FROM THE GOVERNMENT'S ANGLE

THE first book* on conscientious objectors published in America is distinguished by engaging frankness. The author, Major Walter Guest Kellogg, was appointed by Secretary Baker the Chairman of the Board of Inquiry on Conscientious Objectors and was associated with Dean Harlan F. Stone and Judge Julian W. Mack in the examination of all types of non-conformists in the military camps of the country. He tells us in his preface that altho he had never seen conscientious objectors until he was appointed

on the Board of Inquiry, he firmly believed that they were, as a class, shirkers and cowards. But when he came into contact with them he began to see them in a new light. As the result of his examination of over eight hundred objectors in twenty camps, he has come to the conclusion that "they are, as a rule, sincere; cowards and shirkers, in the commonly accepted sense, they are not." Their sincerity, however, makes them, in his view, no less a national problem.

It is a great mistake, Major Kellogg says, to suppose that the conscientious objector sprang into being with the Great War. He runs far back into the history of the ages and his problem

A Report on Eight Hundred Americans Who Refused to Bear Arms

has occupied the minds of many of the rulers of antiquity. Mommsen, in his "Provinces of the Roman Empire," speaks of the Jews as having been exempted from war on account of their religious principles, and the Jewish Encyclopedia informs us that "Marc Antony, at the request of Hyrcanus, exempted the Jews from service in the armies because they were not allowed to carry arms or to travel on the Sabbath." Gibbon, in the sixteenth chapter of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," records the fate of two objectors in the third century. The first was Maximilianus, an African youth, produced by his own father before the magistrate as a sufficient

*THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. By Major Walter Guest Kellogg, J.A. With introduction by Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. Boni & Liveright.

and legal recruit and executed because he persisted in declaring that his conscience would not permit him to bear arms. The second was Marcellus the centurion, who, on the day of a public festival, threw away his belt, his arms and the ensigns of his office, and exclaimed with a loud voice that he would obey none but Jesus Christ and that he renounced forever the use of carnal weapons. "As he was convicted by his own confession," Gibbon says, "he was condemned and beheaded for the crime of desertion."

The Mennonites, we learn, were exempted from military service in Holland in 1575 and in Zealand in 1577. France, in 1793, accorded a similar privilege to the Mennonites in the Vosges. Napoleon, following these precedents, employed the Mennonites in hospital work on his campaigns. In the United States certain religious denominations were exempted from military service during the Civil War.

The history of the subject, in Major Kellogg's view, is important for present purposes only in so far as it shows that the problem persists and is recurrent. He goes on to say:

"The question: What shall be done with the conscientious objector? has never yet received a satisfactory answer. Successive generations of men have been content, during each war, to temporize with the question, to devise some easily-workable scheme which half solves but does not solve. Some day, undoubtedly, a solution will be attained, but that day will not come until the subject is given the thoughtful and sober consideration which it deserves. In the hurly-burly of war, expedients only can be devised and, amid all the busy concerns of peace, the problem of the objector will easily be forgotten only to present itself, in the event of a later war, as full of knots and perplexities as ever.

"In Great Britain and in the United States the question was raised early in the war and received the serious, but necessarily hurried, consideration of the officials of each government. It is indis-

putable that in both countries some injustice has unwittingly been done: injustice alike to the objector who, in many instances, was unfairly treated and whose case was not infrequently misjudged, and injustice to the splendid soldiers of each country who, without any instinctive love of fighting in their breasts, were yet willing to enter the firing line, while these other men, no more God-fearing than they, were tamely suffered, because of their conscientious scruples, to engage in farming or in industrial work at home or, at the signing of the armistice, were being adequately maintained 'over here' in comfortable camps by a paternalistic government. In so far as the war is over, the conscientious objector, as an administrative question, has disappeared. The problem, however, has not been solved."

Major Kellogg maintains that Great Britain and the United States have gone farthest in their efforts to do justice to the objector. He points out that France, Germany and most of the other European countries do not recognize objectors. Official data are lacking as to the number and disposition of men coming before the British tribunals. A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* last summer stated that 5,000 men had refused to accept military service in England; 3,771 of these underwent one trial by court-martial, 623 were twice tried, 491 three times, 202 four times, and 18 men were five times condemned to imprisonment at hard labor. Among the better-known English objectors are the writers Gilbert Cannan and Clive Bell; Francis Meynell, son of Alice Meynell; and Stephen Hobhouse, whose father is the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse and whose mother wrote the spirited appeal for the objector entitled "I Appeal Unto Caesar."

Contrary to public belief, the overwhelming majority of our conscientious objectors have been American-born. They ranged mentally from the buttonless Amish (described by Major Kellogg) who had never heard of the *Lusitania* or of General Pershing, to

the sophisticated Bolshevik who refused to fight in any war except the class-war. Major Kellogg sums up the results of his reflections on the conscientious objector as follows:

"I have these things to suggest:

"First, that the sincerity of all men presenting themselves as objectors be tried and determined. The insincere objectors should be put into general military service.

"Second: that the sincere objectors who are willing to accept noncombatant service should be assigned to noncombatant service.

"Third: that the sincere objectors who are unwilling to take noncombatant service should be given farm or industrial furloughs.

"Fourth: that the objectors who are unwilling to take either noncombatant service or farm or industrial furloughs should be deported from the United States of America.

"Fifth: if deportation is not possible because of the refusal of other countries to receive these absolutists, or for other reasons, then the United States must harbor them. Inasmuch as they have no right to a voice in governmental affairs, they should be disfranchised.

"Great Britain has introduced a bill to deprive an objector of his vote for a period of years. Canada already has enacted: 'All persons who shall have voted at a Dominion election held subsequent to the 7th day of October, 1917 . . . shall be ineligible and incompetent (a) to apply for or to be granted . . . exemption from combatant military or naval service on conscientious grounds, or (b) to be excepted as a Mennonite or as a Doukhobor . . . or exempted as such from combatant . . . service on conscientious grounds.'

"It has been suggested that 'absolutists' be colonized in some remote place where they could talk and argue to their heart's content—but by themselves.

"The practical difficulties of this plan immediately suggest themselves. Something, however, should be done to make definite and certain the standing of such men if ever again the government should call upon the manhood of the states."

INTEGRITY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOVEMENT THREATENED

SINCE its inception, Christian Science has gone through stormy ways. Seldom during its history has there been a period in which Mrs. Eddy or her disciples have not had to struggle hard to keep the faith pure. A few years ago, it was "malicious animal magnetism" and the ambitions of Mrs. Augusta Stetson that engrossed public attention. Now a new controversy has arisen over the control of the Christian Science Publishing Society. "There is no question among those who are in intimate touch with the Christian

Science movement as a whole," says a writer in the *New York Herald*, "that forces are at work in that organization which presage important changes in its government and administration."

It seems that when Mrs. Eddy died she bequeathed separate funds for the trustees to the Christian Science Publishing Society and to the directors of the Christian Science Mother Church. The understanding was that the trustees of the Publishing Society should print and distribute the Christian Science text-books and journals and turn over the profits semi-annually

A Record of the Feud of Rival Boards Over Control of Publishing Society

into the treasury of the Mother Church. This the trustees claim to have faithfully done. But within recent months so much friction has developed between the rival boards that two lawsuits have resulted. The trustees of the Publishing Society charge that the directors of the Mother Church aim to "create an absolute oligarchy in control of the great Christian Science movement"; and a temporary injunction has been issued restraining the directors from taking any action intended to interfere with the trustees. Mr. John V. Dittmore (until lately a mem-

ber of the board of directors, but now voted out of his position) has also brought suit to have the vote of dismissal declared void.

The whole story is told in two "Bills in Equity," one detailing the grievance of the trustees, Herbert W. Eustace, David B. Ogden and Lamont Rowlands, the other detailing Mr. Dittmore's grievance. Separate "Answers" to the charges of the trustees have been filed by Mr. Dittmore and by the present directors, Adam H. Dickey, James A. Neal, Edward A. Merritt, William R. Rathvon and Annie M. Knott.

In their "Bill in Equity" the trustees state that they "have all worked loyally, earnestly and faithfully as Christian Scientists and believers in its tenets and doctrines for the best interests of the Christian Science Church and the spread of Christian Science throughout the world." They also state that "the affairs of the Publishing Society have been highly prosperous and successful, and that they paid to the directors of the Mother Church on October 1, 1918, a sum in excess of \$450,000. Their complaint is that the directors "have been gradually endeavoring to assume and exercise powers with regard to the Publishing Society which the directors never assumed or attempted to exercise during the lifetime of Mrs. Eddy." They cite, in particular, the efforts of the directors to oust, first, Mr. Rowlands and, later, all three members of the board of trustees.

We do not find any mention of the *Christian Science Monitor* in the "Bill in Equity," filed by the trustees, but Mr. Dittmore, in replying, has a good deal to say about the Christian Science daily. He speaks of the "disloyalty, misconduct, mismanagement and inefficiency" of the trustees, and says that they long ago forfeited their trust by conduct as follows:

"By misrepresenting the circulation of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and selling advertising space therein by suppression of facts as to the amount of said circulation; by discharging old, faithful, experienced and efficient employees and replacing them with personal friends of the plaintiffs who were wholly inexperienced and incompetent; by permitting the quality of the mechanical work of the publications in their charge to deteriorate; by persistent incivility, arrogance and abuse of power toward their employees; by spreading demoralization among their servants and agents by acting toward them, and especially in the discharging or employing of their servants and agents, with caprice and prejudice; by gross extravagance in the management and conduct of the business entrusted to them; by the loss of large amounts of trust funds through mismanagement; by permitting the London Bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor* to maintain an organization entirely out of proportion, both in size and expense, to the other bureaus of the paper; by permitting the squan-

dering of large sums of money on dable news from the London Bureau, amounting to as much as \$21,000 in one month for transmitting matter which was largely rewritten from the London daily papers; by using the various publications in their charge as a means for the promotion of views and tenets inconsistent with and antagonistic to the doctrines of said Church, and by attempting to coerce into an adoption of said views persons applying for recognition as practitioners of Christian Science and desiring to place their cards in the columns of the *Christian Science Journal*; and by destroying all practical correlation of management between the editorial, news, distribution, advertising and financial departments of the *Christian Science Monitor*, thus impairing the efficiency and value of said paper and causing large and unnecessary waste and expense."

The "Answer" of the directors, Messrs. Dickey, Neal, Merritt, Rathvon and Mrs. Knott, rests on the contention that "the intent and purpose of Mrs. Eddy . . . was to keep the Christian Science Publishing Society, as well as the various other branches of activity originated by her . . . an integral part of the Mother Church." Speaking as the defendants in the case, with special reference to the trust deed under which the Publishing Society claims to be acting, they say:

"During the lifetime of Mrs. Eddy her intent and purpose as herein stated were well understood and fully effectuated.

"Said defendants deny that it was ever the purpose of Mrs. Eddy to keep the affairs of the Publishing Society under a separate control and management from that of her church, but, on the contrary, aver her purpose to have been to establish and maintain in the Mother Church a unified form of control over all the agencies and departments engaged in the activities originated by her. To that end she provided in said trust deed that said trustees should hold and manage said property and property rights in the promotion of the interests of Christian Science; that said trustees should once in every six months pay over to the treasurer of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, the entire net profits of the business of said trust, which money should be paid over to be held subject to the order of 'The First Members' of said Church, who were authorized to order its disposition only in accordance with the rules and by-laws contained in the Manual of said Church; that said trustees should so direct and manage the publication of the literature pertaining to the business of the trust as to promote 'the best interests of the Cause,' reserving the right to make such changes as she might think important. She also provided that said trustees and their successors in trust should not be eligible to said trusteeship, or to continue in the same, unless they are loyal, faithful and consistent believers and advocates of the principles of Christian Science as taught by her in her book, 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures'; that the First Members together with the di-

rectors of said Church should have the power to declare vacancies in said trusteeship, for such reasons as to them might seem expedient."

To the writer in the New York *Herald* already quoted, the entire controversy indicates that fundamental changes in the Christian Science Church are imminent. He repeats a characterization of the board of directors of the Mother Church as "the most autocratic body in the world," and he makes the charge that they raised their own salaries from \$2,500 a year to an amount that is said to be \$10,000 a year, without informing the Church membership. He says that the trustees' action "seriously threatens the integrity of the Christian Science movement as a whole and aims to separate it into parts which, it is held, would be incapable of standing alone." He continues:

"It should be understood that Christian Science itself is not on trial. Its value and truth as a religion are not in question. Whether or not it heals the ill and the sinning is not the issue. Further, the question is not one primarily of malfeasance in office or misappropriation or embezzlement of funds. It is the integrity of the Christian Science organization that is balanced on the edge of disaster, and the point to be decided is whether it is strong enough to endure an internal rending.

"The deed of trust provided that the profits of the Publishing Society be turned over, semi-annually, to the Board of Directors, to be expended by them in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Manual. This has been done, and for the six months ending October 1, 1918, the trustees handed over the sum of \$450,000 as profits. It has been shown, however, that only some \$287,000 of this amount represented profits of the Publishing Society for the six-months period, and that the remainder represents royalties due Mrs. Eddy's estate, an entirely different matter."

Mr. Albert F. Gilmore, of the Christian Science Committee on Publication, takes up, in the New York *Herald*, the statements that the directors of the Mother Church are "autocratic" and that members of this Church are about to make important changes in its government. "Neither of these reports," he says, "has much basis in fact." He writes further: "Doubtless there are a very few of the great many members of this Church who are dissatisfied with its board of directors and are willing to change its government. Such a minority could be found in any large organization, but in this one, support of the Church government and confidence in its board of directors approach unanimity, and this state of things exists in spite of systematic and persistent efforts by a few members to produce dissatisfaction and revolt."

THE ORIENTAL PESSIMISM THAT CREATES RUSSIAN INCONSISTENCY

THAT curious clash in Russian thought between East and West is perhaps nowhere more strikingly illuminated, thinks a reviewer of the *London Times*, than in the works of the philosopher Solovyov. Stephen Graham has told us that all that is positive in modern Russian thought springs from the teachings of Vladimir Solovyov. Introducing "The Justification of the Good" (Constable, London) to English readers, Mr. Graham writes: "Tolstoy we know; Dostoevsky we know; and now comes a new force into our lives, Solovyov, the greatest of the three."

However, to the Western mind, this great Russian moralist presents a striking example, the *Times* authority asserts, of Russian inconsistency, the typical inconsistency of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and the rest. "There is in his mind a conflict between a natural Oriental pessimism and an acquired Western optimism."

"He himself is entirely unaware of it; to himself he is a Christian; but his Christianity is tainted by ancient heresies natural to the Eastern mind, and so natural to him that he thinks they are a part of Christianity. In actual Christianity there always has been a drift towards Manicheism, checked again and again by conscious dogmatic statement or unconscious revolt. The very affirmation that God made all things in heaven and earth is a denial of Manicheism; but here we find it still possessing the mind of a trained philosopher just as it possessed the mind of Tolstoy. Again it comes to us out of the East, a dark Asiatic madness, a melancholy deeper than thought, betraying itself in Solovyov's very conception of the nature of morality. He protests, as we have said, that he is a Christian and denounces Schopenhauer; yet, wherever he is a Christian, he is inconsistent with his own first principles. In them he is a follower of Schopenhauer, or rather one of those Eastern pessimists whom Schopenhauer followed with a European zest that denied his own pessimism. Schopenhauer was consistent in thought, but his mood, his cheerful malice, contradicted his thought; Solovyov is inconsistent in thought, but underlying that inconsistency there is a mood of despondency which betrays itself whenever he speaks with most conviction."

Solovyov was the son of the famous Russian historian. He was born in 1853 and died in 1900. He influenced Dostoevsky to no small extent. He was, as Maurice Baring tells us, absolutely independent in his stand. His sole aim was to seek out the truth for the sake of the truth. In an age of positivism he remained a Christian. He dreamed of uniting the Eastern and

the Western churches. He was the first intellectual Russian to point out to a generation which took atheism as a matter of course that they were possibly inferior instead of superior to religion. And yet, to the Western mind at least, his preaching of moral goodness, of pity, of self-effacement, of reverence toward the supernatural, seems based upon the most withering pessimism. He is the advocate of the universe, of a God of Love, yet he fails to make them attractive. He cannot make us like his universe, declares the *Times* critic, try as he will. That is the mark of the true pessimist. The more he praises it, the more we rebel. At best he can only preach contentment. But "we cannot be content to be content with the universe: we must finally side with exultation or with despair."

Solovyov's very psychology, we read on, is perverted by this deep-seated Oriental pessimism. Love for him finds its origin in pity. Pity is a more moral feeling than love. He believes that all good has its origin in pain; he is unable to conceive a good state of mind that is not painful to him who experiences it. "Love in itself or love in general," writes the Russian, "is not a virtue; the virtue behind it, the unconditional virtue, is always pity." This, asserts his English critic, is contrary to the whole Christian faith as well as to all of human experience. "Love is deeper than both joy and sorrow—these are but incidents of it which it accepts and to which it gives a quality, a meaning, they lack without it." Moreover:

"Solovyov, in denying that love is a virtue, betrays the fact that, in his profound pessimism, he does not know the meaning of the word love. 'Selfish love for oneself and one's property, passionate love of drink or of horse-racing, is not reckoned as a virtue.' But these things are not love. Men cannot love themselves; self-love is only a metaphor, a *reductio ad absurdum* of egotism. It means that the egotist is so incapable of love that he would love himself if he could. Self-love is a word for a negative, meaning the absence of love for others; and when we speak of the love of property or drink, we also use the word metaphorically; we mean that a man commits the absurdity of behaving as if it were possible to love these things. Solovyov quotes the words of St. John—'Love not the world'—which, he says, are an expression of the fundamental principle of asceticism. But asceticism itself is not fundamental, except for pessimists like Solovyov. It is a negative means to a positive end, a means to love. When we say that a man loves the world, or anything else that cannot be an object of love, we mean that he is, by some kind of egotism, preventing himself from lov-

Vladimir Solovyov a Striking Example of the Clash of East and West in Russian Thought

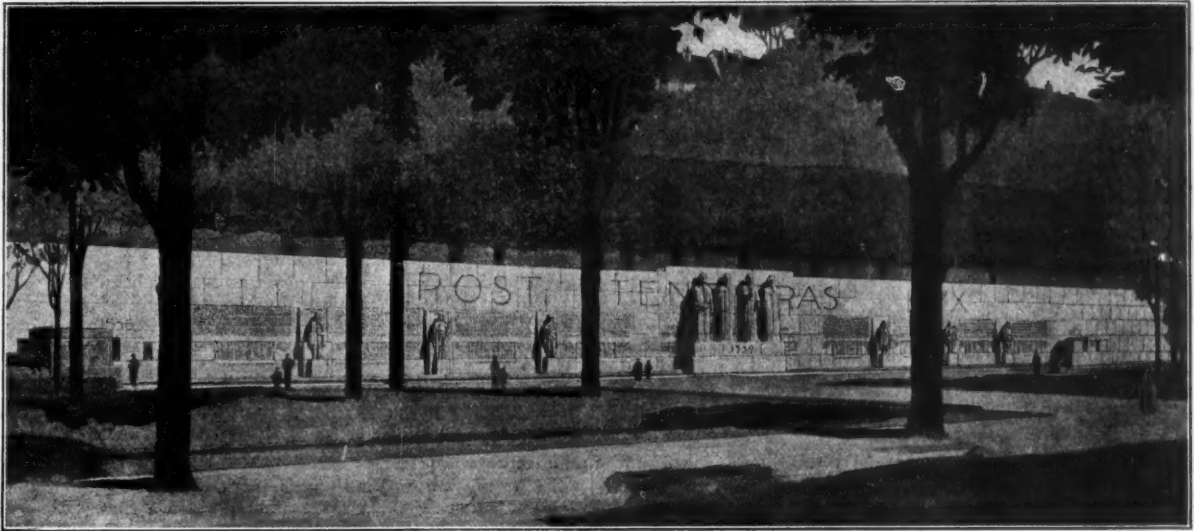
ing. Love, by definition, is self-forgetfulness in something that can be loved. Solovyov does not really believe in the existence of that which can be loved for its own sake. He tries, but unconsciously, instinctively, he fails. Still he says that love of our neighbor has its source in pity, and love of God in reverence, which means to him fear or gratitude. He is too despondent to affirm in either that quality which directly moves us to love. The great positive passion does not exist for him because to him the universe, God himself, is negative, forbidding; and all good consists in refusing and in the pain of refusal."

The greatest value in this book, which introduces the great Russian moralist to Western Europe, is, according to his English critic, the profound insight into problems of practical importance. In the field of economics he is neither pessimist nor Manichee. Here he escapes from his psychological error. He destroys the illusion of the "economic man." Man lives not by bread alone. He is not merely an economic being. The Marxian Socialists are infected by this error, Solovyov acutely points out, no less than the bourgeois economists they attack. In his own words:

"The defect of the orthodox school of political economy—the Liberal, or more exactly the Anarchical, school—is that it separates on principle the economic sphere from the moral. The defect of Socialism is that it more or less confuses or wrongly identifies these two distinct, tho indivisible, spheres. From the plutocratic point of view the normal man is, in the first place, a capitalist, and then, *per accidens*, a citizen, head of a family, an educated man, member of some religious union, etc. Similarly, from the Socialist point of view all other interests become insignificant and retreat into the background—if they do not disappear altogether before the economic interest. . . .

"Economic relations are based upon a simple and ultimate fact, which cannot, as such, be deduced from the moral principle—the fact, namely, that work, labor, is necessary to the maintenance of life. . . . The necessity to work in order to obtain the means of livelihood is, indeed, a matter of fate and independent of human will. But it is merely an impetus which spurs men to activity, the further course of that activity being determined by psychological and moral, not by economic, causes."

"The struggle between the two hostile camps," Vladimir Solovyov wrote of the capitalists and the Socialists, "is not one of principle. . . . One party is concerned with the material welfare of the capitalist minority, the other with the material welfare of the labor majority." This is of course not true, says the London critic, of all types of



A NEW INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL TO CALVIN AND THE REFORMATION

This series of mural sculptures, recently erected in Geneva, Switzerland, and fronting one of Geneva's famous parks, portrays, in figures of heroic size, the leading personages and the chief events of the movement out of which grew modern democracy.

Socialism; but in the field of economics Solovyov at least does not condemn the nature of the universe or the nature of man, because economics is a

wholly Western study, and he had not read his own Eastern heresy into it. Inevitably, declares the *Times* critic, if he had thought consistently, Solovyov

would have been forced by his economic doctrine to give up his Manicheism, or by his Manicheism to give up his economic doctrine.

COMMEMORATING THE REFORMATION IN STONE

THE noblest of all the memorials of the Reformation," is what Dr. William Eliot Griffis, the distinguished Orientalist and preacher, calls the mural sculpture recently appeared in Geneva, Switzerland. Many nations, he tells us, helped to create this book of history in stone. When the project was first set forth in 1909, a large committee in the United States, headed by Theodore Roosevelt, promised financial aid; but, owing to the death of many of the active workers and the oncoming of the world-war, the American contribution has been insignificant.

The work, artistically, is the result of the zealous cooperation of Swiss and French artists, sculptors and architects. It portrays, in figures of heroic size, the leading personages and the chief events of that mighty movement of the human mind out of which grew modern democracy, the public-school system and the age of science. Dr. Griffis reminds us (in the *New York Times*):

"Geneva, which sprang into world-wide fame as the citadel of the solid scholarship of the Reformation, became under Calvin a theocratic municipal republic. It is now a cosmopolitan city, living up to its motto, *Post tenebras lux*. The successors of Calvin still hold tenaciously to the ethical core and the philosophy of

St. Augustine's intellectual successor, who harnessed anew the doctrine of the sovereignty of God to a reborn Christianity founded upon primitive records. But the very men who reared this splendid work of art have placed a monument over the ashes of Servetus. In likewise honoring Calvin they have chiseled in stone their regret that he and other men, in the name of God, once thought it necessary to burn each other because of differences in speculative opinions. On a beautiful island in the lake rises a monument also to Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

"Naturally it is to that line of development in the Reformation which centers in Calvin as the leading spirit, and in Geneva as the citadel, that this: contemporaneous memorial has been laid; for Luther has his mighty monument at Worms in Germany. Yet the new memorial is not merely of local interest or import. It is of international significance because it shows the influence and outworking, in many countries, of the recovery, in the sixteenth century, of ancient truths."

Even those who like to ignore the past, or are hostile to it, will view with interest, Dr. Griffis predicts, these tableaux in stone, forming "a processional of history with Geneva as the starting-point." He goes on to describe the sculptures in detail:

"In the central group stand Farel, Calvin, Beza and Knox. The first was a popular orator and man of action. He taught ethics, but cared little for dogma; the second gave logical precision to the

Geneva Erects an Immense Monument on the Four Hundredth Anniversary of Calvin's Birth

Reformation doctrines and laid the foundations of modern democracy, in teaching that all men are equal before God and that human salvation rests on a divine purpose of love older than kings, thrones, or earthly institutions; Beza, the scholar and translator, carried on Calvin's work; John Knox, father of the public schools, transformed feudal Scotland into a church republic.

"Flanking these gowned and capped men of the pen, who were builders of the Church, are the makers of governments—Coligny, William the Silent, Oliver Cromwell, Bocskay of Transylvania, the Elector, Frederick William of Brandenburg, and Roger Williams. The historical bas-reliefs, which are spirited and artistic, represent the scenes associated with modern liberty, in which the men commemorated in statues were actors, and in the elucidation of which they were exemplars.

"With each of these is a notable text or representation in bas-relief. These are, on the right, the Edict of Nantes, in France; the Declaration of Independence by the United States; of the Netherlands forming the Dutch Republic, in 1851; the Great Elector, in 1685, offering refuge to the Huguenot refugees; and the unpictured stone, in commemoration of the Reformation in Geneva, in 1536. On the left are the Mayflower Compact, in 1620; the Declaration of Rights in England, in 1689; the Hungarian Diet of 1606, receiving notice of the Peace of Vienna, which granted religious liberty in the realm. A smaller stone tells of the deliverance of Geneva in 1606. All of

these texts, with a generous bibliography illustrating the celebration, in 1909, of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin, are duly set forth in

handbooks easily accessible to the tourist. Happily, in this age of critical appraisal and recognition of our spiritual forebears, the American, without accept-

ing the subjective opinions of leaders of the race or imitating them in the faults of their age, can admire their greatness and pay tribute to their nobler traits."

UPTON SINCLAIR REPROVED [FOR "SWATTING VENERABLE HEADS"]

In His New Rôle as Religious Iconoclast, Mr. Sinclair Comes Into Conflict with Dean Hodges

IS it true that books attacking Christianity and the organized church are boycotted by literary reviewers in America? Upton Sinclair, the novelist and Socialist, answers this question in the affirmative, and points, in support of his answer, to the fact that most of the papers to which he sent his latest book, "The Profits of Religion,"* ignored it. The real truth seems to be that some reviewers are thin-skinned and others are thick-skinned; that some are genuinely afraid of spiritual dynamite and that others know how to handle it.

One reviewer, at any rate—a churchman, Dean Hodges, of Cambridge, Mass.—is not afraid to give his honest opinion of "The Profits of Religion." He deals with the book in an article in the New York *Churchman* entitled, "Swatting Venerable Heads." The phrase is Sinclair's own, and occurs in a closing passage in the book which reads as follows: "We have had a lark together: we have gone romping down the vista of the ages, swatting every venerable head that showed itself, beating the dust out of ancient delusions."

Upton Sinclair, according to Dean Hodges, has addressed himself to the thankless, but perhaps useful, task of taking every kind of current religion and saying everything bad that can be said about it. "It is the method," Dean Hodges says, "which Mr. Sinclair's old friends, the muck-rakers, used with a series of cities." Mr. Sinclair, the argument proceeds, is "the righteous." He confesses it himself: not offensively, but with a quiet regard for the honest truth. "I am a man who has suffered, and has seen the suffering of others; I have devoted my life to analyzing the causes of the suffering, to find out if it be necessary and fore-ordained, or if by any chance there is a way of escape for future generations." He believes that there is a way of escape, if only the churches may be converted from their immemorial profiteering. Dean Hodges writes further:

"He takes us one by one in turn: the 'Church of the Conquerors' (this is the old religion, before Christianity); the 'Church of Good Society' (this is ourselves); the 'Church of the Servant Girls' (these are the Romanists); the 'Church of the Slavers,' the 'Church of the Merchants' (these are our prosperous Protestant brethren); the 'Church of the

Quacks' (these are the Mormons and the Christian Scientists and the Holy Rollers); and finally the 'Church of the Social Revolution' (to which Mr. Sinclair himself belongs). All our heads being thus broken, we have at least the consolation of sympathetic company.

"Mr. Sinclair says that he was a good churchman in his youth, and indeed in his extreme youth was a 'little cherub with shining face and shining robes who carried one-half the bishop's train [Bishop Potter's train!] in the stately ceremonials of the Church.' Finding him thus manufacturing a bishop's 'train' out of whole cloth, as the appropriate phrase is, we easily suspect him of other equally picturesque errors. Dr. F. G. Peabody, who held the Plummer Professorship of Christian Morals at Harvard, will be interested to read about 'the Rev. F. G. Plummer, late Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard University.' 'Prof. Plummer,' says Mr. Sinclair, 'has written several books on the social teachings of Jesus.' These, however, are insignificant mistakes. They were likely to occur as one went 'romping down the vista of the ages, swatting every venerable head that showed itself.'"

Dean Hodges' fundamental quarrel with the book is that "it plays with tragic facts." He says:

"It tells a thousand wholesome truths, but tells them in the manner of one who points out a man in a pillory to the derisive laughter of a crowd. No man in a pillory was ever changed by that sort of discipline, except for the worse. He doubts the sincerity of his tormentor, and suspects that what he chiefly cares for is not the reform of an offender but the clapping of the hard palms of the lookers-on. 'We have had a lark together,' says Mr. Sinclair to his readers at the close of the book. But the matters with which he deals are too tragically serious for this light-handed treatment. It is like having a lark with the Germans in the streets of a devastated town."

Mr. Sinclair's comment on all this is that the problems of religion are far too serious to be settled by "urbane laughter." He complains that his critic stresses non-essentials:

"Dean Hodges takes a book which contains three hundred and fifteen pages, and anywhere from one to a dozen facts upon a page, and he discovers two wrong facts in the book. What are they? First, a secretary, copying a name, turned Professor F. G. Peabody, of the Plummer chair at Harvard, into 'Professor F. G. Plummer.' Second, the writer says that he carried one-half a bishop's 'train' when he was a boy. Dean Hodges finds it funny that I should have 'manufactured

a bishop's train out of the whole cloth.' I can only state that I was one of two little boys who walked behind the bishop, holding up some portion of his costume, the technical name of which I cannot produce.

"The writer is working to build up the Socialist movement, a demand for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, where Jesus, the carpenter's son, desired to see it established. If Dean Hodges were to write a book presenting several thousand facts tending to prove that the Socialist movement had fallen from its duty as a herald of social justice, I would not feel that I had answered his book by picking out two errors of such weight and importance."

Mr. Sinclair goes on to insist that his book, instead of being merely a mass of uncomplimentary facts about the church, as Dean Hodges' review might lead one to suppose, sustains a definite point of view and has a definite structure. That point of view and structure appears in the very first sentence of the book: "This is a study of Supernaturalism from a new point of view—as a Source of Income and a Shield to Privilege." At the beginning of the chapter entitled "The Church of the Slavers" occurs the sentence: "The thesis of this book is the effect of fixed dogma in producing mental paralysis, and the use of this mental paralysis by Economic Exploitation."

Moreover, Mr. Sinclair insists, the book is not merely an indictment. It has a constructive program of which the Dean's review says little or nothing. He illustrates this point by quoting from the book:

"You will have read this book to ill purpose if you draw the conclusion that there is anything in it to spare you the duty of getting yourself moral standards and holding yourself to them. On the contrary, because your task is the highest and hardest that man has yet undertaken—for this reason you will need standards the most exacting ever formulated. . . . Out of the pit of ignorance and despair we emerge into the sunlight of knowledge, to take control of a world, and to make it over, not according to the will of any gods, but according to the law in our own hearts. For that task we have need of all the resources of our being; of courage and high devotion, of faith in ourselves and our comrades, of clean, straight thinking, of discipline both of body and mind. We go to this task with a knowledge as old as the first moral impulse of mankind—the knowledge that our actions determine the future, not merely for ourselves, but for all the race."

* THE PROFITS OF RELIGION: AN ESSAY IN ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION. By Upton Sinclair. Pub. by the Author, Pasadena, Calif.

Literature and Art

OVER THE TOP WITH THE NEW NOVELISTS

NOTHING happens in the "new" fiction. There is no story. There is no drama. Climax, character, setting, plot, it seems, have all been "scrapped." Such is the latest news from England, where the more advanced critics are greeting such work as that of Miss Dorothy Richardson (published in this country by Alfred A. Knopf) and of Mr. James Joyce as something new under the sun. Yet if the art of the novelist consists in telling a story, Miss Dorothy Richardson has undoubtedly missed her vocation, for she has no story to tell. Miss May Sinclair, a novelist herself, who often admits a plot into her own fictions, assures us that the essence of Miss Richardson's ideal is that "there is no drama, no situation, no set scene. Nothing happens. It is just life going on and on." Miss Richardson's novels, so Hugh Walpole writes from London to the *N. Y. Sun*, are the supply to the demand for some new form of expression. He says:

"There is a new form and there have been several most interesting examples of it quite recently. The latest and perhaps the most adventurous is 'The Tunnel,' by Miss Dorothy Richardson. This book is the fourth in a series, the story of Miriam Henderson's life. There is nothing very new in this. Have we not had 'Jean Christopher' and 'Pelle the Conqueror,' and 'Hilda Lessways'? But what is new is Miss Richardson's plan of submerging her central figure deep below the waters of her experience so that instead of a progressive story with event following reality upon event we have the buffeting, dazzling, often bewildering concussions that Miriam suffered. We are given no explanations by the author. This is what her heroine suffered—we may take it or leave it. We are offered apparently no arrangement, no selection, no emphasis—we are presented simply with truth, tangled, difficult, confused, but truth at its nakedest. A long way this from the tedious explanatory method of Henry James, altho that 'The Tunnel' is a grandchild of 'The Golden Bowl' is beyond question."

If Miss Richardson is leading the modern English novel over the top into some sort of artistic no man's land, the critic of the London *Telegraph* assures us, nevertheless, that her plan of

attack is quite completely thought out. Miss Richardson knows what she is trying to do. "If the art of the newest school of fiction is justified in representing narrative as a study of 'a stream of consciousness going on and on' then she must be pronounced an extremely clever, and often brilliant, exponent of a very difficult kind of literary workmanship."

"The point of view is punctiliously subjective. This is now the fourth volume in which Miss Richardson has been engaged in studying 'the stream of consciousness' as it 'goes on and on' in the mind of a single female character, Miriam Henderson. This very modern woman is rather out of sympathy with the other sex, intensely self-centered, musical, literary, super-sensitive, and with all these foibles of temperament to torture or sustain her is thrown by Fate into the post of assistant to a partnership of dentists.

"It is her business to fetch and carry the implements of this peculiarly painful profession, to whisk away napkins, to sterilize extracted teeth, and to act as a sort of general secretary and factotum to the practice as well. It would be difficult to imagine a more harrowing job for a high-strung girl, and the book is, indeed, sufficiently full of unpalatable details of the life of a bustling dental surgery.

"But it is not the externals of Miriam Henderson's daily career that constitute its chief interest—the real quality of the book lies in its extraordinarily intimate revelation of the processes of a nervous, mobile, feminine temperament. The novelist's method is to reveal everything through the medium of her heroine's brain; nothing happens dramatically, nothing is told from the outside; we see the stream of trivial incidents exclusively as they affect the consciousness of Miriam Henderson."

As a sample of this new brand of fiction we are given a picture of Miriam Henderson busy at her work in the office of the fashionable dentist in Wimpole Street. It is at the moment that Lady Cazalet is announced. Miss Richardson handles her material in this fashion:

"Miriam swept from the bracket-table the litter of used instruments and materials, disposing them rapidly on the cabinet into the sterilizing tray, the waste basket and the wash-hand basin, tore the uppermost leaf from the head-rest pad,

Dropping the Ancient Trappings and Armed With a New Technique, They Are Leading Us Into a No Man's Land of Fiction

and detached the bandpiece from the arm of the motor drill while the patient was being shown up-stairs. Mr. Handcock had cleared the spittoon, set a fresh tumbler, filled the kettle and whisked the debris of amalgam and cement from the bracket-table before he began the scrubbing and cleansing of his hands, and when the patient came in Miriam was in her corner reluctantly handling the instruments, wet with the solution that crinkled her fingertips and made her skin brittle and dry.

"Everything was in its worst state. The business of drying and cleansing, freeing fine points from minute adhering fragments . . . brought across her the ever-recurring circle. The things were begun, they were getting on, she had half done . . . the exasperating tediousness of holding herself to the long series of tiny careful attention-demanding movements. . . . Were there any sort of people who could do this kind of thing patiently without minding? . . . the evolution of dentistry was wonderful, but the more perfect it became the more and more of this sort of thing there would be . . . the more drudgery workers, at fixed salaries . . . it was only possible for people who were fine and nice . . . there must be, everywhere, women doing this work for people who were not nice. They could not do it for the work's sake. Did some of them do it cheerfully as unto God?

"It was wrong to work unto man. But could God approve of this kind of thing . . . was it right to spend life cleaning instruments . . . the blank moment again of gazing about in vain for an alternative . . . all work was drudgery. That is not the answer. . . . Blessed be Drudgery.

"A dentist at his best ought to be more delicately strung and fine than a doctor . . . like a fine engraving . . . a surgeon working among live nerves . . . and he would look different himself. It was in him. It was keeping to that, all day, and every day, choosing the best, difficult, tiresome way in everything that kept that radiance about him when he was quietly at work. . . . I mustn't stay here thinking these thoughts . . . it's that evil thing in me, keeping on and on, always thinking thoughts, nothing getting done . . . going through life like—a stuck pig."

The record is not confined to things seen and heard. The subject's own thoughts are mixed up with her impressions, so that the reader gets, in "one gray burial blent," the thing seen, the reflection it prompts, and the half-unconscious comment, sometimes in a merely vague idea, scarcely ripe for

utterance, and at others in a sudden burst of song or irrelevant quotation, striking like a lurid flashlight across the register of consciousness still "streaming on and on." Nothing like it, so far as the London *Telegraph* (unfamiliar perhaps with Gertrude Stein's "Three Lives") is aware, has ever been attempted before. "It is at first a bewildering experiment, but as the reader's mind becomes attuned to the method he can scarcely fail to recognize its astonishing cleverness and its almost distressing fidelity to type."

"The 'stream' of Miriam Henderson's 'consciousness' absorbs, by the way, a number of strange and generally vulgar people, wonderfully revealed through the effect they make upon her own mind. Their conversation is exaggerated in the very fashion that it would strike upon a sensitive taste; the reader feels instinctively the distaste felt by Miriam Henderson for surroundings which she never definitely criticizes.

"One rises from the book with a sense of having seen life through the lobe of another person's brain, and under a white and searching light; of having, as it were, been admitted to confidence that one ought almost to be ashamed to enjoy. Such a method can never become generally popular, nor are there many young novelists who could be trusted to employ it with confidence. But Miss Dorothy Richardson has mastered her own medium, and the experiment is of the very greatest interest and suggestion. Her future is one to be watched with lively expectation. She will undoubtedly leave her mark upon her time."

But it is not, as this praise might lead us to believe, Miss Richardson alone who is attempting thus to reconstruct the modern novel. A critic of the London *Times* finds other suggestions and indications of a new revolution in the technique of fiction. The writer expresses dissatisfaction with

the absence of the spirit of invention among the more prominent British novelists:

"The mediocrity of most novels seems to arise from a conviction on the part of the writer that unless his plot provides scenes of tragedy, comedy and excitement, an air of probability so impeccable that if all his figures were to come to life they would find themselves dressed down to the last button in the fashion of the hour, he has failed in his duty to the public. If this, roughly as we have stated it, represents his vision, his mediocrity may be said to be natural rather than imposed; but as often as not we may suspect some moment of hesitation in which the question suggests itself whether life is like this after all? Is it not possible that the accent falls a little differently, that the moment of importance came before or after, that, if one were free and could set down what one chose, there would be no plot, little probability, and a vague general confusion in which the clear-cut features of the tragic, the comic, the passionate, and the lyrical were dissolved beyond the possibility of separate recognition? The mind, exposed to the ordinary course of life, receives upon its surface a myriad impressions—trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms, composing in their sum what we might venture to call life itself; and to figure further as the semi-transparent envelope, or luminous halo, surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not perhaps the chief task of the novelist to convey this incessantly varying spirit with whatever stress or sudden deviation it may display, and as little admixture of the alien and external as possible? We are not pleading merely for courage and sincerity; but suggesting that the proper stuff for fiction is a little other than custom would have us believe it."

It is in the two novels of James Joyce rather than the four novels of Dorothy Richardson that this critic

finds the most notable expression of the new spirit. The work of Mr. Joyce, he asserts, attempts to come closer to life, to preserve more sincerely and exactly what interests and moves him by discarding most of the conventions which are commonly conserved by the novelists. "Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness. Let us not take it for granted that life exists more in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small." Both in "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and in "Ulysses" (now appearing in the *Little Review*), Mr. Joyce is, in method, spiritual rather than materialistic. "Concerned at all costs to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its myriad messages through the brain, he disregards with complete courage whatever seems to him adventitious, tho it be probability or coherence or any other of the hand-rails to which we cling for support when we set our imagination free." There is nothing, concludes this penetrating critic, forbidden in the realm of the new fiction but falsity and pretence. There is no bound to the new horizon:

"'The proper stuff of fiction' does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction; whatever one honestly thinks, whatever one honestly feels. No perception comes amiss; every good quality, whether of the mind or spirit, is drawn upon and used and turned by the magic of art to something little or large, but endlessly different, everlastingly new. All that fiction asks of us is that we should break her and bully her, honor and love her, till she yields to our bidding, for so her youth is perpetually renewed and her sovereignty assured."

THE NEW SPORT OF GASSING FAMOUS MEN

IN the days of Pope and Dryden it was customary for men of letters to write and print what they thought of each other with the most devastating frankness. Nowadays literary criticism has become polite. We have grown too smug, says A. St. John Adcock. We are in the habit of saying quite plainly in private what we think of our celebrities of art and letters, but only the pleasanter things in print. We have lost the gift of candor and the art of satire. "We do need a more censorious press." However, since the publication of Lytton Strachey's bitter and withering "Eminent Victorians," a new frankness has crept into certain books criticizing the contemporary celebrities of English life and

letters. Examples of this new candor are "Uncensored Celebrities" (Holt), by E. T. Raymond, and especially Gerald Cumberland's "Set Down in Malice" (Brentano).

Mr. Cumberland's book has created a sensation in England. It has called forth vigorous protests from Arnold Bennett, Hall Caine and Ernest Newman. It has led his publisher, Grant Richards, to announce publicly that he had inserted opposite the passage that was offensive to Mr. Bennett a slip in which Mr. Cumberland corrects the error into which he had fallen. To the reviewer of the *Saturday Review* this book recalls the maxim that if everyone knew what others said of him behind his back, there would not be left

Gerald Cumberland's "Set Down in Malice" Causes a Literary Scandal by Its Irreverent Flippancy

three friends in the world. A critic of the London *Evening News* describes Mr. Cumberland's lampoons as on a plane with the precocious schoolboy's scurrilous attacks on his masters. His saving grace is that, if he does not spare his victims, he is certainly not reticent about himself. Mr. Ernest Newman declares in the *Observer* that these charming indiscretions may mean for their author literary suicide.

Nevertheless, the book is not too malicious, but a very readable collection of journalistic reminiscences. Bernard Shaw, Hall Caine, Arnold Bennett, Sir Edward Elgar, Beatrice and Sidney Webb ("Mr. Beatrice and Mrs. Sidney Webb"), Frank Harris, the late Stanley Houghton, Miss Horniman and the

Manchester group, are all treated or mistreated in this new volume. When he began his journalistic career in Manchester—his real name is C. F. Kenyon—the author confesses that he labored under the youthful delusion that people who wrote books must be agreeable to meet. While still in school the great G. B. S. had written him a letter. Later they met. Gerald found George provokingly dry.

"Shaw droned on about Sidney Webb and the Fabian Society. So many people have talked to me of Sidney Webb. I wonder why. I have heard Mr. Sidney Webb; he knows all about figures and dates and money and wages, and so on. But of human nature he knows nothing; he knows less than a child, for a child has at least intuition. Figures don't go very far, do they? Of course, by manipulation you can make them go all the way."

But underneath the flippancy of the young journalist there quite openly smoulders a great admiration for Shaw. And there is no malice in this recital of an interview with Lloyd George:

"I went prejudiced against him and determined at all hazards not to allow myself to be won over by that charm of manner of which I had heard so much. But in five minutes I had succumbed. He has a wonderful gift of making you feel that he thinks you are the most interesting and most intelligent person he has ever met. What he really does think, I suppose, is that you (of course, I don't mean you: I mean myself) are an unmitigated bore, and while his eyes are smiling at you he is really saying to himself: 'Why doesn't the fellow go?' . . . Yes, he has charm. He does not fuss and he is not overemphatic in his manner. And he is a most deferential listener. He will even ask you your opinion about matters of which he knows ten times more than yourself, and he will do you the honor of arguing with you."

Gerald Cumberland comes from Manchester, that great intellectual center where the *Guardian* is published and Miss Horniman cultivated her garden of dramatists:

"Everybody in Manchester, it should be explained, writes plays; at least, I have never yet met a man in that delectable city who does not. Moreover, they 'study' them. They weigh and compare the merits of Stanley Houghton and Ibsen, Harold Brighouse and Strindberg, Allan Monkhouse and Björnson, Arnold Bennett and Hauptmann, Laurence Housman and Brieux, and so forth. They search for 'inner meanings'; the more earnest of them hunt for 'messages'; the more delicate seek to perceive Fine Shades. They are veritable disciples of Miss Horniman—priggishly intellectual, self-consciously superior. And, of course, the frock of their salvation is St. Bernard. Innocuous people enough, but impossible to live in the same city with."

Of the late Stanley Houghton, author of "Hindle Wakes" and most distinguished dramatist of the Manchester school, Mr. Cumberland presents a most uncharitable picture. They were contemporaries. Houghton became successful, famous. He went up to London, his plays were in demand in England, America, Australia. Gerald "decided to take a room in Bloomsbury and risk it." He left Manchester for the uncertainties of Fleet Street. He did not seek out Stanley Houghton. They met by chance:

"We met in the Strand, he wearing a fur-lined overcoat and looking a trifle like H. B. Irving, and I carrying a load of review books under my arm. We looked at each other; we hesitated; we stopped. Stanley was a trifle languid and, after a few inconsequent remarks, he began telling me the history of his fur overcoat. He had, he said, bought it for five pounds, or seven pounds, or some such

ridiculously low price, and he had bought it second hand.

"And (Fate wills these things) whenever I hear the name Stanley Houghton I think of that rather tall, rather aristocratic figure in the Strand wearing its second-hand fur-lined overcoat and talking, with embarrassment, about nothing in particular, standing first on one foot and then on the other. . . ."

Mr. Cumberland, as stated, was so unkind and unjust to Arnold Bennett that the publisher has had to correct the indiscretion of his author. To Gilbert K. Chesterton Cumberland is much kinder:

"If Arnold Bennett is the least picturesque and literary of figures, G. K. Chesterton is the most picturesque and literary. His mere bulk is impressive. On one occasion I saw him emerge from Shoe Lane, hurry into the middle of Fleet Street, and abruptly come to a standstill in the center of the traffic. He stood there for some time, wrapped in thought, while buses, taxis, and lorries eddied about him in a whirlpool and while drivers exercised to the full their gentle art of expostulation. Having come to the end of his meditations he held up his hand, turned around, cleared a passage through the horses and vehicles and returned up Shoe Lane. It was just as tho he had deliberately chosen the middle of Fleet Street as the most fruitful place for thought. Nobody else in London could have done it with his air of absolute unconsciousness, of absent-mindedness. And not even the most stalwart policeman, vested with full authority, could have dammed up London's stream of traffic more effectively."

"The more one sees of Chesterton the more difficult it is to discover when he is asleep and when he is awake. He may be talking to you most vivaciously one moment, and the next he will have disappeared: his body will be there, of course, but his mind, his soul, the living spirit within him, will have sunk out of sight."

A BAKER'S DOZEN OF DREISERIAN PORTRAITS

ONE approaches a new book by Theodore Dreiser, confesses his champion-in-chief, H. L. Mencken, with a certain uncomfortable uncertainty—with one's esthetic heart in one's month. Mr. Dreiser has in the last four years turned up, as it were, in the most unexpected fields. He has not only published those long novels that show such an aptitude for getting suppressed, but he has published books of travel, both domestic and foreign; he has written plays long and short; he has published essays on American life and morals; he has even broken into the *Saturday Evening Post* with some rather longish short stories. Now, with "Twelve Men" (Boni & Liveright), he has entered the field of

biography. The volume is a collection of impressionistic but realistic sketches of personalities, practically all drawn from life, from Theodore Dreiser's actual contact with the men he describes. And in depicting his twelve men, the author, of course, is indirectly autobiographical, so that, as the critic of the *Boston Transcript* notes, we feel his own presence continuously. "We see each of them through Mr. Dreiser's eyes and with his mind, and they are persistently very keen eyes and a very alert mind."

These sketches, according to Mr. Mencken, show a return to the early manner of Theodore Dreiser—"the manner of pure representation, of searching understanding, of unflinching gusto and contagious wonderment.

Theodore Dreiser Calls Them "Twelve Men" but Includes a Synthetic Picture of Himself

There is no banal philosophizing. There is no torturing of flabby theory. There is, above all, no burdening of ethical purpose, no laboring of a duty to be performed. Instead, there are simply a dozen sketches of character—rotund, brilliantly colored, absolutely alive. The thing is done capitably, and, at its top points, superbly." The most striking portrait, to most of the reviewers, is that of Dreiser's brother, Paul Dresser, the song-writer, who wrote, "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "On the Banks of the Wabash," and other popular ballads of two or three decades ago. Of him Mr. Dreiser tenderly writes:

"Imagine, if you can, a man weighing all of three hundred pounds, not more than five feet ten and one-half inches in

height, and yet of so lithesome a build that he gave not the least sense of either undue weight or lethargy. His temperament, always ebullient and radiant, presented him as a clever, eager, cheerful, emotional and always highly illusional person with so collic-like a warmth that we found him compelling interest and even admiration. . . . His world was that of the popular song, the middle-class actor or comedian, the middle-class comedy, and such humorous esthetes of the writing word as Bill Nye, Petroleum V. Nasby, the authors of the 'Spoopendyke Papers' and 'Samantha at Saratoga.' As far as I could make out—and I say this in no lofty, condescending spirit, by any means—he was entirely full of simple, middle-class romance, middle-class humor, middle-class tenderness, and middle-class grossness, all of which I am very free to say early disarmed and won me completely and kept me so much his debtor that I should hesitate to try to acknowledge or explain all that he did for or meant to me."

Only less interesting than this portrait of the man himself, writes Mr. Mencken, is the superb suggestion of the world in which he lived—Broadway of twenty-five years ago, the Broadway that had not yet stretched its tentacles above Forty-Second Street. Mr. Mencken interprets:

"But even more interesting than the man himself was the world he moved in and the culture he represented—the world and culture of the old Broadway, of vaudeville theaters, of the spangled demi-monde, of facile friendships, maudlin sentiments, gross revels, shady enterprises, stupid and hoggish folk. In such scenes he was a man of mark. He was the peer and intimate of other men of mark. He drank, drabbed and whooped 'er up with the best of them. But all the while he was something far finer than the others—a man of feeling, a dreamer of grotesque dreams, almost a poet. It was the contrast that made him salient and memorable, and it is the deft and poignant evocation of that contrast that makes his brother's portrait of him so brilliant and so excellent."

Other thinly-veiled portraits are of Muldoon, disguised as "Culhane, the Solid Man"; Harris Merton Lyon, the short-story writer, appearing as "Mau-passant, Jr.," and of a forlorn preposterous evangelist, "A Doer of the Word." The latter is, to Heywood Brown of the *N. Y. Tribune*, one of the most brilliant sketches of the book. It deals with the attempt of an old man to lead a literal Christian life. The surprise is that he succeeds. As he explains himself to the author:

"I've been working now for twenty years or more, and altho I've never had more money than would last me a few days at a time, I've never wanted for anything, and I've been able to help others. I've run pretty close sometimes. Time and time again I've been compelled to say: 'Lord, I'm all out of coal,' or 'Lord, I'm going to have to ask you to get me my fare to New Haven to-morrow,' but in the moment of my need He has never forgotten me. Why, I've gone down to the depot time and time again when it was necessary for me to go, without five cents in my pocket, and He's been there to meet me. Why, He wouldn't keep you waiting when you're about His work. He wouldn't forget you—not for a minute."

"I looked at the man in open-eyed amazement."

"Do you mean to say that you would go down to a depot without any money and wait for money to come to you?"

"Oh, brother," he said with the softest light in his eyes, "if you only knew what it is to have faith!"

"He laid his hand softly on mine."

"What is car-fare to New Haven or to anywhere to Him?"

A fairly respectable biography of Theodore Dreiser, declares the reviewer of the *New Republic*, might be concocted out of these twelve biographies. We glimpse him through this contact with them:

"Theodore Dreiser is a conscientious and competent observer, but an observer

galled and limited in range by strands of old repressions, angered to find himself bound by an inculcated morality in an age when others have fought free. He is constantly at war against his Puritanical instincts, with the result that he is never sure of his own boundaries. He can assume no consistent attitude, can put no coherence into the way he says his say about American life.

"There is, strangely enough, a kind of consistency in the lives of the twelve men he has chosen to represent. No less than six of them were men of great promise who died without achieving the things they seemed fitted to do. And four, perhaps five, can be put down as minor philanthropists, men who, because of some religious or personal bias, have found their happiness in serving others. For Dreiser it is a remarkable collection. In all of them the element of selfishness is reduced to a minimum; it is as if he had said to himself, that he had been confined too closely to the hopeless, that he would now make a study of the creative spirit and eternal kindness in men. He succeeds rather indifferently with the humanitarians. For them he seems to have only a mild and artificially exaggerated sympathy; and his misunderstanding of them verges in some instances on complete bewilderment. With the young journalists, artists and publicists he was in closer touch; catalogs of peculiarities occur, but vivified by inner acquaintance. . . .

"As an experiment in literary form the book is only a passable success. Interesting as many of the figures are, they interest only in themselves, and not in the sketches to follow. There is nothing in Peter to prepare us for the sudden change of atmosphere in A Doer of the Word, and tho the autobiographical thread exists it runs in tangled convolutions. There comes a time when the momentum is insufficient to carry over. To be sure there will be those who overcome the inertia, and turn the page, remembering that this man Dreiser never puts his best foot forward, never seems to be going to get anywhere, and yet, somehow, after a good deal of fuss and bungling, sometimes does."

A LITTLE JOURNEY INTO THE JUNGLE OF AMERICAN SPEECH

"I CAN write English, as in this clause, quite as readily as American, as in this here one," writes Henry L. Mencken, the latest and most thoro explorer of "the American language."* Mr. Mencken—or, as he so intimately calls himself, Mencken—penetrates into the forests and jungles of our native speech neither as missionary, teacher, prophet nor reformer. He is an explorer and inquirer merely for the joy of observation and discovery. He undertook this

*THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. A Preliminary Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

task, he confesses, as a recreation, and if, as he admits, this large book is anything but an exhaustive treatise, it is, nevertheless, as much a recreation to read as it must have been to write.

The study attracts the reviewer of the *Boston Transcript* by its literary significance and for its human appeal. "It abounds in the natural humor of the subject . . . it is impossible not to see the author smiling to himself, as he discusses some of the most preposterous and racy locutions which he has overheard in the streets of American cities." Mencken is never condescending toward the American language.

H. L. Mencken is the Guide in a Personally Conducted Tour of "The American Language"

On the contrary, he points out that "American" shows superior imagination to the English speech. "Movie," he thinks, is better than "cinema." It is not only better "American" but better English. "Bill-board" is a better word than the English "hoarding." Furthermore:

"For the student interested in the biology of language, as opposed to its paleontology, there is endless material in the race neologisms of American, and particularly in its new compounds and novel herbs. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of such inventions as *joy-ride*, *high-brow*, *road-louse*, *sob-sister*, *nature-*

fakir, stand-patter, lounge-lizard, hash-fogndry, buzz-wagon, has-been, end-seat-hog, shoot-the-chutes, and grapejuice-diplomacy.

"These phrases are bold; they are vivid; they have humor; they meet genuine needs. Joy-ride, I note, is already going over into English, and no wonder. There is absolutely no synonym for it; to convey its idea in orthodox English would take a whole sentence. And so, too, with certain single words of metaphorical origin; *barrel* for large and illicit wealth, *pork* for unnecessary and dishonest appropriations of public money, *joint* for illegal liquor-house, *tenderloin* for gay and dubious neighborhood. Most of these, and of the new compounds with them, belong to the vocabulary of disparagement. Here an essential character of the American shows itself: his tendency to combat the disagreeable with irony, to heap ridicule upon what he is suspicious of or doesn't understand."

Discussing American slang, Mencken makes the point that in its most vivid and brilliant inventions, its source is not among those 100,000,000 people who speak "American." A very large part of our current slang is propagated by the newspapers and much of it is invented by newspaper writers:

"One needs but turn to the slang of baseball to find numerous examples. Such phrases as to *clout the sphere*, the *initial sack*, to *slam the pill* and the *dexter meadow* are obviously not of bleachers manufacture. There is not enough imagination in the depressing army to devise such things; more often than not there is not even enough intelligence to comprehend them. The true place of their origin is the perch of the newspaper reporters, whose competence and compensation are largely estimated, at least on papers of wide circulation, by their capacity for inventing novelties. The supply is so large that connoisseurship has grown up; an extra-fecund slang-maker on the press has his following. During the summer of 1913 the *Chicago Record-Herald*, somewhat alarmed by the extravagant fancy of its baseball reporters, asked its readers if they would prefer a return to plain English. Such of them as were literate enough to send in their votes were almost unanimously against a change. As one of them said, 'One is nearer the park when Schulte *slams the pill* than when he merely *hits the ball*. In all other fields the newspapers originate and propagate slang, particularly in politics. Most of our political slang terms since the Civil War, from *pork barrel* to *steam roller*, have been their inventions. . . . The great majority of our newspapers, including all those of large circulation, are chiefly writ-

ten, as one observer says, not in English, but in a strange jargon of words that would have made Addison or Milton shudder in despair."

As contrasted with its parent tongue, "American" may be characterized by its "impatient disdain of rule and precedent, and hence its large capacity (distinctly greater than that of the English of England) for taking in new words and phrases and for manufacturing new locutions out of its own materials." In language we are restless, impetuous, swift to take short cuts.

"The American is not, in truth, lacking

the grammar teachers can hold the business back. But more important than our sheer inventions are our extensions of the vocabulary by the devices of rhetoric. We have been from the beginning, says Henry Mencken, the most ardent of recorded rhetoricians. Our politics bristles with pungent epithets, our whole history has been bedizened with "tall talk." In small things as in large we exercise an incomparable capacity for projecting hidden and often fantastic relationships into arresting parts of speech.

"Such a term as *rubber-neck* is almost a complete treatise on American psychology; it reveals the national habit of mind more clearly than any labored inquiry could ever reveal it. It has in it precisely the boldness and disdain of ordered forms that are so characteristically American, and it has, too, the grotesque humor of the country, and the delight in devastating opprobriums, and the acute feeling for the succinct and savory. The same qualities are in *rough-house*, *water-wagon*, *near-silk*, *has-been*, *lame-duck*, and a thousand other such racy substantives."

Who has written the classics of this "American" language? Thoreau was one of the first of our *littérateurs* to recognize the growth of a new language quite independent of the English of the British Isles. Mark Twain discovered that English and "American" were separate and distinct. George Ade wrote: "The American must go to England in order to learn for a dead certainty that he does not speak the English language. . . . This pitiful fact comes home to every American when he arrives in London—that there are two languages, the English and the American." Among American writers there has been an effort to write English:



HE WRITES AMERICAN

Altho Henry L. Mencken is one of the editors of the *Smart Set*, there is nothing effete or emasculated in his use of language. Probably no one is responsible, writes a Chicago critic, for more vigorous new verbiage. "The Mencken coinages are not merely imitative; they are ruminative. Mr. Mencken cocks his eye at a bit of piffle, and bingo! a dark brown word hits the bull's-eye with the force and impact of a quid."

in a capacity for discipline; he has it highly developed; he submits to leadership readily, and even to tyranny. But, by a curious twist, it is not the leadership that is old and decorous that fetches him, but the leadership that is new and extravagant. He will resist dictation out of the past, but he will follow a new messiah with almost Russian willingness, and into the widest vagaries of economics, religion, morals and speech. A new fallacy in politics spreads faster in the United States than anywhere else on earth, and so does a new fashion in hats, or a new revelation of God, or a new means of killing time, or a new metaphor or piece of slang."

We like to make our language as we go along, and not all the hard work of

"Despite the contrary examples of Mark Twain and Howells, all the more pretentious American authors try to write chastely and elegantly; the typical literary product of the country is still a refined essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*, perhaps gently jocose but never rough—by Emerson, so to speak, out of Charles Lamb—the sort of thing one might look to be done by a somewhat advanced English curate. George Ade, undoubtedly one of the most adept anatomists of the American character and painters of the American scene the national literature has yet developed, is neglected because his work is founded upon the national speech—not that he reports it literally, like Lardner and the hacks trailing after Lardner, but that he gets at and exhibits its very es-

sence. It would stagger a candidate for a doctorate in philosophy, I dare say, to be told off by his professor to investigate the slang of Ade in the way that Bosson, the Swede, has investigated that of Jerome K. Jerome, and yet, until something of the sort is undertaken, American philology will remain out of contact with the American language."

Curiously enough, writes Mr. Mencken, the widely-dispersed and highly-savory dialect of the American masses has attracted the professional writers of the country almost as little as it has attracted the philologists. There are foreshadowings of it in "Huckleberry Finn," in "The Bigelow Papers," and even in the rough humor of the period of J. C. Neal, Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. Localisms were diligently explored and the general dialect went virtually unobserved. Not in "Chimmie Fadden," not in "David Harum," not even in the pre-fable stories of George Ade, are we to find a faithful record of the vast uniform speech of the American masses. H. L. Mencken credits the overimitated and underpraised Ring Lardner with this achievement:

"The business of reducing it to print had to wait for Ring Lardner, a Chicago newspaper reporter. In his grotesque tales of baseball players, so immediately and so deservedly successful and now so

widely imitated, Lardner reports the common speech not only with humor but also with the utmost accuracy. The observations of Charters and his associates are here reinforced by the sharp ear of one specially competent, and the result is a mine of authentic American.

"In a single story by Lardner, in truth, it is usually possible to discover examples of almost every logical and grammatical peculiarity of the emerging language, and he always resists very stoutly the temptation to overdo the thing. . . . Lardner's baseball player, tho he has pen in hand and is on his guard, and is thus very careful to write *would not* instead of *wouldn't* and *am not* instead of *ain't*, offers a comprehensive and highly instructive panorama of popular speech habits. To him the forms of the subjunctive mood have no existence, and *will* and *shall* are identical, and adjectives and adverbs are indistinguishable, and the objective case is merely a variorum form of the nominative. His past tense is, more often than not, the orthodox present tense. All fine distinctions are obliterated in his speech. He uses invariably the word that is simplest, the grammatical form that is handiest. And so he moves toward the philological millennium dreamed of by George T. Lanigan when 'the singular verb shall lie down with the plural noun, and a little conjugation shall lead them.'"

Mr. Mencken substantiates this tribute to the genius of Ring Lardner in so accurately reporting the American idiom by a quotation from one of the

Lardner *chefs-d'œuvre*, "The Busher's Honeymoon":

"I and Florrie *was* married the day before yesterday just *like* I told you we *was* going to be. . . . You *was* wise to get married in Bedford, where *not nothing* is nearly half so dear. . . . The sum of what I have *wrote* down is \$29.40. . . . Allen told me I *should ought* to give the priest \$5. . . . I never *seen* him before. . . . I didn't used to eat *no* lunch in the playing season except when I *knowed* I was not going to work. . . . I guess the meals *has* cost me all together about \$1.50, and I have *eat* very little myself. . . .

"I was willing to tell her all about them two poor girls. . . . They must not be *no* mistake about who is the boss in my house. Some men *lets* their wife run all over them. . . . Allen has *went* to a college football game. One of the reporters *give* him a pass. . . . He called up and said he *hadn't* only the one pass, but he was not hurting my feelings *none*. . . . The flat across the hall from this *here* one is for rent. . . . If we should of *boughten* furniture it would cost us in the neighborhood of \$100, even without *no* piano. . . . I consider myself lucky to of found out about this before it was too late and somebody else had of gotten the tip. . . . It will always be *ourn*, even when we move away. . . . Maybe you could of *did* better if you had of *went* at it in a different way. . . . Both *her* and you is welcome at my house. . . . I never *seen* so much wine *drank* in my life. . . ."

CELEBRATING WALT WHITMAN AS A LIBERATOR

THE rise of Whitman as a poet from obscurity, misunderstanding and denunciation into recognition as one of the great literary figures of modern times is strikingly emphasized by articles appearing in American periodicals in connection with his centenary. It is something less than sixty-five years since the first crude edition of "Leaves of Grass" was issued from a Brooklyn printing shop and was greeted by critics as obscene, bombastic and nonsensical. Eight years later, the Secretary of the Interior, James Harlan, discharged Whitman from a government position in Washington because he learned that the poet had a copy of "Leaves of Grass" in his desk. This arbitrary action, followed, in 1881, by the efforts of a District Attorney of Boston to suppress the book, gave way to ever growing and ever more influential appreciation of Whitman's powers as a poet. William Michael Rossetti, Edward Dowden and John Addington Symonds stretched out their hands from across the ocean to the "good gray poet." American literary opinion began to veer. At the present time, "Leaves of Grass" stands solid as a

rock. No American poet, as Bliss Perry has said, now seems more sure to be read by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years, than Walt Whitman.

"I return to Whitman again and again," John Burroughs, one of his oldest friends, declares in his new book of essays;* "his tremendous humanism and large style always refresh me. He makes me ashamed of our partialities and refinements and false modesties. His candor equals his charity, his democracy matches his patriotism." Frank Harris, editor of *Pearson's*, calls Whitman "the greatest American," and Edgar Lee Masters, in an interview in the *New York Evening Post*, says:

"It is not only the young who care about Whitman. It is everybody who has a vision of the man. He was a profound democrat and an American. He knew the whole country. He tramped it. He was thrilled with the idea of a great country, standing for liberty—and drawing people from all over the world. He said: 'Here's a great country—a great experiment—an experiment in liberty.' He stood for freedom in all ways."

* FIELD AND STUDY. By John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Tributes to the "Good Gray Poet" Evoked by the Hundredth Anniversary of His Birth

One of the best centenary tributes is that of Louis Untermeyer, who characterizes Whitman as "the most truly indigenous writer we have ever produced," and who says: "It is as a liberator, even more than as a poet, that Whitman has influenced American art." He continues (in the *New Republic*):

"Whether we regard him as pioneer or (as Van Wyck Brooks has it) the great precipitant, there is scarcely any strong tendency in native letters that Whitman has not somehow strengthened, clarified, impelled, democratized.

"He came with a challenge to literary aristocracy in America. His was, first of all, a democracy of thought, of emotion, of theme. When the New Englanders (whose colonial poetry was not nearly as representative of New England as of old England) were going to village blacksmiths and chambered nautilus for embroidered mottoes and neatly-turned maxims, he was taking his material hot from the raucous tumble of life. While most of his transatlantic contemporaries were strolling elegantly through Bullfinch's Mythology, hymning the minor amours of the major Greek divinities, Whitman was writing:

Come, Muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia.

Cross out, please, those immensely over-
paid accounts;
That matter of Troy and Achilles' wrath,
and Æneas',

Odysseus' wanderings.

Placard 'Removed' and 'To Let' on the
rocks of your snowy Parnassus . . .
For know a better, fresher, busier sphere;
a wider, untried domain awaits and
demands you.

"It was Whitman who first revealed
'the glory of the commonplace'; for him
ugliness was fused perfectly in a vast har-
monic counterpoint. Nothing remained
casual. He showed the ordinary in a
blaze of color that shamed the attempted
brilliance of the Pre-Raphaelites; his
daily street-corners, ferries, bridges, were
more bewildering than the lunar land-
scapes of Poe. His barbaric yawp could
be softened to express a lyric ecstasy over
a blade of grass which to him was 'no
less than the journey-work of the stars';
his naïf wonder dwelt on the miracle of
a mouse that would 'stagger sextillions of
infidels' and his own hairy hand, whose
'narrowest hinge puts to scorn all ma-
chinery.' It is this large naturalism, this
affection for all that is homely and of
the soil that set him apart from his fellow-
craftsmen as our first American poet.

And the cow, crunching with depressed
head, surpasses any statue . . .

And the running blackberry would adorn
the parlors of heaven."

Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*
(Chicago), points out that Whitman's
effort as a poet was to free the art of
conventions of form and phrase, and
to kindle in it the old sacred fire.
"Poetry," she says, "was to be no
longer an ornament of the libraries—
it was to get out-of-doors and sing the
large faiths—faith in life and death,
in love and war, in mountains and
trees and rivers, in the sun and sky and
the good hard flesh of the earth; and
it was to sing these large faiths in
large rhythms, rhythms that follow the
beat of winds and waves rather than
man-made metrics." In similar spirit,
Edna Davis Romig, in the *Outlook*,
quotes William Dean Howells' charac-
terization of Whitman as "a liberating
force, a very imperial anarch in litera-
ture," and goes on to say:

"Always and everywhere is Whitman
swinging free from convention, tradition,
form. This, as well as his avid eye for
the pictorial, may explain the queer garb
he affected—the loose gray suit, the broad
collar, low opened shirt, the favorite knit
coat, the soft slouch hat.

"It takes only a superficial acquaintance
with Whitman to realize that his gospel
is naturalness. Every person has within
himself the intrinsic standard for man-
ners, beliefs, government. Look into the
tablets of your own personality and live
—that is the burden of his writings.
Everything for the individual, is his
slogan."

Edith Franklin Wyatt thinks of Whit-
man as, above all, "the Answerer." It
is in his aspect of "the defender of
democracy, the writer who has actually



"THE MOST TRULY INDIGENOUS WRITER WE HAVE EVER PRODUCED"

Such is Louis Untermeyer's characterization of Walt Whitman. Of the new literature that Whitman inspired Mr. Untermeyer says: "It flourished in the coarse sunlight and the keen air. It had strong roots in the earth; from its seeds sprang Frost, Sandburg, Dreiser, Oppenheim, Anderson, Masters, Lindsay and a score of autochthonous others."

undertaken to be a responsible philoso-
pher of our national social faith," that
she finds him most rewarding. She
declares (in the *North American Re-
view*):

"Better than any one might have hoped,
it seems to me, he tells us what we are
all here for; sings us songs that we can
hear before they begin and long after
they are ended. He says that they are
for those to come after him: and we may
believe indeed that this is true; and that
the music he says he had always around
him unceasing, unbeginning, yet, long un-
taught he did not hear, is not only for
the Bravest Unnamed Soldiers of the
past, but for those of the future."

Horace Traubel and Thomas B.
Harned, Whitman's two surviving lit-
erary executors, have both written
articles in connection with the cen-
tenary. Mr. Traubel offers in the
Conservator (now in its thirtieth year)
new reminiscences of Whitman as
friend and companion. He speaks (in

the *Philadelphia Press*) of Whitman's
aversion to hero-worship and disciple-
ship. He is represented, with Mr.
Harned, in the *Modern School* (Stel-
ton, N. J.). This monthly journal de-
votes an entire issue to Walt Whit-
man. Rockwell Kent contributes a
new drawing. The influence of Whit-
man upon two generations of French
poets is traced. A tribute paid to
Whitman by Maurits Wagenvoort,
Dutch translator of "Leaves of Grass,"
is made accessible to American readers
for the first time. "Whitman's Influ-
ence in Ireland" and "Whitman as a
Prophet" are treated in the same issue
by Padraic Colum and Ananda Cooma-
raswamy respectively.

Walt Whitman was editor of the
Brooklyn Eagle in 1846-47. The *Eagle*
honors his anniversary by publishing
a number of tributes, one of them on
"Walt Whitman as an Editor," and by
reprinting some of the editorials and
stories that he wrote for the *Eagle*.

Voices of Living Poets

"I CONFESS," said John Galsworthy, at the dinner given in New York City last month by the Joint Committee of Literary Arts, in honor of Edwin Markham, "to being an impatient reader, especially of verse. There are vast stretches in the writings of poets acclaimed great—and who indeed at moments *are* great—which leave me cool as a cucumber or fretful as a porcupine. Declamation is not poetry, and rolling periods are often but bad prose. I measure poetry by the pressure to the square inch of its power to cause emotion and surprise. I want poets who are themselves moved and surprised by Truth and Beauty, and so stirred by the spectacle and contacts of Life, that the birds within them simply must sing. I can't bear pumped-up poetry."

Mr. Galsworthy went on to pay tribute to Mr. Markham, to the effect that there was no pump in his system and if there were he would not know how to use it.

Nearly five hundred persons sat down to the Markham dinner (\$4.00 per plate) to listen not only to Mr. Galsworthy but to Marcel Knecht (president of the Academy of Arts and Letters of Lorraine and Director of the French Bureau of Information), Dr. Iyenaga (an unofficial spokesman of Japan in this country), Augustus Thomas (the playwright), and George Wharton James (of California), as they paid tribute to Mr. Markham, to listen to poetic tributes written for the occasion by J. I. C. Clarke and Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, to hear the reading of Mr. Markham's "Man With the Hoe" and his recent stirring poem on France, and to hear Mr. Markham tell, in his happiest vein, the story of his life. ("Edwin Markham will be read," said one critic in reviewing his first volume of verse, "when Homer and Milton are forgotten—and not until then.") But the deepest impression of the evening came from the reading of "The Man With the Hoe," with these eight prophetic lines that seemed as tho they might have been written eight weeks ago (instead of twenty years ago) with Bolshevik Russia in mind:

Oh masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

The voices of rebellion have always found utterance through the lips of the poets. Clement Wood is one of the younger poets in whom protest against social conditions as they are wells up earnestly and vehemently. In his new book, however ("The Earth Turns South," E. P. Dutton & Company), there is a less rebellious mood than we expected to find. It is there, in "The Smithy of God" and other poems, but it is tempered with a philosophy that has poise and tenderness and love of beauty in it. Mr. Wood's book is a notable one. He has vigor, courage, melody and a sensitiveness which he half resents and strives to conceal. His most characteristic poems are the longer ones. We quote two of his best shorter poems:

THE RADIANT.

By CLEMENT WOOD.

WHEN this body drifts in dust
Lightly on the nervous air,
Vagabonding everywhere
In this restless planet's crust,

Wet by foam of every sea,
Dancing up the thinning sky
To its terrible and high
Journey through infinity,—

When it softly voyages
Past the outermost lone star,
On to what dim wonders are
In the spaceless distances,

It shall never lose the zest
That is mine by night and day,
As I push my groping way
On life's fogged and clouded quest;

It shall never waste or lose
The illogical delight
That is mine by day and night,
As I steer my chartless cruise;

Or the love that fires me through,
Or the hope that lifts my eyes
Higher than the present skies,
Toward the goal I struggle to.

When this spirit makes its way
Scatteringly further still,
It shall bear the deathless will
That I build—and bear—to-day!

TO A BABY REACHING FOR THE SMOKE.

By CLEMENT WOOD.

YOUR gray eyes dance with ecstasy,
A cooing chuckle lifts and purls,
And rose-soft fingers laughingly
Grope, as the slow smoke coils
and curls

Out of my pipe, a spiral mist
You reach and close on, gay with hope
That in your tiny tight-locked fist
It will stay captive. . . . Still you grope,

And still it slips, dissolves, eludes
To feathery nothingness—and a new
Pillar of grayness slowly broods
Up from the pipe's bowl, teasing you.

If once those rose-soft fingers turn
And find a solid goal, they gain
Only the soiling pipe, to burn
With reddening memories of pain. . . .

Endlessly so we strain and grope
To reach some coiling, curling wraith
That circles near—dissolving hope,
Elusive truth, or slipping faith.

And if too eagerly we yearn
To touch the soul of things that are,
We find the touch will soil and burn,
And that its memory is—a scar.

The poets still find inspiration in the life of Theodore Roosevelt. No other American ever died, we dare say (unless it was Lincoln), whose death elicited in the same length of time so many and such creditable poetic tributes. One of the best—perhaps the best—is this which appeared several weeks ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*, a whole page being given to it:

WITH THE TIDE.

By EDITH WHARTON.

SOMEWHERE I read, in an old book
whose name
Is gone from me, I read that when
the days

Of a man are counted, and his business done,

There comes up the shore at evening, with the tide,

To the place where he sits, a boat—
And in the boat, from the place where he sits, he sees,

Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows

They come for him, brought in upon the tide,

To take him where men go at set of day.
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes

Between them his last steps, that are the
first
Of the new life—and with the ebb they
pass,
Their shaken sail grown small upon the
moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me
How many a man who lives with throngs
about him,
Yet straining through the twilight for that
boat
Shall scarce make out one figure in the
stern,
And that so faint its features shall per-
plex him
With doubtful memories—and his heart
hang back.
But others, rising as they see the sail
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,
Hands out and eyes elated; for they see
Head over head, crowding from bow to
stern,
Repeopling their long loneliness with
smiles,
The faces of their friends; and such go
forth
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe
hearts.

But never
To worker summoned when his day was
done
Did mounting tide bring in such freight
of friends
As stole to you up the white wintry
shingle
That night while they that watched you
thought you slept.
Softly they came, and beached the boat,
and gathered
In the still cove under the icy stars,
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your
heart,
And all men that have loved right more
than ease,
And honor above honors; all who gave
Free-handed of their best for other men,
And thought their giving taking: they
who knew
Man's natural state is effort, up and up—
All these were there, so great a company
Perchance you marveled, wondering what
great ship
Had brought that throng unnumbered to
the cove
Where the boys used to beach their light
canoe
After old happy picnics—

But these, your friends and children, to
whose hands
Committed, in the silent night you rose
And took your last faint steps—
These led you down, O great American,
Down to the winter night and the white
beach,
And there you saw that the huge hull that
waited
Was not as are the boats of the other
dead,
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for
this
Was first of a long line of towering
transports,
Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,
The ships you launched, the ships you
manned, the ships
That now, returning from their sacred
quest

With the thrice-sacred burden of their
dead,
Lay waiting there to take you forth with
them,
Out with the ebb tide, on some farther
quest.

There is, perhaps, too much detail in
these verses in the *Woman's Home
Companion*, but even the details are
vital and moving and give us a pano-
rama that makes one want to shout
with exultation:

THE TROOP-TRAINS.

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

THEY used to thunder sorrow in the
night,
Those heavy troop-trains passing
—and by day,
When I stood waving to the windows
bright
With brave boy faces, it was hard to show
A spirit worthy of their greeting gay;—
But now the wheels are singing as they
go . . .
There's the Arizona cowboy who is home-
sick for the rancho
And the yelp of a coyote, where the Gila
waters run.
There's the laughing lad from Oregon,
with cheeks like Portland roses
And a wound-stripe that he got in the
Argonne.
There's the Louisiana Frenchman, with a
golden star for witness
How he left his pleasant rice-fields with
the first to volunteer.
There's the ace from Minneapolis, who
broke a German prison,
And it's only by a miracle he's here.
There's the Indiana circus clown, whose
tumbling days are over,
But the soul of him is stronger than his
spine can ever be.
There's the blue-eyed boy from Georgia,
with a drawl like golden sirup,
And his buddy, who is bound for Tennes-
see.
There's the sergeant who swore off ten
years to get himself in khaki
(And his wound would not have lamed
him if he hadn't been so old).
There's the fellow with the Croix de
Guerre, who hides it in his pocket—
It's a long, long trail to get the story told!
There's the lean, keen Yankee fighter who
is going back to battle
With briefs instead of bullets at his place
on Beacon Street.
There's the lad who offered Liberty his
clean young mind and body,
And who smiles because she only took his
feet.
There's the boy whose eyes are dark with
incommunicable horror—
No scar upon his body, but his heart has
felt the flame;
While another went through hell without
a scorch upon his spirit,
And his mother's gaze will find him still
the same.
From Atlantic to Pacific, from Dakota
down to Texas,
America is listening for those wheels
upon the road.
Hearts are beat for beat with them, and
prayers are keeping time with them—
O Father, bless the troop-trains and their
load!

To the forests, to the mountains, to the
prairie and the mesa,
To the silver southern beaches and the
Maine rocks cold with foam,
To the love and hope that wait behind the
star-flag in the window,
The boys are going home—home—home!

The same theme finds a less vivid
but a more hauntingly beautiful and
pathetic expression in Miss Cox's poem
in the *Century*:

THE RETURN.

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

GOLDEN through the golden morn-
ing,
Who is this that comes,
With the pride of banners lifted,
With the roll of drums?

With the self-same triumph shining
In the ardent glance,
That divine, bright fate defiance
That you bore to France.

You! But o'er your grave in Flanders
Blow the winter gales;
Still for sorrow of your going
All life's laughter fails.

Borne on flutes of dawn the answer:
"O'er the foam's white track,
God's work done, so to our homeland
Comes her hosting back.

"Come the dead men with the live men
From the marshes far,
From the mounds in no man's valley,
Lit by cross nor star.

"Come to blend with hers the essence
Of their strength and pride,
All the radiance of the dreaming
For whose truth they died."

So the dead men with the live men
Pass an hosting fair,
And the stone is rolled forever
From the soul's despair.

Is Louis Untermeyer trying to dis-
place Vachel Lindsay as the poet lau-
reate of the movies? He finds in them
the essence of the American spirit.
This is from *Contemporary Verse*:

THE AMERICAN

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

SUDDENLY
The silence, stretched to a great ten-
sity,
Snapped—and the dark house rum-
bled and crashed.
It shook that pit of blackness, slashed
With a long, flickering sword of light
That beat in vain against a white
Cloth wall, hard in its brilliancy.
The thunder grew; it roared approvingly:
A lustiness, gargantuan and clean,
As he,
Doug Fairbanks,
Prodigal and playboy,
Leaped on and almost out beyond the
screen.
The ribbon flickered faster, drew
Its hero through a maze of tangled scenes
and flew

Out of the heavy, humdrum world.
 He took the people with him; caught and hurled
 Them back to boyishness and bravery again.
 Then—
 Madness; gay violence ruled the scene . . .
 There was a race, a chase, a storm of soundless blows.
 Laughing he bowled a dozen gun-men over . . .
 Stopped for a flash to be a high-speed lover . . .
 Baffled the plugs and thugs . . . Hurdled a fence . . .
 Ruined his dress-suit . . . Thought it immense . . .
 Leaped three landings . . . Squirmed through a crack . . .
 Jumped from a window to his pony's back.
 Beat out the Limited
 Soared like a bird.
 Jumped into a Packard,
 Shot her into third.
 Reached the ruined building.
 Scaled up a wall.
 Burst into the meeting.
 Cornered them all.
 Trapped the whole camorra.
 Made their short hairs curl.
 Freed the lovely lady.
 ("Close up" with the girl.)

* * * * *
 The last kiss faded out; the brightness thinned.
 Hands clattered in a tempest of applause;
 (A thousand white leaves pattering in the wind)
 Glory turned garish in the following pause.
 The audience shrank with it, looked and grinned
 Sheepishly at itself, then turned to see
 What the next number on the bill might be.
 A fat man sang "I hear you calling me."
 But something still persisted, something crude;
 Childishly boisterous, palpably absurd.
 And yet it spelled America in rude
 Large letters; told without a word
 The essence of our boyhood, the young spirit
 Surer of naught than what we may inherit:
 Intrepid faith that does not stop to pray
 And strength that springs from a child's love of play;
 Reckless, spontaneous, prodigal, immense,
 Taking no thought of cost or consequence.
 Again life flickered from the shining reels:—

A lady vampire posed with a pet snake.
 Six odd-sized clowns, late of the burlesque "wheels,"
 Dressed as policemen, fell into a lake.
 A lisping tenor, painted to the eyes
 Came out and squeaked "We're going to smash the Hunt!"
 And still the spell remained. Out of the lies
 And cheap hypocrisies it rose and spun
 Its kindred strands of fantasy and fun,
 Of gaiety unconquerable and wise,
 Of the brash boy in us that never dies
 But keeps us better than a text or truth,
 Bound to the bright democracy of youth.

We began checking off the poems we would like to reprint in Aline Kilmer's first book of poems ("Candles That Burn," George H. Doran Company), and we soon found ourselves checking nearly every poem in the book. Many of them we have already reprinted. There is much poignant emotion in them, all the more poignant because so restrained and well mastered. The death of Rose, Mrs. Kilmer's oldest child, the departure of her husband, Joyce, for the war zone, the news of his courageous death in battle, are events that have thrown deep shadows over these pages. But they are shadows tipped with light and palpitant with glowing memories and confident faith. In spite of the shadows we get a very winsome picture of domestic love and happiness. The themes are simple and so are the poems; but they are full of artistry and each one carries its own charm.

EXPERIENCE

BY ALINE KILMER.

DEBORAH danced, when she was two,
 As buttercups and daffodils do;
 Spirited, frail, naively bold,
 Her hair a ruffled crest of gold,
 And whenever she spoke her voice went singing
 Like water up from a fountain springing.
 But now her step is quiet and slow;
 She walks the way primroses go;
 Her hair is yellow instead of gilt,
 Her voice is losing its lovely lilt,
 And in place of her wild, delightful ways
 A quaint precision rules her days.
 For Deborah now is three, and oh,
 She knows so much that she did not know.

"A WIND IN THE NIGHT"

BY ALINE KILMER.

A WIND rose in the night,
 (She had always feared it so!)
 Sorrow plucked at her heart
 And I could not help but go.

Softly I went and stood
 By her door at the end of the hall.
 Dazed with grief I watched
 The candles flaring and tall.

The wind was wailing aloud:
 I thought how she would have cried
 For my warm familiar arms
 And the sense of me by her side.

The candles flickered and leapt,
 The shadows jumped on the wall.
 She lay before me small and still
 And did not care at all.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's third volume of collected poems gives the impression of a woman whose life has been too full of diversified interests to do herself full justice in her poetry. She too has been through the deep waters, but there is little trace of them here. Nearly all these poems were written before the deaths of her husband and her brother (Theodore Roosevelt), and more than half the contents of the book are entered under the title "In Lighter Vein," and glow with a rollicking good humor that is infectious. We select the following for reprinting:

"WE WHO HAVE LOVED"

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

WE who have loved, alas! may not be friends,
 Too faint, or yet too fierce, the stifled fire,—
 A random spark—and lo! our dead desire
 Leaps into flame, as tho to make amends
 For chill, blank days, and with strange fury rends
 The dying embers of Love's funeral pyre.
 Electric, charged anew, the living wire
 A burning message through our torpor sends.
 Could we but pledge, with loyal hearts and eyes,
 A friendship worthy of the fair, full past,
 Now mutilate, and lost beyond recall,
 Then might a Phoenix from its ashes rise
 Fit for soul-flight; but we find, aghast,
 Love must be nothing if not all in all!

THE BLACK DISC—A TALE OF THE CANADIAN WOODS

This is one of the series of "Tales While You Wait" contributed to *Reedy's Mirror* by Addison Lewis. It is a tale of jealousy, not of adventure, and it is something strictly new in that line. The ending is happy—for Marie but not for Louie.

S NOW everywhere—a deep blanket over the face of the earth. Enormous bolls of it, like freshly-picked cotton, nestling on the groaning branches of the spruce. A dizzy, blinding whirl of fleecy flakes in the

air, obscuring the great opening in the forest not fifty feet from where Louie Marquis stood, which was Gull Lake, blotting out his trail back to the cabin where Marie must be even now boiling the mush for supper.

"R-r-rot-ton," hissed Louie. He was lost. He, the keenest woodsman in Little Smoky.

The blizzard had beaten him. The worst blizzard in twenty years. And such a good day! Over his shoulder

was slung the freshly-skinned pelt of a silver fox. A verree, verree good day!

"By Gar," he murmured. He stumbled on, dragging his heavy, snow-shoe-laden feet. He was dog-tired. He had been traveling in beautiful circles for two hours, and getting nowhere. He was drowsy. If he could only lie down and sleep for a while. But sleep meant—

"Tam!" he exploded at the thought, and shouldered forward desperately. Suddenly a huge, black shape loomed before him. He stopped. It was a house, a log cottage, the summer camp of people from "vay down soud"—from Minneapolis. Cold, cheerless, and covered with snow.

By it Louie knew that he was yet a good three miles from home. He felt his way around to the door. He paused, jerked off his coon cap with its flaunting rabbit tail, scratched his head in feverish doubt. Should he try to push on to Marie and supper—or stay here until the blizzard had passed? He peered again through the blinding snow.

"I lose myself one thousand times," he spluttered.

HE took off his snow-shoes, drew back and launched himself heavily against the door—once—twice. It gave. It seemed even colder inside, but it was dry, and, Mother of Saints! there was wood, plenty of it, heaped up before the yawning fireplace. His taut face cracked into a smile. He banged shut the door, and braced a snow-shoe against it. He built a frame of sticks for a huge fire and touched a match. In a moment the leaping flames threw their dancing light about the room.

Louie squatted on the floor and held out his stiff fingers to the fire. Then he pulled from his duffel-bag a small chunk of corn cake. He toasted this on a stick and gulped it down, sighing because he had no more. He filled and lighted his pipe, taking a leisurely survey of the room. It was almost bare of furniture, but on a table stood a suspicious-looking object covered with a cloth. Louie removed the cloth and grunted. A phonograph. He had once seen and heard one of the wonderful things at Nisswa.

He gazed down at the square mahogany object with profound respect. Reverently his long fingers traveled over its surface. They encountered the crank. Slowly and gently he turned it. No music came. He glanced into the interior. He saw a black disk marked with many concentric circles. Louie's sensitive fingers felt cautiously about. Something gave at their pressure, there was a low hum, and the music came. A woman's beautiful voice. A few of the words he understood—"mon cœur . . . que j'aime . . . amour." He hummed with the lilt of the song. His warm French nature titillated with emotion.

The music stopped and there was a grinding noise. But the disc still revolved. He gave it a perplexed look. Once more the lithe fingers ex-

plored cautiously. They touched something and the disc stopped. A moment more and he had discovered how to start it again. The music welled up to him. The melody sank into his being. He forgot the blizzard, forgot he was hungry, forgot Marie. Near midnight he regretfully covered the machine and rolled himself in an old carpet before the fire. When he awoke in the gray dawn, his first glance was toward the phonograph. He rose and beat himself warm. He lit his pipe.

THE blizzard was over. A great soft whiteness blanketed the world. He stood looking down at the phonograph, debating. Then abruptly he seized the silver fox pelt, bound it about the instrument and strapped it to his back. He stepped out into the white world.

An hour later he entered his cabin. Marie was bending over the stove—a half-breed Indian girl with two stiff, black braids and a rather pretty oval face. Her dark eyes lighted when she saw her husband.

"Tam bleazard," said Louie. He stamped the snow from his moccasined feet and unslung his burden.

Marie gasped with delight at the silver fox. It meant much, much money. But the look she directed toward the phonograph was frankly perplexed. Louie set the box on the stool and adjusted its covering with infinite care. Marie could not understand her husband. Last year he had brought in a black bear pelt and it was cause for a day's celebration. This year he brought in a silver fox! And he threw it on the floor!

Louie pointed a long finger at the covered box, then at Marie, "No touch heem!"

She bowed her head and went back to the stove.

Louie sat down and ate prodigiously of corn cakes and bacon, washed down with huge cups of black coffee. He lighted his pipe and puffed for half an hour. Then he rose, stretched lazily, and started on the day's round of the traps.

That evening after supper Louie uncovered the phonograph. He placed it on the floor, and the music came. He squatted cross-legged near it, and presently began to sway gently to the rhythm. When the first burst of sound smote her ears, Marie, silent in her corner, drew in her breath sharply, so sharply she was afraid Louie might have heard it even above the music. Her husband, her man, had brought the voice of a strange woman into the house. Eee-yah, a voice laden with love. And then he sat, charmed at the melody of it. Such a voice must have a beautiful owner, soft, white, gentle, unlike herself.

WHEN the log in the air-tight had burned to a smouldering red mass, Louie replaced the phonograph on the stool.

"Bed," he said.

Marie raised her chin almost imperceptibly toward the phonograph.

"What ees?" she asked.

"Devil—ma petite," he boomed with

a great laugh, crushing her to him.

The next night, and the next, and the next—all evening the voice in the box sang to Louie, swaying cross-legged on the floor. And Marie sat still in her corner. Louie's usual after-supper occupations were neglected and forgotten—the gun cleaning, repairing the traps, tightening the snow-shoe thongs, solitaire with the greasy pack of cards. His pipe even was filled but once or twice.

One still noon, Marie tiptoed breathlessly to the box and with infinite caution lifted its cover. She waited a moment, and then tremblingly lifted its lid. Nothing happened.

She peered within blankly. She saw nothing soft or gentle or beautiful—nothing that could make such a voice. Only bright metal and a black round thing, like a large, thin, flat cake, burned to a crisp. She lowered her fingers toward this cake-like thing and drew them quickly back. But a second time, with great courage, she touched it. Nothing happened. She felt of its edge. It was brittle, like dried bone.

She tiptoed to a shelf and returned grasping a heavy knife with a short, blunt blade. Suddenly she plunged it downward. There was a sharp, snapping sound, and the black, cake-like thing broke in two pieces.

Marie lowered the lid of the box, replaced the cover as she had found it and went about her work.

AFTER supper, Louie as usual placed the box on the floor and opened it. Marie's eyes contracted and her fingers moved almost imperceptibly in her lap as she watched him. Suddenly he stiffened, remained so an instant, sprang to his feet.

"Gr-r-r-r!"

He wheeled and jerked her to her feet. He raised his right arm. She lowered her head for the blow. But he did not strike.

"So—you do as you tam pleez-z, no mattair what I z-zay!"

He shook her and pushed her from him. Marie cowered in her corner, rubbing the arm he had held in a vise-like grip.

Louie squatted on the floor with the two pieces of disc on his knee. He scratched his head. Then placing them flat on the floor he fitted the broken edges together and with infinite pains bound a buckskin thong about their rim. He replaced the disc in the machine and turned to Marie with a soft, insinuating smile.

"Heh—you—jealous of my singing bird? I will have her sing for you some more."

He started the phonograph, and the music came. But such music. Each time the needle struck the crack in the disc there was a rasping sound, a razor-edged cachination. And when it reached the place where the knife had penetrated it wailed and sputtered intolerably. The beautiful voice had changed as if by a miracle into the cackling of a quarrelsome hag. Louie stopped the phonograph with an oath.

But Marie, silent in her corner, was jubilant.

The Industrial World-Reconstruction

CRITICS MAKE STRONG CHARGES AGAINST U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

IF its critics are unbiased, the United States Employment Service is not living up to its name and should be abolished. Through a most insidious propaganda the press of the country has been misled to believe that this so-called service is not merely a necessity from the industrial point of view, but more emphatically from that of the returning soldier. As a matter of fact, we read in *Industry*, there is not any exaggerated unemployment, fewer men being out of work to-day than in any year preceding the war. Will the Sixty-sixth Congress, asks *Industry*, be sufficiently impressed by "the campaign of exaggeration, misrepresentation and sentimentality being carried on by the United States Employment Service to vote millions of dollars out of the pockets of taxpayers to continue a 'service' which is wasteful, inefficient, antagonistic to business and utterly useless except as a propagating ground for class distinction"? Employers, upon whose cooperation this Federal Service must of course depend for success, are said to be almost unanimous in opposing its perpetration. One reason why is given in the *Iron Trade Review*, which cites the case of Cleveland, Ohio, where the Employment Service recently announced there were twenty-five thousand men idle. This was one-fourth the total given at the same time for the whole United States. An investigation revealed that in all of Cleveland there were not more than thirty thousand men out of employment, including floaters, those who will not work, who are temporarily 'resting' and the loafers

and idlers of the city." It developed, we read, that the Federal Employment Service had asked for an estimate from its local office, which in turn asked for an estimate from the Cleveland Federation of Labor, and both combined to make a "guess." The "guess" was forwarded to Washington and announced as a fact. Says *Industry*:

"No community desires to have it said that it is not taking care of its unemployed, and the sharp action of certain cities, misrepresented by the Employment Service in its campaign of exaggeration, resulted in not greater accuracy but less coherence and definiteness of statement, so that responsibility could not be placed exactly. The suggestion of 370,000 unemployed in the United States looks ridiculous when it is remembered that the United States has always, in peace times, an average of 1,000,000 unemployed as a floating idle population, to say nothing of strikers. But on a basis, and an exaggerated basis, of one-third of the normal amount of idle, with greatly increased facilities for handling these, with the patriotic ardor of the employers stimulating a solution of any problem that exists, with all sort of machinery in the States and cities for taking care of the returning soldiers, Congress is asked to grant ten to fourteen million dollars to an organization composed largely of union labor leaders and men who want to hold down easy jobs."

In this connection, the Washington *Evening Star* publishes some interesting figures on the employment situation. A comparison is shown of the "help wanted" advertizing for January and February, 1919, as contrasted with the same period in 1918, and the figures are taken from the Washington *Eve-*

Congress is Urged to Abolish It as "Wasteful, Inefficient and Antagonistic to Business"

ning Star, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Pittsburgh *Press*, Detroit *News and Free-Press*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and *Post-Dispatch*, New York *World*, Boston *Globe*, Buffalo *Courier*, *Times* and *News*, Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* and *Press*. In January and February of this year, 1,406 more "help wanted" ads were printed than in the same months of last year. The advertizing for female help wanted in 1919 was 265,095 as compared with 210,443, a gain of 54,652. Papers selected from eight cities for the same months showed that 61,095 lines of "situations wanted" (male) advertizing were printed this year and 57,509 last year.

Regarding an assertion recently made by the Employment Service that "a thousand soldiers at Camp Grant are protesting that they have been surreptitiously taken from their employment to serve in the army—some of them having seen overseas duty—and were now being discharged and left to shift for themselves," *Industry* asks in conclusion:

"Does any Congressman to whom this statement was submitted really believe that a thousand United States soldiers charged that they had been surreptitiously taken from their employment and left to shift for themselves? Does any Congressman, or any citizen, believe that a thousand soldiers at Camp Grant have been left to shift for themselves while employers are looking for men, while their former employers want them back, and while there is patriotism and industrial good sense among the employers of the country? Testing out this statement would be an excellent way of illuminating the propaganda of the United States Employment Service."

TO REFORM THE CALENDAR AND SAVE \$50,000,000 A YEAR

NOW that radical legislation has brought prohibition and daylight-saving to pass, an organized effort is being made to prod Uncle Sam into stepping still farther out of the beaten path and to time his movements by a new calendar. The time-honored Gregorian calendar is shortly to go by the board if the American Equal Month

Calendar Association, incorporated by fifty leading Minneapolis business and professional men, is to have its way with Congress. The purpose of the organization is the securing of a change in the calendar so that all the months shall be of exactly the same length. This is to be accomplished, it is hoped, by the adoption by Congress of the

Minneapolis Merchants Behind a Bill Which Will Give Us 13 Months of 28 Days Each

Liberty Calendar in which are to be thirteen months of exactly four weeks each, every month commencing on Monday. In its construction three changes are made in the present Gregorian form: First, New Year's Day is made an independent legal holiday. It is placed between the last day of December and the first day of January.

It is not included in any week or month. Second, another independent day, called Correction Day, is provided for leap years. This likewise is placed between the last day of one month and the first day of the next. It is not included in any week or month. Third, the remaining 364 days are divided into the thirteen months which will bear their twelve present names plus one to be called either Gregory or Liberty.

Under this new form, we read in a statement issued by the Association, all holidays and anniversaries will always fall on the same day of the week. A promissory note given for any number of weeks, months and years will always come due on the same day of the week it was given. It is claimed that the saving of time and mental effort in making calculations for future dates will be beyond all comprehension. Furthermore, "it will cause a saving of nearly \$15,000,000 a year in cost of printed and lithographed calendars, as no printed calendars will be needed." It is further estimated that the total saving of time and money will equal fully \$50,000,000 a year in this country alone. Officers of the Association state that the plan, as carefully outlined in a bill—H. R. 15946—now pending in Congress and which provides that the change shall take place in 1922, has met with the approval of the highest authorities. As to whether it would cause any jar or friction in our business or social life, we read:

"The first day of the year 1922 will be Sunday and it will also be New-Year's Day. We will observe it as we have always observed Sunday and will scarcely think of it as being New Year's Day or

THE LIBERTY CALENDAR

Exactly Four Weeks in Every Month

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

This is all there is to it. Every month just like this for a million years.

that it is not January first. Of course, if we write any letters that day we will be careful to date them 'New Year's Day, 1922,' instead of dating them January first. The next day will be Monday, and that will be January first. We will go about our work as usual and it will seem very fitting that we are commencing the work of the year and the month on January first and not on January second as heretofore. Then, too, we will be pleased at the thought that hereafter, through all the years, we will commence the work of every month on Monday. In case we have occasion to pay or collect any rents that day under a former lease, we will of course remember to collect or pay only one-thirteenth of the total annual amount instead of one-twelfth as theretofore. The law provides for this, so that there will be no injustice to either landlord or tenant. Matters will go on as usual through the month, except that the half-month pay day will be on Saturday the 13th and the pay will be for just two weeks, while the monthly pay day will be on Saturday the 27th and the pay will be for exactly four weeks. This will be the rule in all the months thereafter, and we are sure it will be a welcome change to

both employers and employees. In cases where pay is made under old-time year contracts, the monthly pay checks will be for one-thirteenth of the total amount to be paid in the year instead of one-twelfth as heretofore.

"The first day of February will of course be Monday, following January 28th. This month has always had just twenty-eight days except in Leap Years, but this time it will have four complete weeks, which very seldom has happened heretofore. Nothing unusual will appear throughout the month, except that when on Friday the 12th we celebrate the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday and on Monday the 22nd we celebrate the anniversary of Washington's birthday, we will doubtless be reminded that hereafter these holidays will always come on Friday and Monday and we can calculate accordingly. The proposed law provides that the new additional month shall be named Gregory. This name was chosen partly in recognition of the valuable services of Pope Gregory XIII., who brought about the adoption of the present calendar and which has been a great improvement over the ancient Julian form, but the name was also chosen because it alliterates so nicely with the words January and February. This new month will follow February and it will contain four straight weeks without a break for a single holiday. By this time we will have become quite accustomed to the fine arrangement of months with exactly four weeks each. We will observe Friday, March fifth, as Good Friday, and Sunday, March seventh, as Easter Sunday. The law provides that these religious occasions shall always thereafter be observed on March fifth and March seventh—the ninetieth and ninety-second days of the year—instead of at irregular dates anywhere from the eightieth to the one hundred and fifteenth days of the year. This change will be worth millions annually to certain classes of the mercantile trade."

WHAT THE ENLISTED MEN THINK OF OUR MILITARY SYSTEM

HOW our military system appears to our citizen soldiers has been brought out by the interesting replies to some fifteen hundred carefully prepared questionnaires issued at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, one of the largest and most representative training camps in the country. This questionnaire was used by the 12th Army Division during its recent demobilization. The inquiry was so conducted as to get unreserved opinions from all types of men under conditions that gave them a chance to criticize without fear of reprimand. The distribution of the questions was so made as to give men known to be disgruntled a much larger share in the answers than their relative numbers would entitle them to have. Altho, reports the *Infantry Journal*, half the questionnaires went to men supposed to be dissatisfied with the service, 89.5 per cent.

stated that their army life had benefited them personally in one or more ways, and only 10.5 per cent. believed otherwise. Seventy-nine per cent., putting the question of patriotism aside, were glad they had had their military training; 88 per cent. favored a system of universal training, 8 per cent. opposed it and 4 per cent. did not express an opinion. Of the 1,381 men answering the questions, says the *Infantry Journal*:

"Thirty stated that their religion had been harmed while in the service, while 127 believed it had been benefited; 50 claimed harm done to their morals, and 227 thought they were benefited in this way; 308 mentioned that they were benefited in their habits, and 974 in their health or physical strength. The answers to the question as to the necessity for the disciplinary relation existing between officers and men show that a big majority

Some Surprising Disclosures Made By a Heart-to-Heart Questionnaire at Camp Devens

of the men believe it is necessary, that good discipline and familiarity cannot co-exist, and that the treatment of the men is more fair when the officers do not mix socially with their own men. So many men mentioned that this relation is misused by some younger officers that it would seem desirable to give this point special attention and to give younger officers more special instruction and training in their relations with the men. Only 17 per cent. of these men, who had an average of 10.7 months training, considered themselves to have acquired the 100 per cent. efficiency they would want before risking their lives in battle.

"A notable feature of these men's opinions is that they are quite parallel to those of the future graduate from universal training upon the completion of his course. The men questioned are representative of 20,000 men of a division that was ready for overseas service when the armistice was signed. They then spent 2½ months in improving their training

and anxiously awaiting discharge. Since they did not get into battle and were subject during the last part of their training to the same psychological drawbacks that will affect the soldier in our peace-time training, these 12th Division men, who came from forty-seven different states, have about the same state of mind that our future youths will have when they are completing their military training. It is believed that the opinions expressed in these answers are representative of the opinions of practically all the men who had at least six months' service, that is, that they are representative of the opinions of about 3,000,000 men who will soon be back in civil life."

These answers, we are assured, will be valuable in the approaching discussion on universal military training and in answering attacks on such training as it has been conducted. It is noted that ten different questionnaires were

issued in each of the eighty companies of the Division. The company commanders assembled their men the day before the questions were to be answered and explained what was wanted. All received the same set of questions, having a day to consider them, and none was told about the classifications, A, B, C and D, which were defined as follows in a confidential note to the company commanders:

Those marked "A" (in upper right-hand corner) to the 6 *most intelligent*, faithful, soldierly, representative men of your company; the type you would promote if you had vacancies for them.

Those marked "B" to 6 of the *most intelligent* men in the organization who you believe have *not* liked the service, who have ability and, particularly, intelligence, but who are apt to have a critical attitude towards the service along the line of the questions.

Those marked "C" to 3 men of *average intelligence* who are faithful, and as efficient and capable as their abilities permit.

Those marked "D" to 3 men of *average intelligence* who have not been marked by faithfulness, or desire to do their best, and who are apt to be critical of the service.

A few extra copies are furnished to replace those the men may lose or damage.

Issue these questions the day before you want them answered. Write the soldier's name and rank on his paper. Ask the men to *think them over* carefully and tell them that some time on the following day you will give them an opportunity to answer them while the other men are engaged in drill or other work. Be careful to issue the questions to *men of the type* mentioned in the first paragraph. They may be either noncommissioned officers or privates.

PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF THE MOTOR-CAR INDUSTRY DURING THE WAR

NEARLY six million motor-cars of all descriptions are now in use in the United States and are conservatively estimated at \$5,000,000,000 in value. The actual total, according to the latest figures, is 5,945,442 vehicles, of which over a million were put into service during the past twelve months. These figures record that motoring has been the means of building up an industry even vaster than exists in the popular imagination. According to a recent report there are two hundred and thirty manufacturers of passenger cars and three hundred and seventy-two makers of trucks in thirty-two States, with a capital of \$736,000,000 and employing 280,000 workers at an annual wage of \$275,000,000. It also is interesting to note that only six per cent. of this long procession of cars are of foreign make. The magnitude of the industry is reflected in a statement made by the New York State Controller, Eugene M. Travis, to the effect that tire manufacturing is becoming almost as large as the motor-car-building trade itself.

"Last year 18,000,000 tires were made,

the value of which is placed at \$450,000,000. Next to the cost of tires is that of gasoline and lubricating oils, which are among the heaviest in the motorist's expenditures. Besides this, the cost of repairs, renovations and periodical overhauls amounts to many millions, and, adding to this the sum of the annual registration and license fees (reaching \$25,000,000 so far this year) the total expenditures would exceed \$35,000,000. Statistics reported by the United States Bureau of Roads indicate that approximately \$80,000,000 was expended for highway improvement last year by the several States and largely for benefit of the motorists. . . . Taking all the expenditures of owners of motor-cars, the benefits to the industrial classes must exceed in the aggregate a billion dollars annually. If the average of the wages and salaries of all engaged in the motor trade and other connected industries be taken into consideration as \$1,000 per annum, it means that upward of 2,000,000 persons obtain their employment by that industry, and that something like 5,000,000 of the population are directly or indirectly supported by the manufacture of motor-cars."

Using the automobile registration statistics as an indicator of sectional wealth, it is interesting to note that

Over a Million New Vehicles Have Been Put Into Service in Twelve Months

two agricultural States, Iowa and Nebraska, have one motor vehicle to every seven inhabitants. South Dakota, Kansas, Montana, California, North Dakota, Arizona, Michigan and Minnesota come next in order, with a car for from every nine to twelve inhabitants, while New Jersey is the only State in which more than a hundred thousand machines are registered. The automobile situation may be thus summarized:

"The demands of the world-war stimulated our manufacturing capacity;

"America's entrance into the war reduced the use of automobiles as a luxury, but increased it as a practical necessity;

"A strong healthy gain in motor vehicles was registered by those States which, industrially or agriculturally, contributed most to the conduct of the war and its financing;

"Sporadic and spectacular gains were made in territories affording extra large war-profits due to proximity of camps;

"While the use of unnecessary machines in cities decreased (relatively) during the war, farmers have come to look on the motor vehicle as the means of introducing efficiency and comfort into their work and life, until such States as Iowa and Nebraska own practically a car per family."

USING VOLCANOES TO TURN FACTORY WHEELS

A VOLCANO, besides remaining as somnolent as a secret treaty, may do one of three things—shoot off menacing streams of vapor, erupt so violently as to overwhelm cities, or submit to harness so that its incalculable power may be put to prac-

tical use. The last-named thing is now occurring in Italy. The place is Larderello, in Tuscany, and the man responsible is Prince Ginori-Conti. Factory-wheels are turning by day and streets are illuminated by night with the pent-up power of terrestrial fires. Ve-

Italy Hopes to Solve Her Coal Problem by Harnessing the Fires of Etna and Vesuvius as She Has Done at Larderello

suvius and Etna have not yet been conquered, but other volcanic areas to the north have been set to work with extraordinary success. The first experiments in this field, writes W. T. Walsh in the *Illustrated World*, were made in the salt mines of Volterra in the vicinity

of Larderello. The country being of volcanic formation, great fissures known as "soffioni" slash the earth, and through these vents are constantly gushing geysers of steam. We read:

"Nearly fifteen years ago Ginori-Conti built a forty-horse-power engine and set it up at one of these fissures. From that small beginning he has developed a system of many thousand horse-power. He does not apply the steam directly to the engines. He uses it as a substitute for coal or other fuel. The superheated steam, as it emerges, is piped to the tubes of the engine boilers so that water obtained elsewhere is, in turn, heated and thus converted into steam. As the vapor from below ground contains corrosive sulphuric acid, this indirect process is necessary.

"The steam turbines convert the energy thus fed them into electric current,

stepped up through an oil transformer. An overhead transmission cable carries the current to the various towns where it is used.

"At the present time the works at Larderello have a central plant of sixteen thousand horse-power. The flow of current is continuous, and among the communities served are Florence, Livorno and Grosseto. Plans are under way for a considerable increase in its capacity. As the enlargement of the plant is dependent only upon the boring of more steam vents, the degree of power that may be eventually obtained is therefore practically unlimited. It has been found that the sinking of these bores close to one another does not interfere in any way with either the steam's pressure or heat. From two to three atmospheres is the pressure ordinarily obtained, and in some instances as high as five atmospheres. As an atmosphere represents about 14.7

pounds per square inch, this gives a pressure of from 15.4 to 73.5 pounds. The others vary in diameter from twelve to twenty inches. These may, if desired, be drilled at distances no farther than fifty feet apart."

The war, we read, gave a big impetus to the enterprise. During the last years of the conflict Italy needed approximately ten million tons of coal a year, with only seven million tons available. While these volcanic sources of energy represented but a drop in the bucket, there is the promise of a development of this source that will greatly lessen the dependence of Italy on England and other countries for her coal supply.

Japan plans to build, in 1919, 181 ships of 1,189,285 tons.

A GREAT WORK NOW AWAITS THE WORLD RED CROSS FORCES

THIRTY days after the signing of the peace treaty, the International Red Cross Convention at Geneva, Switzerland, composed of the leading medical and nursing authorities of England, France, Italy, Japan and the United States, will consider ways and means of establishing a protectorate over the health of the world. In counting the cost of the recent war, forty-five thousand American soldiers have been killed in action in France. Here, at home, four hundred thousand citizens have succumbed to influenza alone. Perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand men at the most will, it is estimated by the American Red Cross, return disabled, from service with the Expeditionary Forces. Here at home, eight hundred thousand were rejected as physically unfit for military duty on account of minor disqualifications which might easily have been remedied by examination and medical and nursing attention a few years ago. Tuberculosis alone claims one of every ten adults, and holds perhaps five hundred thousand continually bedridden, while fifteen thousand women die unheeded every year from childbirth, and two out of every seven babies never see the candle on their first birthday cake.

Such a loss of human power, with its attendant expense, anxiety and suffering, challenges the International Red Cross to take up, with all the energy and the enthusiasm which it has thrown into war-service, an even greater battle in the future. The entrance of the International Red Cross into this field is but one of the great social awakenings which have come within the last four years, and its war-accomplishment dwindles to relative insignificance as compared to the vision of its future service. In mobilizing its forces to cooperate for the health of the world, the Red Cross has realized that health education and organization are the two essential factors in launching its new program.

Side by side with its organization program, the Red Cross is launching a nation-wide educational campaign. The first apostles of the new gospel will be thirty or more Red Cross nurses recently returned from the great base hospitals behind the lines at Château-Thierry and the Argonne, who have been assigned to Chautauqua Circuits. During the summer these nurses will "go out on the road among the hedges and by-ways, singing a song of public health, of cleaner homes, healthier babies, better-nourished children

International Organization Is Mobilizing for the Supreme Effort of Its Life

and stronger men and women." The first message, we read, which a Red Cross nurse speaking on the Chautauqua platform will deliver will be the employment of a neighbor town and country nurse in every community who will stimulate a keen and intelligent community interest in the betterment of public health. The second topic will be to urge every woman within reason and hearing to take the "Red Cross Course in Home, Hygiene and Care of the Sick," that she may possess a knowledge of elementary nursing procedure.

Of course, it is admitted in a statement made to CURRENT OPINION by the organization, Red Cross mobilization of peace cannot come with the speed with which nurses were recruited and assigned to the military establishment and millions of dollars and tons of supplies were rushed overseas to the relief of the Allies.

The vision of "a healthier, happier American of To-day and To-morrow can be realized only through a slow, persistent and constructive effort to raise the standards of individual and community life." The Red Cross has done much during the war; it can, no doubt, do more with the coming of peace.

UNCLE SAM IS NOW THE SECOND BIGGEST TOY-MAKER IN THE WORLD

THE recent arrival at an American port of a shipment of German toys purchased before the United States entered the war calls attention to the fact that prior to the war this country was the chief buyer of toys and

Christmas-tree decorations made in Germany. In 1913 the total exports from Germany of toys were valued at \$24,593,730, of which this country imported approximately one-third. The next largest purchaser was the United

Japan is First, With the Future Position of Germany Still a Problem

Kingdom, which, in the year preceding the war, took German toys weighing 32,648,142 pounds, and valued at \$6,110,888. According to *Commerce Reports*, the United States and Great Britain together in 1913 took 75,799,660

pounds, valued at \$13,847,316, or sixty-one per cent. of the exports in quantity and fifty-six in value. Further:

"... Notwithstanding the great decrease in imports between 1914 and 1917, the American toy industry had developed sufficiently in these three years not only to supply the domestic trade, but also to allow an appreciable increase in the exports. The total exports of toys from the United States rose from \$809,120 in the fiscal year 1914 to \$1,806,174 in the fiscal year 1917, an increase of \$997,054, or 123 per cent. Canada was the best customer in both years, taking goods valued at \$349,676, or 43 per cent. of the exports, in 1914, and \$705,550, or 39 per cent., in 1917, an increase of 102 per cent. in value. Other large buyers were Cuba, Argentina and Australia.

"Japan now holds first place in the annual value of toys shipped to foreign

countries, the exports being valued at \$4,187,940 in 1917. It is interesting to note the steady rise in the exports during the last eight years, the values being \$745,987 in 1910 and \$4,187,940 in 1917. While this period is one of rising prices, and while it is somewhat dangerous to make deductions from statistics based on values, yet it is hardly likely that the prices of Japanese toys have increased 461 per cent., which is the rate of gain in the value of exports between 1910 and 1917. Toy-making is an industry that should make great progress in Japan, and the competition of that country must be taken into account by American manufacturers in any plans for the extension of their foreign business."

Meanwhile considerable progress is being made by the Paris manufacturers toward expanding this industry. It is

estimated that there are four hundred and fifty manufacturers of toys in France, only a few of whom have a capital exceeding \$250,000 and five or six \$20,000. Our Consul-General at Paris states, in *Commerce Reports*, that the strides made by France in toy-making will soon be seriously affected by foreign, especially German, competition. This is due to the fact that in Germany the largest factories are in remote districts, where the work is done by the peasants, whereas in France the factories are located in or near the large cities, where the cost of living is much higher. Apprehension is felt in France with regard to competition from Japan. France is now producing toys at the rate of \$2,000,000 to \$2,400,000 a year.

RECONSTRUCTION AND THE PITFALLS OF FOREIGN TRADE

WHAT exactly is the meaning of reconstruction? One person uses it to mean merely a resumption of trade and industry on lines normal to us before the war. Such an interpreter accepts recent developments in banking and shipping, including the Federal Reserve, the establishment of American banks abroad, and our greater merchant marine, simply as better tools with which to work at the old job. Another uses the term in the sense of complete national regeneration, reaching into every phase of political, social and business activity. As a matter of fact the word, in its American application, has a very different meaning indeed from that which it has in war-wrecked Europe. For, as Burwell S. Cutler, chief of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, points out in *Munsey's*, we have been changed but little by the war.

"Only a comparatively small percentage of our industries was converted to war work, and our farms were diverted but slightly from their normal crops. Our production of munitions was large, but a great part of the necessary plant was created during the last four years, leaving our previous peace-time capacity almost intact. In other words, we are not faced by the task of building again from the ground up, or of shifting our textile mills, our machinery and locomotive plants, back to their original lines. Our problems pertain more to finding peace-time employment for the war-time expansion. A war-time diversion of perhaps fifteen per cent. presents no physical problem of reequipment comparable to that of England at sixty per cent., or like that of France at eighty per cent. The United States does not, then, find herself in need of anything like the physical reconstruction that Europe must undergo.

Our country is almost, if not quite, normal physically in that respect, and ready mechanically to resume. But what shifts of internal economy are required? Are we deficient in labor, capital, and credit to such a degree that normal resumption of commerce is denied? Do we require some brand-new policy of government control or communism or franchise reformation before we can again start to work? Obviously not. Our scheme of internal economy is thoroly workable just as it stands. That it can be improved, that inequalities appear for adjustment, is not disputed. For instance, minimum-wage laws, labor insurance, Federal jurisdiction over new stock-issues, and prevention of monopolies in raw materials, are reform measures that would harmonize our national vigor and make it more effective; but these are refinements that may come in the natural process of evolution toward an ideal state."

"Instead, therefore, of 'reconstruction,' our watchword should be 'resumption,' insists Mr. Cutler, who questions our right to 'spend time in planning additional wings and stories to our structure,' or in 'rearranging our working forces, when the whole world is demanding of us such service as only a going and stable business can render." He sees and says, in a general survey of reconstruction and our foreign trade:

"The time has come when American ingenuity and service should be marketed abroad. Every nation of industrial significance has something characteristic to sell to the world at large. England has her textiles and ships, France her wines, toilet articles, and women's clothes, Germany her chemicals and electrical equipment, Sweden her tool-steel, and so on. The most characteristic industrial products of the United States are her labor-saving devices. Among other useful inventions, the cotton-gin, the automatic

Why Post-War Problems Differ Materially in America and Europe

reaper and binder, the sewing-machine, the telegraph, the steam-shovel, immediately occur to one as typical products of our national genius; but there is probably no field so well covered by American inventions as that of office labor. . . . When a foreign importer purchases a typewriter, or a desk, or an addressing-machine, he does not gage its value by the amount of steel or wood in it, or by its labor cost. He judges his acquisition chiefly by its mechanical performance. It is service he wants, altho design and finish may influence his choice. He is not, in the last analysis, buying material, because material has no intrinsic value until it is touched by the genius and the hand of man. It must be molded into some useful shape or contrivance before it can minister to human needs. The Himalayas are full of metal-bearing quartz; the Urals of Russia conceal gold and platinum beyond calculation; vast deposits of pure white marble lie unquarried in the Andes; timber stands in great forests in parts of Russia, Canada, and Brazil; the far-distant and unpeopled plains of Patagonia offer grazing for millions of sheep; the continent of Greenland is rich in fur-bearing animals; the Alps abound in hydro-electric possibilities—but who buys these materials until they are located, sorted, prepared, adapted, put up in packages, shipped, stored, and labeled? Thus, and in no other way, is merchandize created. So long as the constructive mind of industrial America continues to sense the latest needs of mankind, and consistently seeks new shapes and uses for the raw materials of the earth, we need not be anxious about home or foreign trade."

Of course, it is emphasized, the success of a sales campaign at home or abroad depends upon a thoro understanding of the territory to be cultivated. The appalling percentage of business failures in the United States, we are reminded, is due very largely to superficiality and ignorance—ignor-

ance of cost-accounting, of markets, of proper production methods and of the human element of labor. The coasts of commerce are strewn with wrecks of would-be American exporters who have neglected to study their markets beforehand. At a recent conference of export managers, which the writer attended:

"One man told how he tried to sell corsets in a South American country, where he opened attractive shops equipped lavishly with fitting-rooms and maids in

attendance. His establishments and his goods were universally admired, but South American ladies think of corsets as an intimate part of their lingerie outfit which they always try on at home, and their modesty was offended at the idea of a public fitting. Another man landed in a foreign port with a sample lot of jewelry emblems, which immediately sold like hot cakes. He frantically cabled home for more goods, and a large consignment was hurried out to him, but found no market whatever. It seems that the day of his arrival was a fête-day, and that the design

on his jewelry was emblematic of the saint celebrated on that day only. Not long ago a concern suffered the return from the Orient of a large shipment of apparel ordered in anticipation of a local festival. The goods were sent back because they showed the gayest of gay colors, whereas the festival was one of lamentation for the dead, demanding black garments only. Frequently high-priced automobiles have sold freely in a given locality for weeks, at the end of which time all the people of wealth have been satisfied, and no other buyers remain."

HEBREWS ARE RAPIDLY FLOCKING TO FARMS IN THIS COUNTRY

Report of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society is a Revelation

AN interesting and significant chapter in American industrial development is being written by the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, which, we find in the current annual report of its activities in encouraging Jews to abandon the city for the country, has made 4,849 farm loans, aggregating \$2,762,482.62, in thirty-six states of the Union and Canada. An important department of the work is in charge of its Farm Finding Bureau, which, during the past year, has helped forty-nine applicants to select farms. Of these, twenty-four received loans and nine bought farms belonging to the society. The others financed the entire operation themselves and sought aid only in finding proper farms. Of this work we read that "our average client has only a very hazy conception of what farming implies and does not realize that success or failure is dependent largely upon the judicious choice of a farm." An apt illustration of this is furnished by the case of two men who had been partners in New York for many years. Retiring about seven years ago, each with a capital of \$15,000 to \$20,000, they went into farming. One bought a farm in New York State with a large boarding-house, the other bought one in Connecticut suited to tobacco-raising. The former died last year almost in poverty and "his widow was obliged to apply to us for a loan of \$1,300 to pay debts." The latter in the same year made a profit of \$70,000 on his tobacco crop. In a report of the director of this bureau we read:

"No man is more in need of guidance and protection than the Jewish farm-buyer. Farming to him is an ideal. It represents a healthful life, free from the daily cares of existence. It means freedom from the sweatshop and from the crowded tenement. He therefore loves farming, but like the lover he is blind to its many dangers. In his enthusiasm he overlooks the essential conditions that make existence on the farm possible. In his zeal he buys hastily and repents at leisure. Thus he often loses his money and his failure tends to keep others away from the farm.

"The choice of a farm for a Jewish settler is becoming increasingly difficult. Farms are advancing in price continually, and good paying farms are becoming more expensive and out of reach of the general Jewish farm-buyer. Not only must the beginner have good soil, but he must be near good markets. The Jew needs a larger income than his average neighbor. He spends more for the education, both secular and religious, of his children. He craves social intercourse with his fellow coreligionists. All this and a host of other factors must be kept in mind when buying farms for our clients. It increases the magnitude of our problem.

"Let me give you an idea of what process we have to expend on an application from a prospective farm-buyer. Before he comes to our office he has read advertisements which filled his mind with illusory ideas of farm bargains. He must first be disillusioned, in many instances dissuaded from buying a farm altogether. If he is promising farm material, I take him out to show him a farm which I have previously examined. The first farm may not suit him, and I may have to take him out again. When he is finally ready to

buy, I must arrange the terms of the purchase to make sure that they are such that he can meet them. A great deal of time and energy must therefore be expended upon each applicant, and the apparently small numerical results obtained do not accurately reflect the actual work accomplished, nor the labors expended in making even these results possible."

This organization has been instrumental in building up what is probably the most successful Jewish farming settlement in the United States—in the Connecticut River Valley between Hartford, Connecticut, and Springfield, Massachusetts—where "most of the Jewish farmers bought their farms upon our advice and many with our financial aid." Several of them, the report adds, have made phenomenal progress. Two brothers, for instance, who bought a farm for \$4,500 about ten years ago, raised sixty acres of tobacco last year and produced a \$60,000 crop. Another farmer bought one of the society's farms in 1911 for \$3,500. He built tobacco sheds and developed tobacco land. Finding that he had outgrown the farm he sold it lately for \$19,000 and then bought another for \$28,000.

The society reports a steadily growing drift of Jewish families from cities to the country. This applies not only to Jews who are ambitious to become landlords but to farm laborers, of whom 9,536 have been placed in good-paying, permanent jobs since the inception of the Farm Labor Bureau of the society.

BRIGHT CHANCES FOR OLDER MEN AND DISABLED SOLDIERS

New Factory Training Schools Are Proving Phenomenally Successful

AN inspiring development of the war on the industrial side is the success which is attending the large number of factory schools maintained under government supervision for training able-bodied men over draft

age and also training disabled soldiers in work that is suitable to them. Among other things, it is being proved that age is not a bar to the attainment of efficiency in a new trade. The man past fifty, according to a statement

issued by the Department of Labor, has come back to renewed usefulness in lines of work never previously tried, and from all parts of the country reports are proving his great possibilities in most lines of essential indus-

try. At the Boardman Trade School, in New Haven, Connecticut, for instance, a painter aged sixty learned quickly to be an adept machinist. A shirt-ironer past forty-five, in a laundry at Bridgeport, ran a screw-machine after three days of practice and produced twenty-five per cent. more rapidly than the estimate made by the manufacturer of the machine, and is earning sixty cents an hour regularly. An enameler of the same age, who was working on a machine in the same training-room, stayed a month to qualify as foreman in a screw-machine shop. A farmer of sixty-eight, who had had mechanical training in his youth, entered the training-school of a munition factory and quickly qualified for skilled production. The superintendent of a Worcester (Massachusetts) factory which has one of the best training-schools in the country, thus testifies to the success of older men:

"I recently hired a man sixty-three years of age, who had been a pattern maker, a millwright, and a stonemason. When applying for a job the man told me he had always had a 'hankering' to learn the machinist's trade. We put him to work in the training department and he is making wonderful progress. His previous training has given him a good course in mechanical work, and we believe that in a short period we can make a first-class instructor out of him. He can help us in training others not so quick to grasp the trade."

A Cincinnati firm that found it difficult to procure boys has substituted old

men with great success. These employees are found to be more dependable, readier to accept responsibility and are more punctilious than boys. It is the testimony of employers generally that a large proportion of so-called old men can be made to equal younger men in skilled work.

With regard to disabled soldiers, we read that Pennsylvania has taken the lead in providing acceptable work for them.

"Already forty-two thousand places suitable for men with partial disabilities have been found in that State alone. Other States are making or are planning similar researches in order to gain accurate information regarding the jobs that will be awaiting discharged soldiers prepared to fill them. The aim of the work is to bring to light employment needs and labor conditions in each locality, and to find plenty of work at standard wages for discharged soldiers, so that they may return to industrial life not as pensioners, but as self-supporting workmen."

As another instance, at the U. S. General Hospital No. 7 for blinded soldiers and sailors at Baltimore, there has been developed a highly satisfactory system of commercial courses, including: salesmanship, personal efficiency, public speaking, economics, commercial arithmetic, creative accounting, grammar and spelling, typewriting, organization and retail-store management. Of the latter, we read in *Carry On*:

"Plans have been prepared to launch a 'chain of stores.' While blind men unskilled and untrained in store management are almost certain to fail as pro-

prietors, the same men may become successful managers if all details of management are worked out. The candidates for these managerial positions will, of course, be given careful study before being seriously considered. They will have to be men of pleasing personality, and of proven stability and trustworthiness. They will have to maintain a high average in their commercial studies and demonstrate their worth as salesmen in the model store on the hospital grounds. They will then be given an opportunity to show the practical value of their training in our store in the strongest competitive section of Baltimore. The commodities offered for sale will be somewhat as follows: magazines, newspapers, cigars, and other tobacco products, box and bar candy, and other quick-sale articles that require no weighing, measuring or cutting. The Victory Stores, as they have been named, have been designed in a distinctive and uniform style and color. The choice of all locations has not and can not be determined upon until the educational work progresses beyond its present stage and the number of blind to be employed is known. The choice of locations is in the hands of experts who are studying the situation. The stores will be small enough for two people to attend comfortably, and the fixtures will be so arranged that the blind salesman can reach practically anything in the store without having to move far in any direction."

The policy of the stores will be to sell advertized goods when feasible; to consistently advertize; to have some weekly special bargain sale; to stock only quick-selling articles, and to sell for cash only. The blind managers are to be started on salaries and generous commissions.

WHERE AMERICAN INDUSTRY FAILS

ANXIETY as to the welfare of American industry during the reconstruction period is growing in the fact that we, as a people, are watching the spigot, but are paying too little heed to the bung-hole. It will probably be a shock to most people to learn that in the mining regions, as an instance, is left underground, in the form of waste, half a ton of coal for every ton mined and brought to the surface. That is to say, out of a production of 600,000,000 tons there remain in the mine, with very little promise of ultimate recovery, 300,000,000 tons of this fuel. In the coal item alone, adds Robert G. Skerrett, in *Leslie's*, we are throwing away every year values totaling quite two billions of dollars through neglect to make the most of our distributed coal. Also, sawmill waste in the United States aggregates annually about four billion cubic feet of wood,

and a good deal less than one-half of the original tree reaches the final consumer of the forty billion cubic feet of lumber cut down every year. "There are losses in the forest, waste at the sawmill, and, again, scrapping in the factory where the wood is worked into the forms familiar to most of us. The waste in the woods consists of tops and stumps, and represents 13 per cent. The sawmill is the worst offender, showing an unproductive factor of 49.1 per cent. of the log. It is authoritatively asserted that an average of only 320 feet of lumber is used for each 1,000 feet that stood in the forest."

The same sort of loss applies to the petroleum and natural-gas industries. On good authority it is stated that half of the oil in the region contiguous to a well is lost, not brought to the surface because of careless or inadequate treatment.

"Despite the fact that the enterprizes

Ways to Eliminate Waste is the Foremost Problem of the Reconstruction Period

engaged in the refining of petroleum are among the largest and most efficient of our native activities, still of the volume of raw products actually handled by them five per cent. goes to waste! Further utilization of this so-called refuse would make a very handsome return, and many salable commodities could be made from the stuff now rejected. Until recently, we were turning loose into the atmosphere, in the course of a year, a quantity of natural gas greater than the entire output of our gas-works engaged in supplying all the towns and cities in the United States during a similar period. Not only that, but much of the natural gas carries with it upward of three-fourths of a gallon of gasoline per thousand cubic feet of gas. This gasoline can be recovered. To a promising extent this is reclaimed now by the more up-to-date of our oil companies, and during 1917 there was thus obtained from 'wet' natural gas quite 115,123,424 gallons of gasoline. The dry gas carries only from one to two pints of gasoline per thousand cubic feet, and

yet gas of this sort should produce 100,000,000 gallons of gasoline annually."

Again:

"In the manufacture of sulphite pulp, the spent liquor contains some sugar in solution. Sugar, as most of us know, is a prime source of alcohol. In three paper-mills in Sweden the sugar content of the sulphite liquor gives about a million and a quarter gallons of alcohol per year. Abroad, alcohol is widely used as a motor spirit, in place of gasoline, and has a number of characteristics to commend it. With us, until comparatively recently, very little, indeed, has been done toward effecting the recovery of alcohol from

wood waste, but we are correcting this to a modest extent. Alcohol has many fields of usefulness in the industrial arts, and it is our duty to conserve what our trade-rivals abroad are all too ready to turn to profit. For a long time our chemists have been aware of our national shortcomings, but it has taken the war to bring our in consequence home to a great array of our manufacturers, and in a lesser degree to the public at large. It is quite fresh in our minds how desperately we set about calling into being a domestic dyestuffs industry and began to turn our attention to the production of many chemicals and chemical commodities for which we had previously been quite con-

tent to depend upon alien sources. There are many oils, acids, and basic materials that we must have in great quantities if we are to carry on our productive life at its fullest possible pace, and these can be had right here at home if we will reclaim them or save them in the making of other products."

The only American industry that is nearly perfect in its efficient operation is the modern packing-house, which, the writer points out, is able to sell the meat of a steer for less than the packer pays for it, and all because by-products are made to cover the difference and to clear a net profit.

GROWING VALUE OF PLATINUM IN INDUSTRIES IS INCALCULABLE

PLATINUM is one of the precious metals that demonstrated its great utility and usefulness during the war, and it is bound to play an important part in future industrial development. Airplanes, for instance, promise to become of increasing importance in industry, and platinum is one of the essentials in their construction, as in all oil-driven engines. Another potential value of this metal lies in its employment in the production of atmospheric nitrogen which is coming into extensive use for fertilizing purposes. Interesting data relative to the production and future use of platinum is given in the annual report of the British Platinum and Gold Corporation, which reports:

"Some time previous to the war ninety per cent. of the world's output of platinum was produced in Russia, the falling off, which was very marked even before the war, being due to the exhaustion of the best-known areas in the Urals. In 1911 the production of Russia was 300,000 troy ounces. In 1912 it had diminished to 185,381 ounces for the year, in 1913 to 173,642 ounces, and in 1914 to 156,775 ounces, so that between 1911 and 1914 there was a large but gradual reduction in output, until in the last-mentioned year the reduction amounted to nearly fifty per cent. of the 1911 production. In 1915 the Russian output fell to 107,774 ounces, and in 1916 to 78,674 ounces, but no doubt the falling off since 1914 has been as much due to the dislocation caused by the war as to the exhaustion of the deposits. Some years back the exhaustion of the Urals

within a period of thirty or forty years was authoritatively predicted, and it is a fact that gravels that were left as unpayable in former years have now been treated to recover the metal, which, on account of the increase in price, has made these gravels profitable to treat. In the case of the Choco district of Colombia we have virgin ground, with steadily increasing, instead of diminishing, production of platinum, the output in recent years having been 12,000 ounces in 1911, 15,000 in 1912, 15,000 in 1913, 17,500 in 1914, 18,000 in 1915, 25,000 in 1916, and last year it went up to some 50,000 troy ounces, showing a gradual increase since 1911 which has now reached 300 per cent., and this, be it remembered—eliminating the production of one dredge—with very crude appliances indeed. Careful survey and prospecting, carried out by British and American engineers, have proved the existence of platinum and gold in payable quantities over many square miles of territory."

Referring to the future demand for platinum the report adds:

"What is of real and the greatest importance is the question of the demand for and the market value of platinum in the peaceful era we hope we have now entered. Its pre-war uses were for jewelry, dentistry, and the leading-in wires of electric bulb lamps, crucibles, thermo couples, and, on a small scale at that time, for the contact points of magnetos, and the manufacture of fuming sulphuric acid. The world's production was then about 300,000 troy ounces and the market price about £9 an ounce. Government action practically put an end to

the use of platinum—that is, platinum ingots—in jewelry, dentistry, and for other purposes not connected with the war. Owing to the war its use in magnetos for the engines of aeroplanes, hydroplanes, tanks, motor cars, motor boats, etc., was greatly increased. The increase in the production of fuming sulphuric acid, a basis of high explosives, was also very great. In the manufacture of fuming sulphuric acid platinum is employed as a 'catalyser,' or changer, an explanation of which would be rather technical. It will be enough to say that platinum is essential. The war having ended, it would seem to follow that the requirements of platinum in the manufacture of fuming sulphuric acid would be considerably reduced; but such is not the case with regard to its use in connection with petrol engines. The commercial aeroplane has scarcely taken its first flight, but it needs no prophet to foretell what is coming. The reliability of engines for aeroplanes, motor boats, automobiles, etc., is an absolute necessity, and, unless the contact points of their ignition-systems are made of platinum the engines cannot be depended upon."

And there are many new uses. As a catalyser platinum and its allied metal, osmium, are required in another industry of vast and far-reaching importance—the production of ammonia from the air, for the conversion of which heated platinum is required. Its importance in obtaining sulphate of ammonia to enrich the soil and in the production of nitric acid cannot be overestimated.

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cago, Kansas City and Memphis, and that owing to the present high cost of beef the animals of the St. Louis Zoo are being fed on horse-meat. Following is a comparison of current retail prices of beef and horse meat:

	Beef	Horses
Porterhouse	\$0.40	\$0.15
Sirloin35	.15
Round40	.15
Rib roast30	.12½
Chuck roast20	.10
Corn meat25	.12½
Fresh tongue28	.15
Smoked tongue38	.15
Fresh liver25	.07½
Hamburger25	.12½
Bologna25	.17½
Wieners25	.17½

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CURRENT OPINION, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1919.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Beverly Winslow, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice-President of the Current Literature Publishing Co., Publishers of Current Opinion, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Current Literature Publishing Co., 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Editor, Edward J. Wheeler,
65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Edward J. Wheeler,
65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Business Manager, Adam Dingwall,
65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO.,
by WM. BEVERLY WINSLOW,
Publisher, Vice-President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1919.

[Seal.] Walter M. Birmingham,
Notary Public, Kings Co., Certificate filed N. Y. Co.,
No. 305. (My commission expires March 29, 1920.)

SHEAR NONSENSE

"No Shooting on These Premises"

An old soldier relates that during the thickest of the battle of Gettysburg he saw this sign posted on a tree: "No shooting on these premises, under penalty of the law."

An Inspired Printer

The following printer's error is cited by the Boston *Transcript*: "The doctor felt the patient's purse and declared there was no hope."

Specifications

"But, Mabel, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

"On any grounds within a mile of our house."—*Houston Post*.

The Borrowed Dollar

"Pat, here's the dollar I borrowed of ye last wake."

"Bedad, Mike, I'd forgot all about it."

"Och, why the divil didn't ye say so?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Artificially

The Brute: "I think that women are much better-looking than men."

She: "Naturally."

The Brute: "No, artificially."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Samson et Dalila"

A middle-aged man was examining the phonograph record catalog in a Kansas City store recently. "Why is this opy called 'Samson et Dalila'?" he asked. "As I recollect the story, Dalila darn near et Samson."—*Reedy's Mirror*.

He Had a Whistler

"Luxurious tastes Richleigh has. He has a Corot in his office."

"That's nothing! I have a whistler in mine."—*Boston Transcript*.

Napoleon's Pose

The following story is an illustration of the unfeeling humor of the Yankee soldiers in the trenches:

Bill, from the Bowery, busily engaged in hunting "cooties," says to his companion in misery: "Say, I knows now why dat guy Napoleon always had his pichter took wid his hand in de front of his shirt!"

For Keeps

"I want a pair of the best gloves you have," said Mrs. Nuritch at the glove counter.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the polite salesman. "How long do you want them?"

"Don't git insultin', young man! I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."—*Tit-Bits*.

Hines and Heinz

This story, taken from the San Francisco *Argonaut*, refers to Walker D. Hines, new director-general of the railroads. Apropos of Mr. McAdoo's message to the traveling public printed on the back of the menu card, the waiter observed to a patron: "Mr. McAdoo done left his railroad job and aint here no more. He's in de movin'-picture business, sir. I hears Mr. Heinz is now our boss. Dey say it's Heinz, de fifty-seven-pickle man."

Hard to Keep Down

"The Germans," said Senator Cummins at a reception, "are already growing cocky again. A naturalized German said to me the other day: 'We Germans are a wonderful people. The Allies will never be able to keep us down.' I gave a laugh. 'In one way, I'll admit,' I said, 'they'll find it hard

to keep you down.' 'Yes. What way is that?' 'The way,' said I, 'the whale couldn't keep down Jonah.'"

Didn't Help Her Any

Mandy had been troubled with a toothache for some time before she got up sufficient courage to go to the dentist. The moment he touched her tooth she screamed.

"What are you making such a noise for?" he demanded. "Don't you know I'm a painless dentist?"

"Well sah," retorted Mandy, "mebbe yo' is painless, but ah ain't."

His Business Was Urgent

A negro private, according to *Everybody's*, had spent long, tiresome months in a camp near New York and wanted to go off on leave. He had a pass, but not the password, and when he came to the sentry the sentry refused to let him go. The negro pulled out his little pass and offered it.

"That isn't enough," said the sentry. "You must have the word."

"You mean that piece o' paper won't let me out?" demanded the darky.

"Have to have the word."

The negro reflected, then he pulled out a razor and began stropping it on his sleeve. "Man," he said impressively, "I gotta father in hell, a mother in heaven, an' a girl in Harlem, an' I'se gwine see one of 'em to-night."

On Familiar Terms

"I were a-layin' down behind the breast-works one day," said the veteran prevaricator, "a-firin' at the henemy, an' a-tittin' of 'em hevery time, when I 'ears the patter of a 'orse's 'ooofs be'ind me. Then a voice said: 'Hi, there, you with the deadly haim! Jist come 'ere 'alf a mo'!"

"I turned round an' salooted, an' who should it be but the General. 'E come up an' shook me by the 'and."

"'Wot's yer name,' sez 'e."

"'Logan, General,' sez I."

"'Your fust name,' sez 'e."

"'Dan, sir,' sez I, 'Dan Logan.'"

"'Well, Dan,' sez 'e, 'go 'ome. You're a-killin' too many men. It don't seem 'ardly fair. It's massycree, that's wot it is. An' look 'ere, Dan, don't call me "General"—call me Herbert,' sez 'e."—*Tit-Bits*.

"I Knew I Could Depend on Yez!"

The world has laughed and laughed again at the Irish bulls and blunders, and the men of the 102d Engineers stopped cursing Dicke-bush Lake and the Germans long enough to laugh at an Irish sergeant attached to the Dublin Fusiliers, who was haranguing his platoon before they went over the top in a raiding party. It is the New York *Evening Sun* that tells the story.

Jerry was poking up No Man's Land with shell fire, and the Irish sergeant was plainly nervous.

He assembled his squad and said: "Min of mine, it's a foine body of min yez are. To-night we'll be goin' over the top and we may meet some of them Proosian Guards. What I want to know is this: Are yez wid me, or agin me?"

"We are," said the platoon, duly impressed.

"Will yez foight, or will yez run, if yez meet the Germans?" demanded the sergeant.

"We will," chorused the platoon.

"Yez will what—will yez foight, or will yez run?" he insisted.

"We won't," yelled the platoon with fervor in every voice.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "I knew I could depend on yez!"

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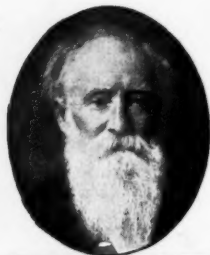
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